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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

SHIRLEY.

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED;

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

AND

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.
THE TRAITOR.
LOVE'S CRUELTY.
LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE BIRD IN A CAGE.
HYDE PARK.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

LONDON:

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THE

GRATEFUL SERVANT.

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.] This comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, on November 3, 1629, under the title of *the Faithful Servant*; and given to the press in the following year: it was again printed in 1637, and, I believe, a third time in 1655. The original title is: *The Grateful Servant, a Comedie. As it was lately presented with good applause in the private House in Drury Lane, By her Majesties Servants;* with the motto:

——— *Usque ego postera*
Crescam laude recens.

It was ushered in to the public by eleven commendatory pieces of poetry, by Randolph, Massinger, Stapylton, and others; these have been already given.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

FRANCIS, EARL OF RUTLAND,

&c.

MY MOST HONOURED LORD,

WHEN the age declineth from her primitive virtue, and the silken wits of the time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledged master, learned JONSON [1]*) disgracing nature, and harmonious poësy, are transported with many illiterate and prodigious births, it is not safe to appear without protection. Among all the names of honour, this comedy oweth most gratitude to your Lordship, whose clear testimony to me was above a theatre, and I applaud the dexterity of my fate, that hath so well prepared a Dedication, whither my only ambition would direct it. I am not pale to think it is now exposed to your deliberate censure; for 'tis my security, that I have studied your*

[1] *our acknowledged* master, learned JONSON,] Such is the manner in which Shirley always speaks of Jonson, whom he honoured as a father, and revered as a master. The person to whom this is addressed was, I believe, the son of Roger, fifth earl of Rutland, by Elizabeth, daughter of sir Philip Sidney. This distinguished lady was the friend and patroness of Jonson, who appears to have been the cherished client of all the branches of her father's family; so that the young earl had many opportunities of being acquainted with his worth.

Lordship's candour, and know you imitate the divine nature, which is merciful above offence. Go on, great Lord, and be the volume of our English honour, in whom, while others, invited by their birth, and quickened with ambitious emulation, read and study their principles, let me be made happy enough to admire and devote myself,

Your Lordship's most humble creature,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

The reason why my play cometh forth ushered by so many lines,[1] *was the free vote of my friends, whom I could not with civility refuse I dare not own their character of myself, or play, but I must join with them that have written, to do the comedians justice, amongst whom, some are held comparable with the best that are, and have been in the world, and the most of them deserving a name in the file of those that are eminent for graceful and unaffected action. Thus much, reader, I thought meet to declare in this place, and if thou beest ingenuous, thou wilt accuse with me, their bold severity, who, for the offence of being modest, and not justling with others for the wall, have most injuriously thrust so many actors into the kennel—now—*

Panduntur portæ, juvat ire.—

[1] See vol. i.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Savoy, *lover of* Leonora, *and (in her supposed loss) of* Cleona.
Lodwick, *his brother, wild and lascivious.*
Foscari, *a noble count, and lover of* Cleona.
Grimundo, *a lord, and once governor to* Lodwick
Soranzo, Giotto, Fabrichio, } *noblemen of Savoy.*
Piero, *companion of* Lodwick.
Jacomo, *a foolish ambitious steward to* Cleona.
Valentio, *a religious man.*
Abbot.
Gentlemen.
Servants.

Leonora, *the princess of Milan, but disguised as a page to* Foscari, *and called* Dulcino.
Astella, *a virtuous lady, wife to* Lodwick, *but neglected.*
Belinda, *wife to* Grimundo.
Cleona, Foscari's *mistress.*
Ladies.

Nymphs, Sylvanus, and Satyrs.

SCENE, the Capital of Savoy.

THE

GRATEFUL SERVANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's *palace.*

Enter SORANZO *and* GIOTTO.

Giot. The duke is moved.
Sor. The news displeas'd him much.
Giot. And yet I see no reason why he should
Engage so great affection to the daughter
Of Milan; he ne'er saw her.
Sor. Fame doth paint
Great beauties, and her picture (by which princes
Court one another) may beget a flame
In him, to raise this passion.
Giot. Trust a pencil!
I like not that state-wooing: see, his brother
Has left him.—

Enter LODWICK.

Pray, my lord, how is it with
His highness?
Lod. Somewhat calmer; love, I think,
Will kill neither of us: although I be
No stoic, yet I thank my stars I have
A power o'er my affection; if he'll not

Tame his, let it [e'en] melt him into sonnets,
He will prove the more loving prince to you.
Get in again, and make wise speeches to him,
There is Aristotle's ghost still with him,
My philosophical governor that was:
He wants but you two, and a pair of spectacles,
To see what folly 'tis to love a woman
With that wicked resolution to marry her.
Though he be my elder brother, and a duke,
I have more wit: when there's a dearth of women,
I may turn fool, and place one of their sex
Nearer my heart; farewell, commend me to
My brother, and the council-table. [*Exit.*

Sor. Still
The same wild prince; there needs no character
Where he is, to express him.

Giot. He said truth;
I doubt there is no room for one, whom he
Should place in's heart, and honour.

Sor. His own lady;
All pity her misfortune, both were too
Unripe for hymen; 'twas the old duke's act,
And in such marriages hearts seldom meet
When they grow older.

Giot. Wherefore would the duke
Marry his young son first?

Sor. The walk of princes,
To make provision betimes for them,
They can bequeath small legacy; knowing the heir
Carries both state and fortune for himself:
His fate's before him;—here comes Grimundo.

Enter GRIMUNDO.

Grim. The duke is re-collected;[a] where's the prince?

[a] *The duke is* re-collected,] i. e. he has recovered his tranquillity, and his spirits.

Sor. Gone.—
I would he were return'd once to himself.
Giot. He has too soon forgot your precepts.
Sor. Your example might still be a lecture.
Grim. I did not
Deceive the old duke's trust while I had power
To manage him, he's now past my tuition;
But to the duke—
Is it not strange, my lord, that the young lady
Of Milan should be forced to marry now, with
Her uncle?
Giot. They're unequal.
Sor. 'Tis unlawful.
Grim. 'Tis a trifle; reasons of state they urge against us, lest their dukedom, by this match, be subject unto Savoy; for the scruple of religion, they are in hope that a dispensation may be procured to quit exceptions, and by this means they shall preserve their principality in the name and blood, so reports Fabrichio, whom the duke employed for treaty;—how now?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The duke calls for you, my lords.
Giot. We attend.—
Ha! he is coming forth.

Enter Duke *and* Fabrichio.

Sor. His looks are cheerful.
Duke. Fabrichio.
Fab. My lord.
Duke. We will to tennis.
Fab. What your grace pleases.
Duke. Grimundo,
Because you take no pleasure in such pastimes,
Your contemplation may busy itself with that book.
[*Gives him a miniature.*
Grim. Book, my lord! it is—

Duke. Leonora's picture; a fair table-book:
You may, without offence to your young wife,
Look on a picture.
I have perused it; let me see't no more.
Milan and we are parted; our breast wears
Again his natural temper: allow me, pray,
The excuse of common frailty, to be moved
At strangeness of this news.
Giot. Your highness said,
You would to tennis.
Duke. And 'tis time enough;
We have the day before us.—Some prince, Grimundo,
In such a case as this, would have been angry,
Angry indeed, thrown off cold language, and
Call'd it a high and loud affront, whose stirring
Imagination would have waken'd death;
And by a miserable war, have taught
Repentance to a pair of flourishing states.
Such things there have been.
Sor. But your grace is wise—
Duke. Nay, do not flatter, now; I do not court
Your praise so much, I speak but what our stories
Mention, if they abuse not soft posterity:
I was not come to tell you, what my thoughts,
With a strong murmur, prompt me to.
Grim. We hope—
Duke. You fear, and do not know me yet; my actions
Shall clear your jealousy, I'm reconciled
At home, and while I cherish a peace here,
Abroad I must continue it; there are
More ladies in the world?
Fab. Most true, my lord.
Duke. And as attractive, great, and glorious women,
Are there not, ha?
Sor. Plenty, my lord, in the world.

Duke. In the world! within the confines of our dukedom
In Savoy, are there not?
Grim. In Savoy, too,
Many choice beauties; but your birth, my lord—
Duke. Was but an honour purchas'd by another,
It might have been thy chance.
Grim. My father was
No duke.
Duke. 'Twas not thy fault, nor is it my virtue,
That I was born when the fresh sun was rising,
So came with greater shadow into life,
Than thou, or he.
Grim. But, royal sir, be pleas'd—
Duke. No more, we are not ignorant, you may
Take away this distinction, and allege,
In your grave wisdoms, specious arguments
For our alliance with some foreign prince;
But we have weigh'd this promising circumstance,
And find it only a device, that may
Serve time, and some dark ends, a mere state trick,
To disguise hatred, and is empty of
Those benefits it seems to bring along:
Give me a lady born in my obedience,
Whose disposition will not engage
A search into the nature of her climate,
Or make a scrutiny into the stars:
Whose language is mine own, and will not need
A smooth interpreter; whose virtue is
Above all titles, though her birth or fortune
Be a degree beneath us, such a wife
Were worth a thousand far-fetch'd brides, that have
More state, and less devotion.
Fab. If your highness—
Duke. Come, you shall know our purpose; in the last
We obey'd your directions, not without

Our free and firm allowance of the lady,
Whom we'll forget; it will become your duties
Follow us now: we have not been unthrifty
In our affections, and that Milan may
Know Savoy can neglect a Milanese,
And that we need not borrow a delight,
Here we are fix'd to marry.
Grim. We are subjects,
And shall solicit heaven you may find one
Worthy your great acceptance.
Duke. We are confident;
And, to put off the cloud we walk in, know,
We are resolved to place all love and honour
Upon Cleona:
Nor is't a new affection, we but cherish
Some seeds, which heretofore her virtue had
Scatter'd upon our heart.
Grim. We cannot be
Ambitious of a lady, in your own
Dominion, to whom we shall more willingly
Prostrate our duties.
Sor. She's a lady of
A flowing sweetness, and the living virtue
Of many noble ancestors.
Giot. In whom
Their fortunes meet, as their prophetic souls
Had taught them thrifty providence, for this
Great honour you intend her.
Duke. We are pleas'd,
And thank your general vote.
You then shall straight prepare our visit, bear our
Princely respects, and say we shall take pleasure
To be her guest to-day: nay, lose no time,
We shall the sooner quit the memory
Of Leonora's image.

Enter LODWICK.

Sor. The prince your brother, sir.

Duke. Withdraw, but be not at too much distance — [*they retire.*

Lodwick, you're welcome.

Lod. I shall know that by my success; I want
A thousand crowns.

Duke. A thousand crowns! for what use?

Lod. Why, will these foolish questions ne'er be left?
Is't not sufficient I would borrow them,
But you must still capitulate with me?
I would put them to that use they were ordain'd for.
You might as well have ask'd me, when I meant
To pay you again.

Duke. That to some other men
Might have been necessary.

Lod. An you will not
Do that, I have another easy suit to you.

Duke. What is't?

Lod. A thing of nothing; I would intreat you
To part with this same transitory honour,
This trifle call'd a dukedom, and retire,
Like a good christian brother, into some
Religious house; it would be a great ease to you,
And comfort to your friends, especially
To me, that would not trouble you with the noise
Of money thus, an I could help it.

Duke. 'Tis a kind and honest motion, one of charity,
Mere charity, so I must needs accept it.—
I'll only marry, and get a boy, or two,
To govern this poor trifle; for I am bound,
In duty, to provide for my succession.

Lod. What do you make of me? cannot I serve?

Duke. You that propound a benefit for my soul,

Will not neglect your own, I know: we'll both
Turn friars together?
Lod. And be lousy?
Duke. Any thing.
Lod. I shall not have a thousand crowns?
Duke. Thou shalt.
Lod. Then be a duke still; come, let's love, and be
Fine princes: an thou hadst but two or three
Of my conditions, by this hand I would not
Care an thou wert immortal, so I might
Live with thee, and enjoy this world's felicity.
Duke. Thou hast put me in tune; how shall's be very merry
Now in the instant?
Lod. Merry?
Duke. Yes.
Lod. Merry indeed?
Duke. Yes.
Lod. Follow me,
I'll bring you to a lady.
Duke. To a whore.
Lod. That is a little the coarser name.
Duke. And can you play the pander for me?
Lod. A toy, a toy.
What can a man do less for any brother?
The ordinary complement now-a-days,[2] with great ones.
We prostitute our sisters with less scruple
Than eating flesh on vigils; 'tis out of fashion
To trust a servant with our private sins;
The greater tie of blood, the greater faith,
And therefore parents have been held of late
The safest wheels on which the children's lust
Hath hurried into act, with supple greatness.

[2] *The ordinary* complement *now-a days*, &c.] i. e. accomplishment.

Nature doth wear a virtuous charm, and will
Do more in soft compassion to the sin,
Than gold, or swelling promises.
Duke. O, Lodwick!
These things do carry horror;—he is lost,
I fear; [*aside.*]—No, I have thought of something else;
You shall with me to a lady.
Lod. With all my heart.
Duke. Unto my mistress.
Lod. Your mistress! who is that?
Duke. The fair Cleona.
Lod. She is honest.
Duke. Yes, were she otherwise,
She were not worth my visit;
Not to lose circumstance, I love her.
Lod. How?
Duke. Honestly.
Lod. You do not mean to marry her?
Duke. It shall not be my fault if she refuse
To be a duchess.
Lod. On my conscience,
You are in earnest!
Duke. As I hope to thrive
In [my] desires; come, you shall bear me company,
And witness how I woo her.
Lod. I commend
Your nimble resolution: then a wife
Must be had somewhere? would you had mine, to cool
Your appetite! take your own course, I can
But pray for you; the thousand crowns—
Duke. Upon condition, you will not refuse
T' accompany—
Lod. Your caroch quickly—stay—
Now I think better on't, my wife lives with her,
They are companions, I had forgot that?
Duke. She'll take it kindly.

Lod. It were enough to put her
Into conceit, I come in love to her;
My constitution will not bear it.
Duke. What!
Not see her?
Lod. Yet a thousand crowns—God be wi'ye—
Commend[3] me to my wife. [*Exit.*

[*Grimundo and the rest come forward.*

Duke. You hear [him], gentlemen?
Grim. With grief, my lord, and wonder at your sufferance.
Duke. He is our brother; we are confident,
Though he be wild, he loves us: 'twill become us
To pray, and leave him to a miracle,[4]—
But to our own affair:
Love, and thy golden arrow,[5] we shall try
How you'll decide our second destiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Foscari's *Lodgings.*

Enter Foscari *with a letter.*

Fos. A kiss, and then 'tis seal'd! this she would know
Better than the impression, which I made
With the rude signet; 'tis the same she left
Upon my lip, when I departed from her,
And I have kept it warm still with my breath,
That in my prayers have mention'd her.—

[3] *Commend*] Old copy reads, "condemn."

[4] *And leave him to a* miracle.—] To the operation of divine goodness: all human means being found ineffectual to convince him of his errors.

[5] *Love, and thy* golden *arrow,*] See Massinger, vol. i. p. 19.

Enter DULCINO.

Dul. My lord!

Fos. Dulcino, welcome; thou art soon return'd:
How dost thou like the city?

Dul. 'Tis a heap
Of handsome building.

Fos. And how the people?

Dul My conversation hath not age enough
To speak of them, more than they promise well,
In their aspéct; but I have argument
Enough in you, my lord, to fortify
Opinion they are kind, and hospitable
To strangers.

Fos. Thy indulgence to my wound,
Which owes a cure unto thy pretty surgery,
Hath made thee too much prisoner to my chamber;
But we shall walk abroad.

Dul. It was my duty,
Since you received it in my cause; and could
My blood have wrought it sooner, it had been
Your balmy fountain.

Fos. Noble youth, I thank thee.—

Enter a Servant.

How now, didst speak with him?

Ser. I had the happiness, my lord, to meet him
Waiting upon the duke abroad; he bad me
Make haste with the remembrance of his service:
He'll bring his own joys with him instantly,
To welcome your return.

Fos. Didst thou request
His secrecy?

Ser I did; he promised silence. [*Exit.*

Fos. So, I'll expect him.—Thou art sad, Dulcino,
I prophesy thou shalt have cause to bless
The minute that first brought us to acquaintance.

Dul. Do not suspect, my lord, I am so wicked

Not to do that already; you have saved
My life, and therefore have deserv'd that duty.
Fos. Name it no more; I mean another way.
Dul. It is not in your power to make me richer
With any benefit shall succeed it, though
I should live ever with you.
Fos. I require
Not so much gratitude.
Dul. There is no way
Left for my hope, to do you any service
Near my preserving, but by adding one
New favour to a suit, which I would name.
Fos. To me?
I prithee speak, it must be something [strange]
I can deny thee.
Dul. 'Tis an humble suit,
You license my departure.
Fos. Whither?
Dul. Any whither.
Fos. Do you call this a way to do me service?
Dul. It is the readiest I can study, sir;
To tarry were but to increase my debt,
And waste your favours: in my absence, I
May publish, how much virtue I have found
In Savoy, and make good unto your fame,
What I do owe you here; this shall survive you,
For I will speak the story with that truth,
And strength of passion, it shall do you honour,
And dwell upon your name, sweeter than myrrh,
When we are both dead?
Fos. Thou hast art to move
In all things, but in this; change thy desire,
And I'll deny thee nothing: do not urge
Thy unkind departure; thou hast met, perhaps,
With some that have deceived thee with a promise,
Won with thy pretty looks and presence; but
Trust not a great man, most of them dissemble;
Pride, and court cunning hath betray'd their faith

To a secure idolatry; their soul
Is lighter than a complement; take heed,
They'll flatter thy too young ambition,
Feed thee with names, and then, like subtle chemists,
Having extracted, drawn thy spirit up,
Laugh they have made thee miserable.
Dul. Let
No jealousy, my lord, render me so
Unhappy, that preferments, or the flatteries
Of any great man, hath seduced my will
To leave you; by my life, and your own honour,
No man hath tempted me, nor have I changed
A syllable with any.
Fos. Any man!
Still I suspect thy safety;
And thou mayst thus deceive me; it may be,
Some wanton lady hath beheld thy face,
And from her eyes shot Cupids into thine,
To abuse thy sight, or wrought upon thy frailty,
With her smooth language,[1] to undo thyself.
Trust not the innocence of thy soul too far.
For though their bosoms carry whiteness, think,
It is not snow; they dwell in a hot climate,
The court, where men are but deceitful shadows,
The women walking flames: what if this lady
Bestow a wealthy carkanet upon thee,
Another give thee wardrobes, a third promise
A chain of diamonds, to deck thy youth,
'Tis but to buy thy virtue from thee, and when
Thy outside thrives upon their treacherous bounty,
Thou'lt starve at heart, and lust will leave thy body
Many unpitied ruins; thou art young—
Dul. There is no fear, my lord, that I shall take
Such wicked courses, and I hope you see not
Any propension in my youth, to sin
For pride, or wantonness.

[1] *To abuse* thy *sight*, - - - -
With her *smooth language,*] For *thy* and *her*, the old copy reads *that* and *their*.

Fos. Indeed I do not;
But being, my boy, so young and beautiful,
Thou art apt to be seduced.
Dul. Believe me, sir,
I will not serve the greatest prince on earth
When I leave you.
Fos. Thou shalt not serve me, I
Will make thee my companion.
Dul. No reward,
Though just, should buy the freedom I was born with,
Much less base ends; if I but meet again
That good man, who, in reverence to his habit,
The thieves let go before your happy valour
Came to my rescue.—
Fos. He that was your conduct
From Milan, [6]——for so, if I remember,
You named a father; what could he advantage
Your fortune, were he present, more than with
Religious counsel?
Dul. I did trust him, sir,
As being the safest treasurer, with that
Would make me welcome [here,] in Savoy, and
I know he will be faithful, when we meet.
For his sake, let me beg you would discharge
A worthless servant, that, in quest of him—
Fos. No more; to cut off all unwelcome motives,
I charge thee, by thy love, thy gratitude,
Thy life preserv'd, which, but to stay thee here,
I would not name again, urge no consent
From me, to thy departure; I have now
Use of thy faith, thou wilt not run away;
I have employment for thee, such a one
As shall not only pay my services,
But leave me in arrearage to thy love:
Receive this letter.—

[6] *He that was your* conduct
From Milan,——] i. e. your guide, conductor. Some term descriptive of this good *pere* was probably lost at the press.

Enter GRIMUNDO.

Let me embrace thee with a spreading arm.

Grim. I have dispens'd with my attendance on
The duke, to bid you welcome, sir, from death;
Fame so had cozen'd our belief, but thus
She has made you the more precious.

Fos. Then I prosper'd,
If I may call it so, for I procured
That rumour to be spread; excuse a minute,
I'll tell thee all my counsels.— I need not waste
Any instructions on thee, Dulcino,
For the conveyance of this paper, let me
Commend it to thy care, 'tis to my mistress;
Conceal my lodgings, and do this for him
Will study noble recompense.

Dul. You command me. [*Exit.*

Grim. What pretty youth is that? sure I have seen
That face before.

Fos Never; I brought him first
To Savoy, having rescued[7] him from the
Banditti, in my passage o'er the confines:
Is't not a sweet-faced thing? there are some ladies
Might change their beauties with him.

Grim. And gain by it.

Fos Nay, to his shape he has as fine a soul,
Which graceth that perfection.

Grim. You have not
Been long acquainted with him?

Fos. I have skill
In physnomy: believe my character,
He's full of excellent sweetness.

[7] *Having* rescued *him*] The old copy reads, "having *brought* him:" a mistake probably originating in the compositor's eye having caught the word immediately above.

Grim. You express him
Passionately.
Fos. His virtue will deserve
More praise; he suffers, sir, for love, in that
He is a gentleman; for never could
Narrow and earthly minds be capable
Of love's impression, or the injury—
He willingly forsook his friends and country,
Because unkindly, for unworthy ends,
They would have forced him marry 'gainst his heart,
He told me so himself, and it were sin
Not to believe him: but, omitting these,
How fares the best of ladies, my Cleona?
Grim. Your Cleona!
Fos. Mine she is in affection;
She is not married?
Grim. No.
Fos. She is in health?
Grim. Yes.
Fos. There's something in thy looks, I cannot read;
[Prithee be] thy own gloss, and make me know
That doubtful text; to whom hath she given up
The hope of my felicity, her heart,
Since my too fatal absence?
Grim. Unto none
Within the circle of my knowledge.
Fos. Then
I am renew'd again; may thy tongue never
Know sorrow's accent.
Grim. Will you presently
Visit her?
Fos. I have sent a letter,
To certify I am still her loving servant.
Grim. No matter, we'll be there before the boy,

[s] [Prithee be] *thy own gloss*, &c.] The old copy has:
"There is something in thy looks, I cannot
Read by thy own glosse, &c."

There is necessity, if you knew all:
Come, let's away.
Fos. Again thou dost afflict
My soul with jealousy; if she have still
The clear possession of her heart—
Grim. But you are
Dead, sir, remember that.
Fos. I shall be living,
And soon enough present myself her fresh
And active lover.
Grim. If the duke be not
Before you.
Fos. How?
Grim. The duke, 'tis so resolved,
Your rival, if you still affect Cleona;
Within this hour he means his first solicit
And personal siege; lose not yourself with wonder;
If you neglect this opportunity,
She having firm opinion of your death,
It will not be a miracle, if the title
Of duchess be a strong temptation
To a weak woman.
Fos. I must thank your love
And counsel, but for this time disengage
Your further stay with me; the duke may miss you;
Preserve his favour, and forget me in
Your conference; I would be still conceal'd:
Let me consider on my fate; again
I thank you, and dismiss you.
Grim. Quiet thoughts
Dwell in your breast! in all things I obey you;
You know you have my heart. [*Exit.*
Fos. She's but a woman:
Yet how shall I be able to accuse her
With any justice, when she thinks me dead?—
The duke! I must do something; I am full
Of discord, and my thoughts are fighting in me.
From our own army must arise our fear,
When love itself is turn'd a mutineer. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in Cleona's *House.*

Enter JACOMO, *and* Servants.

Jac. So, so; yet more perfume; you are sweet serving-men! make every corner of the house smoak; bestir yourselves, every man know his province, and be officious to please my lady, according to his talent; have you furnished out the banquet?

Ser. Most methodically.

Jac. 'Tis well; here should have been a fresh suit of arras, but no matter, these bear the age well, let them hang.

Ser. An there were a masque to entertain his highness!

Jac. Hang masques! let every conceit shew his own face; my lady would not disguise her entertainment; and, now I talk of disguising, where's the butler?

Enter Butler.

But. Here, sir.

Jac. Where, sir? 'tis my lady's pleasure that you be drunk to-day; you will deal her wine abroad the more liberally among the duke's servants: you two are tall fellows, make good the credit of the buttery; and, when you are drunk, I will send others to relieve you: go to your stations. [*Exeunt Servants.*]—If his grace come hither a suitor to my lady, as we have some cause to suspect, and after marry her, I may be a great man, and ride upon a reverend mule by patent. There is no end of my

preferment; I did once teach my lady to dance, she must then teach me to ride:[1] for indeed it is just, that only those, who get their living by their legs, should ride upon a foot-cloth.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's a young gentleman desires to speak with my lady.

Jac. More young gentlemen? tell him I am busy.

Ser. With my lady?—

Jac. Busy with my lady, sir?

Ser. Would speak with my lady, sir?

Jac. I have not done with my lady myself yet; he shall stay; 'tis for my lady's state, no time to interrupt my lady, but now! I'll know his business, and taste it for my lady; if I like it, she shall hear more: but bid him come to me. [*Exit Servant.*]—Methinks I talk like a peremptory statesman already; I shall quickly learn to forget myself when I am great in office; I will oppress the subject, flatter the prince, take bribes on both sides, do right to neither, serve heaven as far as my profit will give me leave, and tremble only at the summons of a parliament.

Enter DULCINO.

Hum, a page, a very page, one that would wriggle and prefer himself to be a wag; 'tis so.—Have you any letter of commendations?

Dul. I have a letter, sir.

Jac. Let me see the complexion of the face; has it a handsome title-page? is it *stilo novo*?

Dul. I have command, sir, to deliver it
To none but to my lady.

[1] *ride,*] Old copy, "rise."

Jac. A forward youth! I like him; he is not modest, I will assist his preferment, to engage him to my faction; a special court policy. [*Aside.*]—See, my lady!

Enter CLEONA, ASTELLA, *and* BELINDA.

Cle. Yet stay, Belinda—

Bel. I beseech you, madam,
Allow excuse to my abrupt departure.
There is a business of much consequence,
And which you will not mourn to see effected.
Besides, the duty that I owe my lord,
Compels me to it, madam.

Cle. Well, but that
We are acquainted with your virtue, this
Would move suspicion you were not in
Charity with the duke.

Bel. You are pleasant, madam.

Cle. You are severe to bind yourself too strictly
From court and entertainment; sure your lord
Should chide you for it.

Ast. [*aside to Bel.*]—If it please you stay,
Your ladyship and I'll converse together;
My unkind fate hath indisposed me
To these state ceremonies too.

Bel. You will
Oblige me by your pardon?

Cle. Use your pleasure.

Ast. Nay, you shall give me leave a little further,
Here I am useless. [*Exeunt Astella and Belinda.*

Jac. May it please you, madam,
This pretty gentleman has a suit to you,
And I, in his behalf; he will be serviceable
And active in his place, a friend of mine.

Dul. Your steward, madam, is too full of zeal
To do me a preferment; but I have
No other ambition, than to commend
This paper to your white hands. [*Delivers the letter.*

Jac. Never doubt;
'Tis done; be bold, and call me fellow.
Cle. Be
You circumspect, I pray, that all things have
Their perfect shape and order, to receive
The duke: you know our pleasure, not to spare
Or cost or study to delight his highness.
Jac. I hope I have not been your steward so long,
But I know how to put your ladyship
To cost enough, without study. [*Cleona reads.*
Cle. Shall I credit
So great a bliss? the date is fresh; Foscari,
Whom I thought dead! give him five hundred crowns.
Jac. We will divide them. [*Aside to Dulcino.*
Cle. Stay.
Jac. You need not bid,
I use to make them stay, and long enough,
Ere they receive such bounties.
Cle. Treasure is
Too cheap a payment for so rich a message.
Jac. This is the right court largess.
Cle. I must call thee
My better genius.—Have you known this youth?
Jac. If your ladyship like him, I have known him long,
If otherwise, I ne'er saw him in my life.
Cle. The day breaks glorious to my darken'd thoughts,
He lives, he lives yet; cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee speak, sweet youth,
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life, and me; speak, and encrease my comforts:
Is he in perfect health?
Dul. Not perfect, madam,

Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.
Cle. O, get thee wings, and fly then;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which with his memory richer than all spices,
Dispersed odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence.
Jac. This is strange!
My lady is in love with him.
Cle. Yet stay,
Thou goest too soon away; where is he, speak?
Dul. He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.
Cle. Time has no feathers; he walks now on crutches;
Relate his gesture when he gave thee this;
What other words? did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world,
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?
Dul. He said, what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot—
Cle. Not too fast: my joys
Will be too mighty for me.
Jac. I have found it;
That boy comes from the duke; that letter, love;
'Twill be a match.—An't please your ladyship—
Cle. Forbear your ceremonies; what needs all
This preparation? if the duke vouchsafe
His person for my guest, duty will teach me
To entertain him without half this trouble;
I'll have no riot for his highness.
Jac. Hum!
How's this?
Cle. Be less officious; you forget—
Sweet youth, go forward with thy story.

Jac. Hum!
This is a fairy, and the devil sent him
To make my lady mad; 'twere well to try
Whether he be flesh and blood, ha, I'll pinch him
first. [*He pinches Dulcino, who starts.*
Cle. How now?
Jac. My care shall see nothing be wanting, for
Your honour, and the duke's.
Cle. Your place, I see,
Is better than your manners. Go to; be
Less troublesome; his highness brings intents
Of grace, not burden to us; know your duty.
Jac. So, I were best keep myself warm with my own office, while I may; the tide is turn'd, I see, within two minutes; here was nothing but *look to the gallery, perfume the chambers, what music for the duke? a banquet for the duke:* now, *be less officious, we'll have no riot for his highness:* 'tis this urchin has undone all our preferment.
Cle. The sun's loved flower,[2] that shuts his yellow curtain,
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising; with my parting lord
I closed all my delight: till his approach,
It shall not spread itself.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Madam, the duke.
Cle. Already!

Enter ASTELLA *and* Ladies.

Ast. He is entered.
Cle. Do not leave me;
I shall remember more. [*to Dulcino.*

[2] *The sun's loved flower,* &c.] Perhaps

" The *marygold*, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."—*Shakspeare.*

Enter DUKE, FABRICHIO, SORANZO, *and* GIOTTO.

Duke. Excellent Cleona!

Cle. The humble duty of a subject to
Your highness. [*Kneels.*

Duke. Rise, high in our thoughts, and thus
Confirm we are welcome to these eyes, our heart
Shall pay a lower duty than obedience
Hath taught your knee.

Cle. Your grace much honours me;
Till this white hour, these walls were never proud
T' inclose a guest; the genius of our house
Is by so great a presence waked, and glories
To entertain you.

Duke. Every accent falls
Like a fresh jewel, to encrease her value.—[*Aside.*
We can but thank Cleona.

Cle. Royal sir—

Duke. Let me revoke that hasty syllable:
But thank thee? yes, we can do more, and will;
We have a heart to do't.—Our much griev'd sister,
I know you do not wear this sadness for
Our presence.

Ast. If I have any skill in mine own eyes,
Since they beheld you, they have look'd more cheerfully
Than they were wont.

Duke. And yet I see a tear
Is ready to break prison.

Ast. It is of joy,
To see you, sir, in health:—
I hope the prince is well.

Duke. He will be so,
Astella, when he leaves to be unkind
To thee; but let's forget him.

Dul. Fame has not
Injured him, in the character of his person;
And his shape promiseth a richer soul.—

I feel a new and fiery spirit dance
Upon my heart-strings. [*Aside.*
Duke. We are come,
My fair Cleona.—
Cle. With your highness' pardon,
That name was never so attended; it
Becomes your bounty, but not me, to wear
That title.
Duke. What?
Cle. Of *fair*, my lord.
Duke. I said
You were *my* fair Cleona.—
Cle. Sir?
Duke. I did apply—[3]
I hope it does not offend to call you so,
You're yet my subject.
Cle. When I leave that name,
May heaven—
Duke. Be pleased to change it for a better!
Cle. It cannot.
Duke. Do not sin; 'tis in our power,
With your consent, to work that wonder, lady.
Cle. I want my understanding.
Duke. I'll explain.
Cle. [*aside to Dul.*]—Do not believe it, youth;
by all the faith
Of virgins, I'll not change my service to
Thy master for his dukedom.
Dul. You're too noble.
Duke. What boy is that?—Ha! Giotto?
Dul. Madam, the duke observes us.
Duke. I have seen him;
It is no common face.
Sor. My lord, we know not.
Duke. Where is Grimundo?
Giot. Not yet come, my lord.

[3] Duke. *I did apply*—] Perhaps, "that term," or some similar word, was dropped at the press.

Duke. Send for him straight, and bid him bring
the picture
We gave into his keeping: yet forbear;
It is in vain.
Sor My lord, Cleona waits
Your farther courtship.
Duke. Whither am I carried?
Cle. I hope, dread sir, my house affords no object
To interrupt your quiet.
Duke. None but heavenly,
Or could this roof be capable of ill,
Your only presence, lady, would convert it;
There is a virtuous magic in your eye,
For wheresoe'er it casts a beam, it does
Create a goodness; you've a handsome boy.
Dul. The duke is troubled. [*Aside.*
Cle. He's a pretty youth.
Dul. I hope he will not take me from my lady;
I'll say I am her servant. [*Aside.*
Duke. Something binds
My speech; my heart is narrow of a sudden;
Giotto, take some opportunity
To enquire that youth's condition, name, and
country,
And give us private knowledge.—[*Soranzo whispers with Jacomo.*]—To cut off
Circumstance, lady, I am not your fresh
And unacquainted lover, that doth waste
The tedious moons with preparation
To his amorous suit; I have been, Cleona,
A long admirer of your virtues, and
Do want the comfort of so sweet a partner,
In your young state.
Cle. You mock your humble handmaid.
Sor. A stranger, sayst?
Jac. He brought some welcome letter to my lady.
Sor. Not know his name, nor whence?
Jac. No, my good lord.—

So so, I like this well,
My lady does apply her to the duke,
There is some hopes again things may succeed;
This lord's discoursing with me is an omen
To my familiarity with greatness.

Duke. Grimundo not come yet? I am not well.

Cle. Good heaven defend! angels protect your highness!

Duke. Your holy prayers cannot but do me good.
Continue that devotion; charity
Will teach you a consent to my departure.

Cle. I am unhappy.

Duke. Make not me so, lady,
By the least trouble of yourself; I am
Acquainted with these passions: let me breathe
A heart upon thy lip; [*kisses her.*]—farewell; again
Your pardon. [*Exit.*

Sor. 'Tis a very strange distemper,
And sudden.—Noble lady, we must wait
Upon the duke. [*Exeunt Sor. Fab. and Giotto.*

Jac. My bud is nipt again;
Would all the banquet were in his belly for't!

Dul. Let not my eyes betray me.

Jac. I'm sick too;
Let not your ladyship repent your cost,
I'll have a care the sweetmeats be not lost. [*Exit.*

Cle. Acquaint him with these passages of the duke;
Tell him I long to see him; and at last,
To crown the story, say my heart shall know
No other love but his.

Dul. I fly with this
Good news. [*Exit.*

Re-enter JACOMO.

Jac. Madam, here is prince Lodwick
Newly discoach'd.

Cle. Attend him.
Jac. Most officiously.
Cle. Stay.—[*whispers Ast.*]—It can do no harm.
Ast. E'en what you please.
Cle. If he enquire for his lady, answer
She is not very well, and keeps her chamber.
Jac. I'll say she's dead, if you please; 'tis my duty:
I'll never speak truth while I live, that shall
Offend your ladyship. [*Exit.*
Cle. You may hear all,
And when you please appear. [*Astella retires.*

Enter Lodwick *and* Piero.

Lod. Sick! where's her doctor?
I'll be acquainted with him.—Noble lady.
Cle. Your grace is here most welcome.
Lod. I am bold.
Pier. [*to* 1 *Lady.*]—I am happy that my duty to the prince
Brought me to kiss your hand.
Cle. Beside the honour done to me, your person
Will add much comfort to Astella, your
Weak lady.
Lod. She is sick; mend, let her mend, she'll spend her time worse; yet she knows my mind, and might do me the courtesy to die once; I'd take it more kindly than to be at charge with a physician.
Cle You would not poison her?
Lod I think I must be driven to it; what shall a man do with a woman that will not be ruled? I have given cause enough to break any reasonable woman's heart in Savoy, and yet you see how I am troubled with her: but leave her to the Destinies! Where is my brother all this while? I came to meet him; what, is it a match already? when shall we dance, and triumph in the Tilt-yard, for

honour of the high and mighty nuptials? where is he?

Cle. My lord, he is gone.

Lod. How?

Cle. Distemper'd.

Lod. Not with wine?

Cle. Departed sick.

Lod. She jeers him.—By this lip I'll love thee, an thou wilt abuse him; I knew he would but shame himself, and therefore durst not come with him, for mine own credit. I warrant he came fierce upon thee with some parcel of poetry, which he had conn'd by heart out of Tasso, Guarini, or some other of the same melting tribe, and thought to have brought thy maiden town to his obedience at the first noise of his furious artillery.

Cle. My lord, you understand me not; your brother
Is not in health; some unkind pain within him
Compell'd him to forsake us.

Lod. Is it true
That he is sick? my brother sick, Piero?

Pier. I am very well here.

1 *Lad.* So am not I; pray, sir, appear more civil, Or I shall leave you.

Lod. True?

Cle. 'Tis too true, my lord.

Lod. No, no; truth is a virtuous thing, and we cannot have too much on't; do you hear? if I may counsel you, be wise, and stay for me; you may be my wife within this month, and the duchess too.

Cle. Your wife, my lord? why, you are married, What shall become of her?

Lod. Is she not sick?

Cle. But are you sure she'll die?

Lod. What a ridiculous question do you make! if death will not take a fair course with her, are there not reasons enough in state, think you, to

behead her? or, if that seem cruel, because I do not affect blood, but for very good ends, I can be divorced from her, and leave her rich in the title of lady dowager.

Cle. Upon what offence can you pretend a divorce?

Lod. Because she is not fruitful; is not that a sin?

Cle. Would your lordship have her fruitful, and you ne'er lie with her?

Lod. Have not I known a lady, whose husband is an eunuch upon record, mother to three or four children, and no free conscience but commends her?

Cle. But these things will not be easily perfect, unless you were duke to enforce them.

Lod. Is not my brother in the way, sick already, and, perhaps, as fit for heaven as another? I know he cannot live long, he is so well given; they never thrive: and then do you think I'll keep such a religious court? In this corner lodge a covey of Capuchins, who shall zealously pray for me without stockings; in that, a nest of Carthusians, things which, in fine, turn to otters, appear flesh, but really are fish, for that they feed on: no, no, give me a court of flourishing pleasure, where delight, in all her shapes, and studied varieties, every minute courts the soul to actuate her chief felicity.

Cle. Do you never think of hell?

Lod. Faith I do, but it always makes me melancholy, and therefore as seldom as I can my contemplation shall point thither; I am now in the spring of my life, winter will come on fast enough: when I am old, I will be as methodical an hypocrite as any pair of lawn sleeves in Savoy.

Cle. I dare not hear him longer.—Madam, release me. [*Astella comes forward.*

Lod. How now! whence come you? were you sick?

Ast. At heart, my lord, to think of your unkindness.

Lod. At heart? I'll ne'er believe without in-

spection. Am I unkind? go to, there's not a friend in the whole world can wish you better; would you were canonized a saint! 'tis more than I wish myself yet. I do not trouble thee much on earth; an thou wert in heaven, I would not pray to thee, for fear of disturbing thy seraphical devotion.

Ast. What sin have I committed deserves this distance?

Cle. In christian charity salute her.

Lod. I would not have your ladyship too venturous; The air is somewhat cold, and may endanger A weak body.

Ast. There is another duty, my lord, required from husbands.

Lod. My madam would to rut.—Hath your honour no pretty dapper monkey, each morning to give you a heat in a dance? is not your doctor gamesome?

Ast. If the suspicion that I am unchaste—

Lod. Unchaste? by this hand I do not know one honest woman in the dukedom.

Cle. How, my lord? what do you think of me?

Lod. I know not whether you be a woman or no yet.

Cle. Fie, my lord.

Lod. What would you have me do? I have not seen her this six months.

Ast O rather, my lord, conclude my sufferings, Than thus with tortures lengthen out my death: Oh kill me, I beseech you, and I will kiss The instrument which, guided by your hand, Shall give my grief a period, and pronounce With my last breath your free forgiveness.

Lod. No, kill yourself, more good will come on't;

Enter GRIMUNDO.

How now? nay, then we are like to have a precious time on't.

Cle. The duke, my lord, enquired for you.

Grim. I met
His highness in return, and he employ'd me
To bring back knowledge of his better health;
Which, he says, shall enable him but to
Express how much he honours fair Cleona.

Cle. I am his studious servant, and rejoice
In this good news.—Your brother is recover'd.

Lod. Ay, ay, I knew he would do well enough.—Now, sir.

Grim. I have some business with you, my lord,
Were you at opportunity.

Lod. Some moral exhortations; they are fruitless, I shall never eat garlic with Diogenes in a tub, and speculate the stars without a shirt: prithee enjoy thy religion, and live at last most philosophically lousy.

Grim. My design is of another nature.

Cle. May I obtain so great a favour, sir,
You would be my guest in absence of the duke?
I'm but ambitious to remember
His health in Greek wine.

Lod. So this lady will be temperate, and use me but like a stranger, without pressing me to inconveniences of kissing her, and other superstitious courtship of a husband.

Cle. I will engage she'll not offend you.

Lod. And yet it goes against my conscience to tarry so long in honest company; but my comfort is, I do not use it [often]: come away, Piero, you have had a fine time on't.

Cle. My lord.

Grim. [*to Astella.*]—I follow, madam; yet have
comfort,
Though reason and example urge our fears,
Heaven will not let you lose so many tears.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Foscari's *Lodgings.*

Enter FOSCARI *and* DULCINO.

Fos. Did she receive my letter with such joy?
Dul. I want expression, my lord, to give you
The circumstance, with [what] a flowing love,
Or rather with what glad devotion,
She entertain'd it: at your very name,
For so I guess'd, to which her covetous sight
Made the first haste, one might have seen her heart
Dance in her eyes, and as the wonder strove
To make her pale, warm love did fortify
Her cheeks with guilty blushes; she did read
And kiss the paper often, mingled questions,
Some half propounded, (as her soul had been
Too narrow to receive what you had writ,)
She quite forgot.
Fos. This was before the duke
Came thither?
Dul. Yes, my lord.
Fos. And didst thou not
Observe her at his presence slack that fervour
Her former passion had begot of me?
Was she not courtly to him, boy?
Dul. So far
As her great birth and breeding might direct
A lady to behave herself to him
That was her prince.

Fos. She kiss'd him, did she not?
Dul. She kiss'd!
Fos He did salute her?
Dul. Yes, my lord.
Fos. And didst not see a flame hang on her lip,
A spirit busy to betray her love,
And in a sigh convey it to him? Oh
Thou canst not read a woman; did he not
Woo her to be his duchess?
Dul. Yes, my lord.
Fos. Thou shouldst have watch'd her cheek then, there a blush
Had been a guilt indeed; a feeble answer,
With half a smile, had been an argument
She had been lost, and the temptation
Above her strength; which had I known, I could
Have slept and never been disturb'd, although
I had met her in a dream.
Dul. My lord, you weave
A causeless trouble to yourself.
Fos. Oh, jealousy!
I am asham'd—
Dul. If ever woman loved
With faith, Cleona honours you above
Mankind; 'twere sin but to suspect so chaste,
So furnish'd with all virtue, your Cleona.
Fos. It were indeed; I am to blame, Dulcino;
Yet, when thou com'st to be so ripe for so
Much misery as to love, thou wilt excuse me.
Dul. My lord, if I might not offend with my
Opinion, it were safest that you lose
No time; your presence would confirm a joy
To either, and prevent the duke, whose strong
Solicits may in time endanger much
The quiet of your thoughts.
Fos. Why, can there be
Suspicion she will vary? do not check

The confidence thou hast; unsettle not
The faith I have in thee, she can prove false. [2]
Dul. Mistake me not; I do not doubt her truth;
But she's a woman, and if you delay
To interpose yourself, his greatness may
In time, without injustice to your love,
Win upon her affection: you shall do
A great impiety to neglect her now,
With so much proof and loyalty of honour.
Fos. O, never, never, and I will reward
Her love beyond example; thus, Dulcino,
Thou shalt return.
Dul. My lord, I had much rather
Wait on you to her.
Fos. Tush, thou understand'st not
What I have purpos'd; thou shalt presently
Go back, and tell Cleona I am dead.
Dul. How! dead?
Fos. Ay, boy, that I am dead; nay, mark
The issue.
Dul. But, my lord, she hath your letter
To check that.
Fos. Thou shalt frame something to take
That off, some fine invention may be made,
To say 'twas forged; we'll study that anon:
In the assurance of my death, which must
Be so delivered as she shall believe thee,
She may affect the duke.
Dul. How, sir, the duke?
Fos. Ay, ay, the duke, for that's the plot
I must advance.
Dul. And will you thus reward
So great a love to you?
Fos. Best, best of all;

[2] *she* can *prove false.*] This is directly contrary to the speaker's meaning. It should be—she *cannot* prove false. Perhaps it is one of the many thousand errors of the press which these plays exhibit.

Shall I be so ungrateful to a lady
Of such rare merit, when a prince desires
To make her great, by my unworthy interest
Destroy her blessings, hinder such a fortune
From fair Cleona? let her love the duke;
In this I will express the height and glory
Of my best service.

Dul. Are you, sir, in earnest?

Fos. I love her, and can never see her more:
Posterity shall learn new piety
In love from me; it will become me look on
Cleona afar off, and only mention
Her name, as I do angels, in my prayer:
Thus she deserves, I should converse with her;
Thus I most nobly love her.

Dul. Doth she languish,
Expecting you, and shall I carry death
To comfort her? good heaven forbid this, sir.

Fos. Heaven doth invite me to it; she shall reign
Glorious in power, while I let fall my beads
That she might prosper; be not thou an enemy
To her and me; I see thou art unwilling
To this employment; if thou hast any wish
To see me happy to preserve my life
And honour, which was never more engaged;
If I shall think thou art not very wicked,
A false, dissembling boy, deny me not
This office: use what circumstance thou wilt
To thrive in this report, and thy sad breath
Shall give a feigned, save a real, death. [*Exit.*

Dul. I'm lost i' the springing of my hope; shall I
Obey him to destroy myself? I must,
I dare not be myself: no need have they
Of other force, that make themselves away. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Cleona's *House.*

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. I smell a match again; the duke will fetch her about; here was another ambassador at dinner, and his highness is again expected. In confidence of my place that shall be, I will continue my state posture, use my toothpick with discretion, and cough distinctly. What can hinder my rising? I am no scholar, that exception is taken away; for most of our statesmen do hold it a saucy thing, for any of their servants to be wiser than themselves. Observe the inventory of a great nobleman's house, mark the number of the learned; I'll begin with them: imprimis, chaplains and schoolmasters one; two pages; three gentlemen; four footmen; six horses; eight serving creatures; and ten couple of dogs; a very noble family.

Enter DULCINO.

Dul. Worthy sir—

Jac. My lady shall be at leisure for you presently.—It may be you would speak with me first?

Dul. I only entreat my lady may have knowledge that I wait here.

Jac. I will enrich my lady's understanding; I'll say nothing else, but that you are here, shall I? that's enough; if you have another letter—

Dul. What then?

Jac. I would wish you deliver it to her own

hand; but under your favour, the contents of the last chapter had like to [have] undone us all, an Cupid had not been more merciful.

Dul. Fear nothing, the news I bring will make you merry.

Jac. I'd laugh at that; howsoever you are heartily welcome, and ever shall be; you do hear no harm of the duke?

Dul. No harm?

Jac. You shall hear more shortly; I say no more, but heaven bless my lady and his highness together, for my part, though I speak a proud word.—I'll tell my lady that you attend her. [*Exit.*

Dul. I prithee do, and hasten the discharge
Of my sad embassy, which, when I have done,
And that it prospers in mine own misfortune,
I'll teach my breath to pray.

Enter CLEONA, FABRICHIO, *and* JACOMO.

Fab. A glorious fate
Courts your acceptance, and I hope your wisdom
Will teach you how to meet it; you have receiv'd
His highness' bosom; now I'll take my leave.

Cle. Will you not see the prince again.

Fab. I saw his highness walking with Grimundo
Toward the garden, and the duke expects me—
Think of a duchess, madam.

Cle. I'm not worthy,
And needs must sink under the weight of such
A title; my humblest service to his grace,
I am his beads-woman. [*Exit Fabrichio.*

Jac. Madam, here's the youth.

Cle. Art thou return'd already?—Why were you
So rude to make him wait?

Dul. Since I arrived
'Tis but a pair of minutes.

Cle. They are worth
As many days.
Jac. He shall be with your ladyship
Next time before he come; when I but spy him
A mile off, I'll acquaint you in my duty
To yourself, and my honour unto him.
Cle. Withdraw.
Jac. Here is no couch; I do not like
My lady's familiarity with a boy:
Methinks a man were fitter, and more able
To give her a refreshing: but this lobby
Shall be my next remove.
[*Retires behind the hangings.*
Dul. You will repent
This welcome, madam.
Cle. What harsh sound is that?
Thy looks upon a sudden are become
Dismal, thy brow dull as Saturnus' issue,
Thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue
Were to pronounce some funeral.
Dul. It is;
But let your virtue place a guard about
Your ear; it is too weak a fence to trust
With a sad tale, that may disperse too soon
The killing syllables, and some one or other
Find out your heart.
Cle. The mandrake hath no voice
Like this; the raven, and the night birds sing
More soft; nothing in nature, to which fear
Hath made us superstitious, but speaks gently,
Compared with thee; discharge thy fatal burthen,
I am prepared; or stay, but answer me,
And I will save thee breath, and quickly know
The total of my sorrow: is Foscari
Dead since I saw thee last? or hath some wound,
Or other dire misfortune, seal'd him for
The grave? that, though he yet live, I may bid
My heart despair to see him?

Dul. None of these,
Since last I saw you, madam.
Cle. None of these?
Then I despise all sorrow, boy; there is
Not left another mischief in my fate;
Call home thy beauty; why dost look so pale?
See, I am arm'd, and can with valiant blood
Hear thee discourse of any[3] terror now;
Methinks I can, in the assurance of
His safety, hear of battles, tempest, death,
With all the horrible shapes that poets fancy;
Tell me the tale of Troy, or Rome on fire,
Rich in the trophies of the conquer'd world,
I will not shed so many tears to save
The temples, as my joy doth sacrifice
To hear my lord is well.
Dul. Turn them to grief
Again, and here let me kneel, the accuser
Of him, that hath deserv'd more punishment
Than your wrong'd piety will inflict.
Cle. Dost kneel,
And call thyself accuser?
Dul. Yes.
Cle. Of whom?
Thy lord? take heed, for if I be thy judge,
I shall condemn thee ere thou speak.
Dul. You may;
But I accuse myself, and of an injury
To you.
Cle. To me?
Dul. Too great to be forgiven.
Cle. My love to him thou serv'st hath found a pardon
Already for it; be it an offence
Against my life.
Dul. For his sake you must punish.

[3] *any*] Old copy, *my*.

Dear madam, I have sinn'd against his ghost
In my deceiving you.
Cle. His ghost?
Dul. And if
His soul hath not forgotten how he loved you,
I must expect him to affright my dreams,
And prove my waking evil; the truth is,
My lord is dead.
Cle. How! dead? when? where? did I
Not hear thee say, since I receiv'd his letter,
He was alive?
Dul. No, madam.
Cle. Be not impious.
Dul. I said that neither death, nor any black
Misfortune had befallen him, since I gave
The letter to you.
Cle. Grant this truth, I am
Secured again.
Dul. 'Las, he was dead before;
I'm sure you could not choose but hear as much:
It was my wickedness contrived[4] to mock
Your credulous heart with a devised letter:
I know you are in wonder what should move me
To this imposture; sure it was no malice,
For you ne'er injured me, and that doth make
My crime the more deform'd; all my aim was,
Being a stranger here, and wanting means,
After my lord's death, by this cunning to
Procure some bounty from you to sustain
My life, until, by some good fortune, I
Might get another master, for I knew
There was no hope to benefit myself
By saying he was dead:—good heaven forgive me,
And keep my eyes from weeping. [*Aside.*
Cle. Thou hast undone me,
Like a most cruel boy.

[4] The first edition reads, *arriv'd, to mock*, &c. I know not whether I have stumbled on the genuine word.

Dul. Madam, I hope
I shall repair the ruins of your eye,
When I declare the cause that leads me to
This strange confession ; I have observed
The duke does love you, love you in that way,
You can deserve him ; and though I have sinn'd,
I am not stubborn in my fault to suffer you,
In the belief of my deceitful story,
To wrong your fortune by neglect of him
Can bring your merit such addition
Of state and title.

Cle. Dost thou mock again ?

Dul. Heaven knows, I have no thought of such impiety,
If you will not believe that, for your sake,
I have betray'd myself, yet be so charitable,
To think it something of my duty to
The duke, whose ends, while they are just and noble,
All loyal subjects ought to serve for him,
Whom I am bound to honour, and I love him,
Else may I never know one day of comfort ;
I durst not, without guilt of treason to
His chaste desires, deceive you any longer :
Collect yourself, dear madam ; in the grave
There dwells no music, in the duke's embrace
You meet a perfect happiness.

Cle. Begone,
And never see me more ; who ever knew
Falsehood so ripe at thy years ? [*Exit.*

Dul. Is not yet
My poor heart broke ? hath nature given it
So strong a temper that no wound will kill me ?
What charm was in my gratitude to make me
Undo so many comforts with one breath ?
Or was it for some sin I had to satisfy ?
I have not only widowed Cleona,
But made myself a misery beneath

An orphan ; I ne'er came to have a friend,
I have destroy'd my hope, that little hope
I had to be so happy. [*Jacomo comes forth.*

Jac. Is't e'en so?
My friend, what make you here? who sent for you? begone, do you hear? begone, I say the word too ; there is a porter's lodge else, where you may have due chastisement ;[4] you'll be gone?

Dul. I am sorry
I have offended, sir. [*Exit.*

Jac. So am not I.--
Let me see, somebody is dead, if I knew who ; no matter, 'tis one that my lady loved, and I am glad to hear it for mine own sake: now Venus speed the duke's plough, and turn me loose to a privy counsellor.

Enter SORANZO.

Sor. Signior Jacomo, where's your lady?

Jac. She is within, my good lord ; will't please you walk this way?

Sor. Prithee make haste, the duke is coming.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. I smell him hitherto. So, so ; I will take this opportunity to present myself to his highness, that he may take particular notice of my bulk and personage ; he may chance speak to me ; I have common places to answer any ordinary question,

[4] *There is a* porter's lodge *else, where you may have due chastisement.*] The porter's lodge was the place usually appropriated to the punishment of servants: of this our old writers afford numerous instances. See Jonson, vol. vii. p. 434.

and for other, he shall find by my impudence I come not short of a perfect courtier. Here he comes, I will dissemble some contemplation, and with my hat on, give him cause to observe me the better.

Enter the DUKE, GRIMUNDO, GIOTTO, *and Lords.*

Duke. What fellow's that?

Giot. A servant of Cleona's.

[*The Duke extends his hand, Jacomo kisses it.*

Fab. Signior?

Jac. Your highness' humble creature; you have blest my lips, and I will wear them thread-bare with prayers for your grace's immortal prosperity.

Enter SORANZO.

Duke. Soranzo is return'd:—
How fares Cleona?

Sor. My lord, not well; I found her full of sadness, which is encreased, she cannot, as becomes her duty, observe your highness.

Jac. One word with your grace in private; she is as well as either you or I.

Duke. Say'st thou so?

Jac. There came indeed before you certain news, that a noble gentleman, I know not who, and therefore he shall be nameless, but some dear friend of her's, is dead, and that's all, and that hath put her into a melancholy mood; with your gracious pardon, if I were worthy to be one of your counsellors—

Duke. What then?

Jac. I would advise you, as others do, to take your own course; your grace knows best what is to be done.

Duke. So, sir.—Didst thou not see the pretty boy I told thee of?

Sor. No, my good lord.

Duke. We are resolv'd to comfort her; set forward. [*Exeunt all but Grim. and Jac.*

Grim. You had simple grace.

Jac. A touch or so, a beam with which his highness
Doth use to keep desert warm.—Good, my lord,
It is not come to that yet.

[*Exit Grim. followed by Jacomo.*

SCENE III.

Foscari's *Lodgings.*

Enter FOSCARI *and a Servant.*

Fos. Go to the next religious house, and pray
Some holy father come and speak with me:
But hasten thy return. [*exit Servant.*]—I dare not look on
Myself, lest I forget to do her honour,
And my heart prove a partial advocate;
I must not entertain with the same thought
Cleona, and my love, lest my own passion
Betray the resolution I have made
To make my service famous to all ages.
A legend that may startle wanton blood,
And strike a chillness through the active veins
Of noblest lovers, when they hear, or read,
That, to advance a mistress, I have given her
From mine own heart. If any shall be so
Impious at my memory, to say
I could not do this act, and love her too,
Some power divine, that knew how much I loved her,
Some angel, that hath care to right the dead,
Punish that crime for me; and yet, methinks,
In such a cause my own enraged spirit,
In pity of my ashes, so profaned,
Should nimbly lift my sweating marble up.

And leap into my dust, which, new enliven'd,
Should walk to him, that questioned my honour,
And be its own revenger.—He is come.

Enter VALENTIO.

Welcome, good father,
I sent to entreat your help; but first, pray tell me,
I have no perfect memory, what saint
Gives title to your order?
Val. We do wear
The scapular of saint Benet, sir.
Fos. Your charity
Make you still worthy of that reverend habit!
I have a great devotion to be made
A brother of your sacred institution:
What persons of great birth hath it received?
Val. To fashion my reply to your demand,
Is not to boast, though I proclaim the honours
Of our profession; four emperors,
Forty-six kings, and one-and-fifty queens,
Have changed their royal ermines for our sables:
These cowls have clothed the heads of fourteen hundred
And six king's sons; of dukes, great marquises,
And earls, two thousand and above four hundred
Have turn'd their princely coronets into
An humble coronet of hair, left by
The razor, thus. [*Pointing to his tonsure.*
Fos. No, it is not.[5]
There is a sun ten times more glorious,
Than that which riseth in the east, attracts me
To feed upon his sweet beams, and become
A bird of Paradise, a religious man

[5] *No, it is not.*] This is in answer to Valentio's observation above—*'ts not to boast*, &c. It would seem from this magnificent enumeration of emperors, kings, &c. (which is probably authentic) that Shirley's confessor was of the Benedictine order.

To rise from earth, and no more to turn back,
But for a burial.

Val. Think what 'tis you do;
It is no thing to play the wanton with,
In the strong bended passion of an humour,
For a friend's death, a king's frown, or, perhaps,
Loss of a mistress.

Fos. O, still bless the guide,
Whatever, that shall lead this happy way.

Val. My lord, the truth is, like your coat of arms,
Richest when plainest; I do fear the world
Hath tired you, and you seek a cell to rest in,
As birds, that wing it o'er the sea, seek ships,
Till they get breath, and then they fly away.

Fos. Do not mistake a piety; I am prepared,
And can endure your strict mortifications.
Good father, then, prefer my humble suit,
To your superior, for the habit, and
Let me not long expect you; say I am
Noble, but humblest in my thoughts.

Val. I go;
Meantime examine well this new desire,
Whether it be a wild flash, or a heavenly fire. [*Exit.*

Enter DULCINO.

Fos. Now, my good boy.

Dul. Sir, your command is done,
And she believes.

Fos. That I am dead, Dulcino?

Dul. That you are dead; and as she now scorn'd life,
Death lends her cheeks his paleness, and her eyes
Tell down their drops of silver to the earth,
Wishing her tears might rain upon your grave,
To make the gentle earth produce some flower
Should bear your names and memories.

Fos. But thou seest
I live, Dulcino.
Dul. Sir, I should be blest,
If I did see you sought the means to live,
And to live happily. O, noble sir,
Let me untread my steps, unsay my words,
And tell your love, you live.
Fos. No, my sweet boy,
She thinks not much amiss; I am a man
But of an hour or two; my will is made,
And now I go, never more cheerfully,
To give eternal farewell to my friends.
Dul. For heaven's sake, sir, what's this you mean to do?
There is a fear sits cold upon my heart,
And tells me—
Fos Let it not misinform thee, boy;
I'll use no violence to myself; I am
Resolved a course, wherein I will not doubt
But thou wilt bear me company: we'll enter
Into religion.
Dul. Into religion?
Fos. O, 'tis a heavenly life! go with me, boy,
We'll imitate the singing angels there,
Learn how to keep a quire in heaven, and scorn
Earth's transitory glory; wilt, Dulcino?
Dul. Alas! my lord; I am too young.
Fos. Too young
To serve heaven? Never, never; O, take heed
Of such excuse.
Dul. Alas! what shall I do?
And yet I'm weary of the world;—but how
Can I do this? I am not yet discovered. [*Aside.*
Sir, I shall still attend you.
Fos. Thou art my comfort;
I have propounded it already, to
A Benedictine, by whose means we may
Obtain the habit; stay thou and expect him,

I must be absent for a little time,
To finish something will conduce to my
Eternal quiet; if thou hast any scruple,
He will direct thee; having both made even
With earth, we'll travel hand in hand to heaven.
[*Exit.*

Dul. Fortune hath lent me a prospective glass,
By which I have a look beyond all joys,
To a new world of misery; what's my best
Let it be so, for I am hopeless now,
And it were well, if, when those weeds I have,
That I might go disguised to my grave. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cleona's *House.*

Enter Lodwick *and* Grimundo.

Lod. This is strange.

Grim. You know I have given you many precepts of honesty?

Lod. And you know how I have followed them.

Grim. To mine own heart. I have made tedious discourses of heaven to you, and the moral virtues; numbered up the duties of a good prince; urged examples of virtues, for your imitation.

Lod. To much purpose.

Grim. Seemed to sweat with agony and vexation, for your obstinate courses; reproved you, nay, sometimes made complaints of you to the duke.

Lod. And I have curs'd you for it, I remember.

Grim. Alas! my lord, I durst do no otherwise: was not the duke, your father, an honest man? and your brother now foolishly takes after him, whose credulities, when I had already cozened, I

was bound to appear stoical, to preserve the opinion they had conceived of me.

Lod. Possible!

Grim. It speaks discretion and abilities in statesmen, to apply themselves to their prince's disposition, vary a thousand shapes; if he be honest we put on a form of gravity; if he be vicious, we are parasites. Indeed, in a politic commonwealth, if you observe well, there is nothing but the appearance and likeness of things that carrieth opinion: your great men will appear odd, and fantastical, and fools are often taken for wise officers; your most active gallants seem to carry their own hair, and your handsomest ladies their own faces: you cannot know a secretary from a scholar in black, nor a gentleman-usher in scarlet, from a captain; your judge, that is all composed of mercy, hath still the face of a philosopher, and to some appears more terrible and crabbed than the law itself. All things are but representation, and, my lord, howsoever I have appeared to you, I am at heart one of your own sect, an epicure; be but so subtle to seem honest, as I do, and we will laugh at the foolish world in our cells, declaim against intemperate livers, and hug our own licentiousness, while we surfeit our souls in the dark with nectar and ambrosia.

Lod. Can this be earnest? you did talk of hell, and bug-bears.

Grim. I confess, and, were you in public, I would urge many other empty names to fright you; put on my holiday countenance, and talk nothing but divinity, and golden sentences; look like a supercilious elder, with a starched face, and a tunable nose, whilst he is edifying his neighbour's woman.

Lod. You were a christian; how came you to be converted?

Grim. I think I had a name given me, and that's all I retain; I could never endure really their severe discipline: marry, for my preferment, and other politic ends, I have, and can still dispense with fasting, prayer, and a thousand fond austerities; though I do penance for them in private.

Lod. Let me ask you one question; were you never drunk?

Grim. A thousand times in my study; that's one of my recreations.

Lod. How chance I could never see it in you? you know I would have been drunk for company.

Grim. But I durst not trust so young a sinner; for I always held it a maxim, to do wickedness with circumspection.

Lod. Wickedness!

Grim. I speak in the phrase of the foolish world, that holds voluptuousness a crime, which you and I, and every wise man, knows, to be the only happiness of life, and the inheritance we are born to.

Lod. But stay; how comes it to pass, that accounting me so young a sinner, you now adventure to discover yourself?

Grim. To you?

Lod. To me.

Grim. Good, my lord, conceive me; you were a young sinner, and in your nonage; does that infer that you have made no growth, that you are a child still? do you think that I have not wit to distinguish a principiant in vice, from a graduate? shall I be afraid to lay open my secret impieties to you, that are almost as perfect as myself in epicurism? I beseech you do not think I have so little manners to undervalue you.

Lod. Very well, proceed.

Grim. And yet, my lord, with your princely license, you may learn, too, and indeed the first virtue that I would commend to your practice,

should be that, by which I have attained to this height and opinion, and that's hypocrisy.

Lod. Hypocrisy?

Grim. Yes, a delicate white devil; do but fashion yourself to seem holy, and study to be worse in private, worse; you'll find yourself more active in your sensuality, and it will be another titillation, to think what an ass you make of the believing world, that will be ready to doat, nay, superstitiously adore you, for abusing them.

Lod. This is pretty, wholesome doctrine; and, hark you, have you no wenches now and then?

Grim. Wenches? would the duke your brother had so many for his own sake, or you either.

Lod. Hast, i' faith?

Grim. Faith? why, judge by yourself; how do you think a man should subsist? wenching! why, 'tis the top-branch, the heart, the very soul of pleasure; I'll not give a chip to be an emperor, an I may not curvet as often as my constitution requires; lechery is the monarch of delight, whose throne is in the blood, to which all other sins do homage, and bow like serviceable vassals, petty subjects in the dominion of flesh.—Wenches! why, I have as many—yet, now I think better on it, I'll keep that to myself; store makes a good proverb.

Lod. Nay, nay, be free and open to me; you have my oath not to betray.

Grim. Well, I'll not be nice to you; you little imagine (though I be married) that I am the greatest whoremaster in the dukedom.

Lod. Not the greatest?

Grim. Have a strong faith, and save my proofs. I? the usurer does not hoard up his gold, nor the country oppressor his corn more against a dear year! but *cautè si non castè;* my nun at home knows nothing: like a mole in the earth, I work deep, but invisible; I have my private houses, my gra-

naries, my magazines, bully, as many concubines, as would, collected, furnish the great Turk's seraglio.

Lod. How do you conceal them? I should ne'er keep half so many, but 'twould be known.

Grim. You are then a novice in the art of Venus, and will tell tales out of the school, like your weak gallants of the first chin, that will brag what ladies they have brought to their obedience; that think it a mighty honour, to discourse how many forts they have beleaguered, how many they have taken by battery, how many by composition, and how many by stratagem; that will proclaim, how this madam kisses, how like ivy the tother *bona roba* embraced them, and with what activity a third plays her amorous prize: a fine commendation for such whelps, is it not?

Lod. A fault, a fault, who can deny it? But what are those you practise with? a touch; come, what commodities?

Grim. Not sale-ware, mercenary stuff, that you may have in the suburbs, and now maintain traffic with ambassadors' servants; nor with laundresses, like your students in law, who teach her to argue the case so long, till she find a statute for it; nor with mistress silkworm in the city, that longs for cream and cakes, and loves to cuckold her husband in fresh air; nor with your waiting-gentlewoman, that is in love with poetry, and will not part with her honour under a copy of fine verses, or an anagram; nor with your coarse lady herself, that keeps a stallion, and cozens the old knight, and his two pair of spectacles, in the shape of a serving-man; but with your rich, fair, high-fed, glorious, and springing cat-a-mountains, ladies of blood, whose eyes will make a soldier melt, an he were composed of marble; whose very smile hath a magnetic force to draw up souls; whose voice will

charm a satyr, and turn a man's prayers into ambition, make a hermit run to hell for a touch on her, and there hug his own damnation.

Lod. I have heard you, and now I think fit to discover myself to you; you are a rascal.

Grim. Sir, I think I am one.

Lod. Let not your wisdom think I can be so easily gull'd.

Grim. How, sir?

Lod. You think you have talked very methodically, and cunningly all this while, and that I am, as they say, a credulous coxcomb, and cannot perceive, that by your politic jeers upon my pleasures, you labour to discredit, not only my recreations, but myself, to my own face. Do you hear? the time may come you will not dare these things, and yet, you shall see, I will not now so much as seem angry: preserve your humour; 'twill appear fresh on the stage, my learned gymnosophist, very well, excellent well.

Grim. Why, does not your lordship believe me, then?

Lod. Dost thou think throughout the year I will lose one minute of my pastime, for this your toothless satire, your mock-ballad? Go, get some pretty tune, 'twill do you a great deal of credit the next Christmas, to be presented by Folly in an antimasque; I'll to a wench presently.

Grim. I came to carry you to one.

Lod. How? thou?

Grim. Do not deceive yourself; come, you shall believe, and thank me; will that serve [the] turn? shall I be thought worthy to be trusted, then, if I do the office of a bawd for you, and play the pander with dexterity? will that convince you?

Lod. Yes, yes, then I will believe thee.

Grim. Then go with me, and I will demonstrate.

Lod. Whither?

Grim. I'll carry you to a lady, be not afraid, she is honest; a handsome piece of flesh, a lady that will bound ye, and rebound, a lady that will ravish you—

Lod. Me?

Grim. With delight and admiration; one in whom doth flourish all the excellency of women, honesty only excepted; such a charming brow, speaking eye, springing cheek, tempting lip, swelling bosom.

Lod. Will you lead me to such a creature?

Grim. Yes.

Lod. And shall I enjoy her in dalliance?

Grim. Yes; and think yourself richer, than to be lord of both the Indies; here's my hand, cut it off, if I do not this feat for you when you please; and when you are satisfied with her, I'll help you to forty more;—but we are interrupted.

Enter GIOTTO *and* SORANZO.

Giot. There he is with Grimundo.

Sor. His late governor; he is giving him good counsel.

Giot. Pray heaven he have the grace to follow it.

Grim. Consider, sir, but what will be the end
Of all these wicked courses.

Lod. Precious villain! [*Aside.*

Grim. We must be circumspect.

Lod. No more; I have a crotchet new sprung:
Where shall I meet thee?

Grim. I'll expect you in the Park; be very secret.—
My lord, I can but grieve for you. [*Exit.*

Lod. How have we all been cozen'd.— [*Aside.*
What, is my brother here?

Sor. This hour, my lord, he is now upon return.

Lod. I'll see him, and then prepare me for this lady.
I feel a boiling in my veins already;
This is the life of greatness, and of court;
They are fools that will be frighted from their sport. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Cleona's *House.*

Enter Lodwick *and* Piero.

Lod. Do't, an thou lovest me.

Pier. What d' ye mean, my lord?

Lod. Nay, we must have such a deal of circumstance; I say, do it.

Pier What, that?

Lod. That! is that such a piece of matter? does it appear so horrid in your imagination, that you should look as if you were frighted, now?

Pier. My lord, it is—

Lod. A thing your lust will prompt you to, but that you affect ceremony, and love to be entreated.

Pier. With your lady?

Lod. Yet again? must I voice it like the town crier, and ram it into your head with noise? you have not been observed so dull in a business of this supple nature.

Pier. But think on't again, I pray you, think a little better; I have no great ambition to have my throat cut.

Lod. By whom?

Pier. By you; you cannot choose but kill me for't, when I have done: name any other lady, or

half a score of them, as far as flesh will go, I have but a body, and that shall venture upon a disease to do you service; but your lady—

Lod. Have I not told thee my end?

Pier. Ay, sir, but I am very loath to begin with her; I know she will not let me do the feat, I had as good never attempt it.

Lod. Is your mountainous promise come to this? Remember, if I do not turn honest—

Pier. My lord, do but consider—well, I will do what I can, an there be no remedy—but—

Lod. No butting.

Pier. Nay, for butting, your lordship is like to do that better when I have done with your lady. Upon one condition I'll resolve.

Lod. What's that?

Pier. I must be a little plain with you, my lord, that you will not ask my blessing; I am like to be one of your godfathers.

Lod. How?

Pier. The new name that I shall add to your other titles will stick in your head, and, I fear, corrupt your brains, too; many wise men have run mad upon it in the city.

Lod. Never fear it; for if thou canst but corrupt her, I'll sue a divorce presently.

Pier. And bring me in for a witness.

Enter ASTELLA.

Lod. She's here; fear nothing, I'll be thy protection; it were not amiss to cast away some kindness upon her.—Nay, I was coming to take my leave.

Ast. I know you never meant it.

Lod. Thus my best intents are rewarded still! the more sin upon your conscience; you have a hard heart, but heaven forgive us all. Astella,

farewell.—Piero, expect my return here.—Pray entertain this gentleman courteously in my absence, you know not how kindly I may take it.

Ast. I would you would enjoin me any testimony, So I might be in hope to win your love.

Lod. 'Tis in the will of women to do much; do not despair; the proudest heart is but flesh, think of that.

Ast. Of what?

Lod. Of flesh; and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Pier. Wilt please you, madam, walk into your chamber?
I have something to impart will require more privacy.

Ast. If it be grief 'tis welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke *and Lords.*

Duke. My soul I have examin'd, and yet find
No reason for my foolish passion.
Our hot Italian doth affect these boys
For sin; I've no such flame, and yet methought
He did appear most lovely; nay, in his absence,
I cherish his idea; but I must
Exclude him while he hath but soft impression;
Being removed already in his person,
I lose him with less trouble. [*Aside.*

Enter Giotto.

Giot. Please your highness,
A stranger, but some gentleman of quality,

Intending to leave Savoy, humbly prays
To kiss your hand.

Duke. A gentleman? admit him.

Enter FOSCARI *disguised, and kisses the Duke's hand.*

Fos. You are a gracious prince, and this high favour
Deserves my person and my sword, when you
Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour,
To call them to your service.

Duke You are noble.

Fos. It is not compliment, my lord, alone,
Made me thus bold; I have a private message;
Please you command their distance.

Duke. Wait without. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Fos. Have you forgot this face? [*Discovers himself.*

Duke. Foscari's shadow!

Fos. The substance, sir, and, once more, at your feet.

Duke. Return'd to life! Rise, meet our arms: why in
This cloud?

Fos. Your pardon, royal sir; it will
Concern your highness to permit me walk
In some eclipse.

Duke How?

Fos. I'e but pleas'd to grant
A little freedom to my speech, I shall
Demonstrate the necessity of this action:
I said I had a message; I come, sir, from
Cleona.

Duke. From Cleona?

Fos From her, indeed, and in her name I must
Propound a question, to which she prays
You would be just and noble in your answer.

Duke Without disputing your commission,
Upon mine honour—

Fos. Princes cannot stain it:
Do you love her?
Duke. Do I love her? Strange!
Fos. Nay, she would have you pause, and think
well ere
You give her resolution;[6] for, she bad me tell you,
She has been much afflicted since you left her,
About your love.
Duke. About my love? I prithee
Be more particular.
Fos. I shall. So soon
As you were gone, being alone, and full
Of melancholy thoughts—
Duke. I left her so.
Fos. Willing to ease her head upon her couch,
Through silence, and some friendship of the dark,
She fell asleep, and in a short dream thought
Some spirit told her softly in her ear,
You did but mock her with a smooth pretence
Of love.
Duke. Ha!
Fos. More; that you are fallen from honour,
Have taken impious flames into your bosom;
That you are a bird of prey, and while she hath
No houshold lar, to wait upon her threshold,
You would fly in and seize upon her honour.
Duke. I hope she has no faith in dreams?
Fos. And yet,
Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troops
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soul,
Conversed with us, taught men and women happy
Ways to prevent a tyrant's rage and lust.
Duke. But this was some most false, malicious
spirit,

[6] You give her *resolution,*] i.e. resolve her; give her a determinate answer.

That would insinuate with her white soul ;
There's danger if she cherish the illusion.[7]
Fos. She cannot tell, she hath some fears,[8] my lord ;
Great men have left examples of their vice—
And yet no jealousy of you, but what
A miracle doth urge, if this be one ;
If you but once more say you love Cleona,
And speak it unto me, and to the angels
Which in her prayers she hath invoked to hear you,
She will be confident, and tell her dream,
She cannot be illuded.
Duke. Though I need not
Give an account to any, but to heaven,
And her fair self, Foscari, thou shalt tell her
With what alacrity I display my heart.
I love her
With chaste and noble fire ; my intents are
Fair as her brow ; tell her I dare proclaim it
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar : I do love her—
Fos. Enough, enough. My lord, be pleas'd to hear
What I have now to say : you have express'd
A brave and virtuous soul ; but I must not
Carry this message to her ; therefore take
Your own words back again—*I love Cleona*
With chaste and noble fire ; my intents are
Fair as her brow ; I dare proclaim it, sir,
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar.

[7] For *illusion* the old copies read *infusion.* That the text is now right, appears from the concluding line of the next speech.

[8] *Fos.* She cannot tell; *she hath some fears,* &c.] i. e. she knows not what to think of it. This example might be added to those produced in the notes on *Every Man in his Humour :* but enough has now been done to relieve Shakspeare from the blunders of his commentators on this trite expression.

Duke. Do you mock me?
Fos. Pardon a truth, my lord: I have apparell'd
My own sense with your language.
Duke. Do you come
To affront us? you had better have been sleeping
In your cold urn, as[9] fame late gave you out,
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,
Than live to move our anger.
Fos. Spare your frowns.
This earth weighs not my spirit down; a fear
Would die the paleness of my father's dust
Into a blush. Sir, many are alive
Will swear I did not tremble at a cannon
When it struck thunder in mine ear, and wrapp'd
My head in her blue mists: it is not breath
Can fright a noble truth; nor is there magic
In the person of a king that plays the tyrant,
But a good sword can easily uncharm it.
Duke. You threaten us.
Fos. Heaven avert so black a thought!
Though, in my honour's cause, I can be flame,
My blood is frost to treason; make me not
Belie my heart, for I do love Cleona,
And, my bold heart tells me, above all height
You can affect her with; no birth or state
Can challenge a prerogative in love:
Nay, be not partial, and you shall ascribe
To mine love's victory; for though I admit,
You value her above your dukedom, health,
That you would sacrifice your blood to avert
Any mishap should threaten that dear head,
All this is but above yourself; but I
Love her above herself, and while you can
But give your life, and all you have, to do
Cleona service, I can give away
Herself, Cleona's self, in my love to her!
I see you are at loss; I'll reconcile

[9] *as*] Old copy reads "and."

All; she is your's; this minute ends my claim:
Live, and enjoy her happily; may you
Be famous in that beauteous empire, she
Blest in so great a lord!

Duke. I must not be
O'ercome in honour, nor would do so great
A wrong to enjoy the blessing; I knew not
You were engaged.

Fos. Ere you proceed, I must
Beseech you hear me out: I am but fresh
Return'd from travel; in my absence, she
Heard I was slain; at my return, upon
The hearing of these honours you intend her,
And which I now believe from your own lip,
I found a means, and have wrought her already
Into a firm belief, that I am dead;—
For I have but pretended I came from her.
If, for my sake, you leave her now, I can
Make good her faith and die; it shall not be said
I lived, and overthrew Cleona's fortune.

Duke. Stay, miracle of honour, and of love.

Fos. If you proceed, as it concerns your happiness,
I can secure all fear of me; I am
Resolved a course wherein I will be dead
To her, yet live to pray for her and you,
Although I never see you more; will you,
My royal lord?

Duke. Did ever lover plead
Against himself before?

Fos. I love her still,
And in that study her advancement, sir,
In you, I cannot give her.

Duke. Well, I will
Still love her, and solicit.

Fos. And not open
That I am living?

Duke. Not a syllable.

Fos. I am confident; let me but kiss your hand.
Again, may blessings dwell with you for ever!
[*Exit.*

Duke. He was always noble, but this passion
Has outgone history; it makes for me;
Hail to my courteous fate! Foscari, thanks;
Like the aged phœnix thy old love expires,
And from such death springs life to my desires.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Foscari's *Lodgings.*

Enter DULCINO.

Dul. The father is not come yet, nor my lord
Return'd; yet, when they do, I have no way
To help myself; nor have I power to go
From hence. Sure this is the religious man.

Enter VALENTIO.

Val. Ha! 'tis the same.
Dul. Father Valentio?
Val. Dear Leonora.
Dul. Sir, the same.
Val. Oh, let
My tears express my joys; what miracle
Gave you this liberty?
Dul. I was rescued
By the happy valour of a gentleman,
To whom, in gratitude, I pay this service:
He bad me here expect a holy man,
And is it you?
Val. The circumstance confirms it.
Dul. Are you the good man whom my lord
expects?

'Tis some refreshing, in the midst of sorrow,
To meet again.
Val. And heaven hath heard my prayer.
Dul. But I am miserable still, unless
Your counsel do relieve me.
Val. Why, my charge?
Dul. This noble gentleman, to whom I owe
My preservation, who appointed you
To meet him here, having resolved to enter
Into religion, hath been very urgent
For me to do so too, and, overcome
With many importunities, I gave
Consent, not knowing what was best to do:
Some cure, or I am lost; you know I cannot
Mix with religious men.
Val. Did you consent?
Dul. I did, and he is now upon the point
Of his return.
Val. You are in a strait, I must
Confess; no matter, hold your purpose, and
Leave all to me.—He is return'd.

Enter FOSCARI.

Fos. Good father,
Now I am ready; have you disposed him
For such a life?
Val. He is constant to attend you;
I have prepared him, and made way to the abbot
For your reception.
Fos. I am blest, Dulcino;
Nay, no distinction now, methinks we move
Upon the wings of cherubins already;
'Tis but a step to heaven; come, my sweet boy,
We climb by a short ladder to our joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Garden.

Enter LODWICK *and* GRIMUNDO.

Grim. This, my lord, is her garden, into which, you see, my key hath given us private access.

Lod. 'Tis full of curiosity.

Grim. You see that grove?

Lod. I do.

Grim. There is her house of pleasure; let your eye entertain some delight here, while I give her happy knowledge you are entered. [*Exit.*

Lod. Do so.—An honest knave, I see that; how happy, happy shall I be in his conversation? I shall not need to keep any in fee to procure, an he be so well furnished: if ever I come to be duke, I will erect a magnificent college, endow it with revenue to maintain wenches, and with great pensions invite the fairest ladies from all parts of christendom into my seraglio; then will I have this fellow gelded, and make him my chief eunuch, ranger, or overseer of all my precious tame fowl.—

Enter behind three Satyrs, and lie down.

How now? what's this? some fury asleep? I'll take another path: another? into what wilderness has this fire-drake brought me? I dare not cry out for fear of waking them: would Grimundo were come back!

Enter SILVANUS.

Sil. *Rise, you drowsy satyrs, rise,*
What strong charm doth bind your eyes?
See who comes into your grove,
To embrace the queen of Love;
Leap for joy, and frisk about,
Find your pretty Dryads out;
Hand in hand compose a ring,
Dance and circle your new king,
Him Silvanus must obey,
Hence, and cry a holiday.
[Satyrs rise and run in, followed by Silvanus.

Lod. Some masque, a device to entertain me, ha? And yet I see not how they should prepare so much ceremony, unless they had expected me; a curse upon their ill faces, they shook me at first. How now!

Re-enter Satyrs pursuing three Nymphs; they dance together. Exeunt Satyrs; Nymphs seem to entreat him to go with them.

Have you no tongues? yes, I will venture myself in your company, an you were my Destinies; would there were no worse in hell! [*they take him by the arms,*] must I walk like a bride, too? fortune set on afore, then; an thou dost not guide into a handsome place, would thy eyes were out, and so thou mayst be taken for the blind goddess indeed. Forward to Venus' temple. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Grove, with a banquet prepared.

Enter LODWICK, *with the Nymphs, who suddenly leave him.*

Lod. Vanish'd like fairies? [*music within.*]—
Ha! what music's this? the motion of the spheres?
or am I in Elysium?—

Enter GRIMUNDO *bareheaded, leading* BELINDA, *disguised in rich attire, and attended by Nymphs.*

Here is Grimundo.—Ha! what glorious creature's this commits a rape upon my senses on every side? but, when I look on her, all other admirations are forgot, and lessen in her glory.

Bel. My lord, you are welcome, nay, our lip is not too precious for your salute: most welcome.
[*Kisses him.*

Grim. I have kept my word, sir.

Lod. Thou hast obliged my soul.

Grim. Be high, and frolic! she loves to see one domineer; when you're thoroughly acquainted you'll give me thanks.

Lod. Let us be private with as much speed as may be;
Away with those gypsies; so, so.—
[*Exeunt all but Lodwick and Belinda.*
I forgot to ask her name. [*aside.*]—Lady, I am come—

Bel. Wilt please you use that chair?

Lod. You are not ignorant
Of the intents my blood hath brought with me;
Grimundo, I hope, hath told my coming, lady,

And you, I'm confident, will justify
His promise of some pastime.
Bel. He's a servant,
Whose bosom I dare trust; the son of night,
And yet more secret than his mother; he
Hath power to engage me, and I shall
Take pride in my obedience: first be pleased
To taste, what, in my duty, I prepared
For your first entertainment; these but serve
To quicken appetite. [*Recorders.*
Lod. I like this well,
I shall not use much courtship. Where's this music?
Bel. Doth it offend your ear?
Lod. 'Tis ravishing;
Whence doth it breathe?
Bel. If you command, we'll change
A thousand airs, till you find one is sweet,
And high enough to rock your wanton soul
Into Elysian slumbers.
Lod. Spare them all;
I hear them in thy accents.
Bel. Orpheus,
Calliope's famed son, upon whose lute
Myriads of lovers' ghosts do wait, and hang
Upon the golden strings to have their own
Griefs soften'd with his noble touch, shall come
Again from hell with fresh and happier strains,
To move your fancy.
Lod. That were very strange.—
She is poetical, more than half a Fury:— [*Aside.*
But we prate all this while, and lose the time
We should employ more preciously; I need
No more provocatives, my veins are rich,
And swell with expectation: shall we to
This vaulting business?
Bel. I shall hope, my lord,
You will be silent in mine honour, when

You have enjoy'd me, and not boast my name
To your disgrace, not mine.
Lod. Your name! why, lady,
By my desires, I know it not; I hope
You have receiv'd a better character,
Than to suspect my blabbing: I'll not trust
My ghostly father with my sins, much less
Your name.
Bel. O, let me fly into your arms,
These words command my freedom; I shall love
You above myself; and, to confirm how much
I dare repose upon your faith, I'll not
Be nice to tell you who I am.
Lod. Pray do.
Bel. I am a princess.
Lod. How?
Bel. Believe me, sir.
Lod. I am glad of that; but of what country, lady?
Bel. And my dominions are more spreading than
Your brother's.
Lod. Ha! that's excellent.—If the villain
Do prosper with my wife, I'll marry her. [*Aside.*
Bel. I was not born to perch upon a dukedom,
Or some such spot of earth, which the dull eyes
Examine by a multiplying glass,
And wonder at; the Roman eagles never
Did spread their wings upon so many shores;
The silver moon of Ottoman looks pale
Upon my greater empire; kings of Spain,
That now may boast their ground doth stretch as wide
As day, are but poor landlords of a cell,
Compar'd to mine inheritance: the truth is,
I am the devil.
Lod. How! a devil?
Bel Yes.
Be not affrighted, sir; you see I bring

No horror to distract you: if this presence
Delight you not, I'll wear a thousand shapes
To please my lord.

Lod. Shapes, quotha?

Bel. Do not tremble.

Lod. A devil? I see her cloven foot: I have not
The heart to pray; Grimundo has undone me.
[*Aside.*

Bel. I did command my spirits to put on
Satyrs, and nymphs, to entertain you first,
Whiles others in the air maintain'd a quire
For your delight: why do you keep such distance
With one that loves you? recollect yourself,
You came for pleasure; what doth fright my love?
See, I am covetous to return delight,
And satisfy your lustful genius:
Come, let us withdraw, and on the bed prepared,
Beget a race of smooth and wanton devils—

Lod. Hold! come not near me; ha! now I compare
The circumstances, they induce me to
A sad belief; an I had breath enough,
I would ask a question.

Bel. Any thing, and be
Resolved.

Lod. How came Grimundo and your devilship
Acquainted?

Bel. He hath been my agent long,
And hath deserved, for his hypocrisy,
And private sins, no common place in hell;
He's now my favourite, and we enjoy
Each other daily; but he never did
By any service more endear my love,
Than by this bringing you to my acquaintance,
Which I desired of him long since, with many
And fierce solicit; but he urged his fear,
You were not ripe enough in sin for his
Discovery.

Lod. I feel myself dissolve
In sweat.
Bel. My lord, I must acknowledge, I
Have ever had you in my first regard
Of any mortal sinner, for you have
The same propension with me, though with
Less malice: spirits of the lower world
Have several offices assign'd; some are
To advance pride, some avarice, some wrath;
I am for lust, a gay voluptuous devil.
Come, let's embrace, for that I love, my lord;
Do, and command a regiment of hell,
They all are at your service.
Lod. O my soul!
Bel. Beside, my lord, it is another motive
To honour you, and, by my chains, which now
I have left behind, it makes me grow enamour'd;
Your wife, that says her prayers at home, and weeps
Away her sight, O, let me hug you for it!
Despise her vows still, spurn her tears again
Into her eyes, thou shalt be prince in hell,
And have a crown of flames, brighter than that
Which Ariadne wears of fixed stars;
Come, shall we dally now?
Lod. My bones within
Are dust already, and I wear my flesh
Like a loose upper garment. [*Aside.*
Bel. You are afraid;
Be not so pale at liver, for I see
Your blood turn coward: how would you be frighted
To look upon me clothed with all my horror,
That shudder at me now? Call up your spirit.
Lod. There are too many spirits here already,
Would thou wert conjured; what shall I do?
Bel. What other than to bathe your soul in pleasure,
And never-heard-of ravishings; we two

Will progress through the air in Venus' chariot,
And when her silver doves grow faint and tire,
Cupid and Mercury shall lend us wings,
And we will visit new worlds when we are
Weary of this; we both will back the winds,
And hunt the phœnix through the Arabian deserts;
Her we will spoil of all her shining plumes,
To make a blazing coronet for thy temples,
Which from the earth beheld, shall draw up wonder,
And puzzle learn'd astronomy to distinguish it
From some new constellation: the sea
Shall yield us pastime, when, enveloped
With clouds blacker than night, we range about;
And, when with storms we overthrow whole navies,
We'll laugh to hear the mariners exclaim
In many thousand shipwrecks; what do I
Urge these particulars? let us be one soul:
Air, earth, and hell, is yours.

Lod. I have a suit,
But dare not speak.

Bel. Take courage, and from me
Be confident to obtain.

Lod. I am not well;
The name of devil came too quick upon me,
I was not well prepared for such a sound,
It turn'd my blood to ice, and I have not
Recover'd so much warmth yet, to desire
The sport I came for; would you please but to
Dismiss me for a time, I would return,
When I have heat and strength enough for such
A sprightful action.

Bel. I do find your cunning,
You pretend this excuse but to gain time,
In hope you may repent.

Lod. And please your grace,
Not I.

Bel. You will acquaint some priest or other,
A tribe of all the world I most abhor,

And they will fool you with their ghostly counsel,
Perplex you with some fond divinity,
To make you lose the glories I have promised.
Lod. I could never abide such melancholy people.
Bel. In this I must betray, we spirits have
No perfect knowledge of men's thoughts; I see
Your blood's enfeebled, and although my love
Be infinite, and every minute I
Shall languish in your absence, yet your health
I must preserve, 'tis that that feeds my hopes
Hereafter I shall perfectly enjoy thee.
You will be faithful, and return?
Lod. Suspect not.
Bel. One kiss shall seal consent. [*Kisses him.*
Lod. Her breath smells of brimstone.
Bel. When next we meet, like to the Gemini
We'll twine our limbs in one another, till
We appear one creature in our active play;
For this time I'll dismiss you;—do not pray;
A spirit shall attend you.
Lod. *Do not pray?*
When did I last? I know not; farewell, horror!
He wants a wench that goes to the devil for her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Cleona's *House.*

Enter ASTELLA *and* PIERO.

Ast. Touch me not, villain! piety defend me,
Art thou a man, or have I all this while
Convers'd with some ill angel in the shape
Of my lord's friend?

Pier. What needeth all this stir?
I urge your benefit.
Ast. To undo my name,
Nay soul, for ever, with one act.
Pier. One act!
There be those ladies that have acted it
A hundred times, yet think themselves as good
Christians as other women, and do carry
As much opinion too for virtue.
Ast. Heaven!
Pier. What harm can there be in't? can you neglect
Revenge so just, so easy, and delightful?
Ast. Thy breath doth scatter an infection.
Pier. Scatter a toy! be wise, and lose no time,
You know not when such opportunity
May tempt you to't again: for my own part,
I can but do you pleasure in't; your blood
Should need no other argument.
Ast. I'll sooner
Empty my veins: not to redeem thy soul,
Should sin betray mine honour to one loose
Embrace. Hence, traitor! I do feel corruption
I' the air already; it will kill me if
I stay: hereafter, I'll not wonder how
My Lord became so wicked.

Enter JACOMO *behind.*

Pier. You will lead me
To some more private room; I'll follow, madam.
[*Exit Ant. followed by Piero.*
Jac. More private room, said he? I smell a business. I thought this gamester had been gone; is it even so? have at your burrow, madam; he's a shrewd ferret, I can tell you; and, just in the nick, here comes the warrener.

Enter LODWICK.

Lod. This devil does not follow me, nor any of her cubs, I hope; I am glad I came off so well, I never was so hot to engender with the night-mare. Could Grimundo find no other creature for my coupling but a succuba? methinks I smell the fiend still.

Jac. He talks of her already.

Lod. I am very jealous.

Jac. Not without a cause, my lord.

Lod. Ha! there she is again.

Jac. No, my lord, she is new gone into the withdrawing chamber.

Lod. Ha! who? who is gone?

Jac. A gentlewoman that you were late in company with.

Lod. The devil? look well about you then, a spirit of her constitution will set the house on fire instantly, and make a young hell on't. When came she?—I shall be everlastingly haunted with goblins.—Art sure thou sawest her?

Jac. Saw her? yes, and him too.

Lod. Grimundo?

Jac. No, not Grimundo; but I saw another gentleman, that has been held a notable spirit, familiar with her.

Lod. Spirit, and familiar!

Jac. Piero, my lord.

Lod. Piero?

Jac. I will not say what I think, but I think somewhat, and I know what I say; if she be a devil, as she can be little less, if she be as bad as I imagine, somebody's head will ache for't; for mine own part, I did but see and hear, that's all,—and yet I have not told you half.

Lod. Let me collect; sure this fellow, by the circumstance, means Astella.—Thou talkest all this while of my lady, dost not?

Jac. Yes, my lord; she is all the ladies in the house, for my lady and mistress was sent for to the abbey.

Lod. I had forgotten myself; this is new horror. —Is my lady and Piero so familiar, say'st, and in private?

Jac. What I have said I have said; and what they have done, they have done by this time.

Lod. Done? and I'll be active too.

Jac. Shew what feats of activity you please, but I believe he hath vaulted into your saddle already. [*Exit Lodwick.*] — So, so, now I am alone, which is, as the learned say, *solus cum sola*, I will entertain some honourable thoughts of my preferment.

Re-enter PIERO.

Hum! the gamester is return'd.—What! melancholy?—Then he has done't, I'll lay my head to a fool's cap on't; I was always so myself after my capering.—Did you not meet the prince, sir?

Pier. No; where is he?

Jac. He was here but now, and enquired how his lady did; and I told him you could tell the state of her body better than I, for I thought you were gone in before him.

Pier. I did but see her.

Jac. That's not the right on't, it runs, *For I did but kiss her, for I did but kiss her.*[1]

Pier. It was enough for me to kiss her hand.

Jac. And feel her pulse.

Pier. How, sir?

Jac. As a noble gentleman should, sir.

[1] *For I did but kiss her*, &c.] This is the burthen of an old song, once much in vogue. Shirley has it again in *Love's Cruelty*.

Pier. I am suspected; I must turn this fool's discourse another way, the present theme is dangerous. [*Aside*]—What! I hear say, Jacomo, your lady is like to rise?

Jac. My lady does rise as early as other ladies do, that go to bed late.

Pier. And there will be notable preferment for you?

Jac. 'Tis very likely; my lady understands herself

Pier. There is a whisper abroad.

Jac. 'Tis a good hearing.

Pier. What if she be married in this absence?

Jac. Very likely; I say nothing, but I think I know my lady's secrets: for the triumph as pageants, or running at tilt, you may hear more shortly; there may be reasons of state to have things carried privately, they will break out in bells and bonfires hereafter: what their graces have intended for me, I conceal.

Pier. He is wound up already. [*Aside.*

Jac. You are a gentleman I shall take particular notice of.

Pier. I hope a man may get a place for himself or his friend, for ready money.

Jac. 'Twere pity of my life else; you shall command the first that falls, but you must swear you came in without chafering or buying; imagine it a plump parsonage, or other church-living, the oath will go down the more easily Divines make no scruple.

Pier. But what if, after all this imagination of a marriage, fortune should forbid the bans.

Jac. How? Fortune's a slut, and because she is a whore herself, would have no lady marry and live honest.

Re-enter LODWICK.

Lod. Piero! where's Piero?

Pier. Ha! my lord, I have done't.

Lod. Ha! what?

Pier. I have pleased your excellence: An you had made more haste, you might have come to the fall o' the deer; delicate venison!

Lod. Thou hast not enjoy'd her?

Pier. They talk of Jupiter and a golden shower; give me a Mercury with wit and tongue, he shall charm more ladies on their backs, than the whole bundle of gods; pshaw!

Lod. Shoot not so much compass;[2] be brief, and answer me; hast thou enjoy'd her?

Pier I have; shall I swear?

Lod. No, thou wilt be damn'd sufficiently without an oath; in the mean time I do purpose to reward your nimble diligence: draw!

Pier. What do you mean?

Jac. An you be so sharp set, I do mean to withdraw. [*Exit.*

Lod. I do mean to cut your throat, or perish in the attempt; you see your destiny: my birth and spirit will not let me kill thee in the dark; draw, and be circumspect.

Pier. Did not you engage me to it? have I done any thing but by your directions, my lord?

Lod. 'Tis all one, my mind is alter'd; I will see what complexion your heart bears; do not neglect my fury, but guard yourself discreetly; if I hit upon the right vein I may cure your disease o' the blood.

Pier. Hold, an there be no remedy, I will die better than I have lived; you shall see, sir, that I dare fight with you, and if I fall by your sword, my base consent to act your will deserves it. [*Draws.*

[2] *Shoot not so much compass.*] Go not so far about; aim more directly at the mark.

Lod. Ha!
Pier. I find your policy, and by this storm
You'd prove my resolution,
How boldly I dare stand to't, when this great
Dishonour comes to question.
Prepare to be displeased—she is a miracle
Of chastity; impenetrable like
A marble, she return'd my sinful arrows,
And they have wounded me: forgive me, lady!
Lod. I prithee, tell me true; now thou shalt swear.
Hast thou not done it?
Pier. Not by my hope of heaven,
Which I had almost forfeited, had not she
Relieved me with her virtue; in this truth
I dare resign my breath.
Lod. I dare believe thee:
What did I see in her to doubt her firmness?

Re-enter JACOMO *with* ASTELLA.

Jac. Here they are, madam, you do not mean to run upon their naked weapons.
Lod. Piero, thou shalt wonder.
Ast. What means my lord?
Lod. You shall know that, anon.
My lady, go with me.
Ast. Whither you please,
You shall not need to force me, sir; you may
Lead me with gossamer, or the least thread
The industrious spider weaves.
[*Exeunt Lod. and Astel.*
Jac. Whimseyes caribit soes.[3]

[3] Jac. *Whimseyes caribit soes.*] Perhaps we have here some vulgar exclamation miserably disjointed at the press; if not, the ambitious Jacomo soars far above my comprehension. The publisher of the second edition has exchanged one piece of hopeless nonsene for another, and given the passage thus, "Whimseyes our ibit soes."

Pier. What fury thus transports him? At some distance
I'll follow him, he may intend some violence;
She is too good to suffer; I shall grow
In love with my conversion. [*Exit.*

Jac. *Grow in love* with a coxcomb! his last words stick in my stomach still; *Fortune forbid the bans*, quotha: 'Slid, if Fortune should forbid the bans, and my lady be not converted into a duchess, where are all my offices?
Hum! where are they, quoth I? I do not know;
But of all tunes I shall hate *Fortune my foe.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Abbey. *The* Abbot's *Lodgings.*

Enter SORANZO *and* GIOTTO.

Sor. Know you not who they are, my lord, this day
Receive the habit?

Giot. I can meet with no
Intelligence.

Sor. They are persons of some quality.

Giot The duke does mean to grace their ceremony.

Sor. He was invited by the abbot to their clothing.

Giot. Which must be in private, too, here in his lodgings.

Sor. Well, we shall not long expect them; his grace enters.

Enter Duke *and* GRIMUNDO.

Grim. It help'd much that he never saw my wife.

Duke. Dost think 'twill take?

Grim. There's some hope, my lord, already,
And heaven may prosper it.
Duke. We cannot endear thee to thy merit.
Sor. How the duke embraces him!

Enter CLEONA, *attended.*

Duke. Cleona, you are welcome, 'tis a blest
Occasion that makes us meet so happily.
Cle. It pleased my lord abbot to invite me hither.
Duke. I appear too upon his friendly summons.
We'll thank him for this presence.
Sor. The abbot enters.

Enter the Abbot; *attended with* VALENTIO *and other religious men; having bowed to the* Duke, *he takes a chair; being sate,* VALENTIO *goes out, and presently re-enters, leading* FOSCARI *and* DULCINO *in St. Benet's habit; he presents them, they kneel at the* Abbot's *feet.*

Abb. Speak your desire.
Fos. We kneel to be received into the number
Of those religious men that dedicate
Themselves to heaven, i' the habit of St. Benet;
And humbly pray that you would rectify
And teach our weak devotion the way
To imitate his life, by giving us
The precepts of your order.
Abb. Let me tell you,
You must take heed the ground of your resolve
Be perfect; yet look back into the spring
Of your desires; religious men should be
Tapers, first lighted by a holy beam:
Meteors may shine like stars, but are not constant.
Fos. We covet not the blaze, which a corrupt

And slimy matter may advance; our thoughts
Are flamed with charity.
Abb. Yet, ere you embark,
Think on your hard adventure; there is more
To be examined beside your end,
And the reward of such an undertaking;
You look on heaven afar off, like a landscape
Whither wild thoughts, like your imperfect eye,
Without examination of those ways
Oblique and narrow, are transported, but
In the walk and trial of the difficulties
That interpose, you tire like inconsiderate
And weary pilgrims.
Fos. We desire to know
The rules of our obedience.
Abb. They will startle
Your resolutions: can your will, not used
To any law beside itself, permit
The knowledge of severe and positive limits?
Submit to be controll'd, employ'd sometime
In servile offices, against the greatness
Of your high birth, and sufferance of nature?
Can you, forgetting all youthful desires,
And memory of the world's betraying pleasures,
Check wanton heat, and consecrate your blood
To chastity, and holy solitude?
Sor. I will not be religious, Giotto.
Giot. Nor I, upon these terms; I pity them.
Abb. Can you quit all the glories of your state,
Resign your titles and large wealth, to live
Poor and neglected; change high food and surfeits
For a continual fasting; your down beds
For hard and humble lodging; your gilt roofs
And galleries for a melancholy cell,
The pattern of a grave, where, stead of music
To charm you into slumbers, to be waked
With the sad chiming of the sacring bell?
Your robes, whose curiosity hath tired

Invention, and the silk-worm, to adorn you,
Your blaze of jewels, that your pride hath worn
To burn out envy's eyes, must be no more
Your ornament; but coarse and rugged clothing
Harrow your soft skins: these and many more
Unkind austerities will much offend
Your tender constitutions; yet, consider.

Duke. He does insist much on their state and honour:
May we not know them yet?

Val. One of them, sir,
Doth owe[4] this character. [*Gives him a paper.*

Duke. It is Foscari;
I find his noble purpose; he is perfect.—
I honour thee, young man.—She must not see
This paper.

Val. This doth speak the other, sir.—
[*Gives another paper.*

Duke. 'Tis at large—ha!—Grimundo, I prithee read,
I dare not credit my own eyes: *Leonora,*
So it begins, *Leonora*—

Grim. [reads.]—*Leonora, daughter to the late Gonzaga, duke of Milan, fearing she should be compell'd to marry her uncle, in the habit of a page, and the conduct of father Valentio, came to Savoy to try the love and honour of his excellence, who once solicited by his ambassador*—

Duke. No more, I am extasied.
If so much blessing may be met at once,
I'll do my heart that justice to proclaim
Thou mad'st a deep impression; as a boy
I loved thee too; for it could be no other,
But with a divine flame: fair Leonora,
Like to a perfect magnet, though enclos'd
Within an ivory box, through the white wall

[4] *owe*] i. e. own.

Shot forth embracing virtue: now, oh now,
Our destinies are kind. [*Embraces her.*
Fos. This is a mystery, Dulcino!
Leon. No, my lord; I am discover'd;
You see Leonora now, a Milan lady,
If I may hope your pardon.—
Duke. Love and honour,
Thou dost enrich my heart: Cleona read,
And entertain the happiness to which
Thy fate predestined thee, whilst I obey
Mine here. [*Gives Cleona the letter, which she reads.*
Cle. How, my lord Foscari!
If he be living, I must die before
This separation be confirm'd: my joy
Doth overcome my wonder; can you leave
The world while I am in't?
Fos. Dearest Cleona!
Then willingly I dispense with my intention,
And, if the duke have found another mistress,
It shall be my devotion to pray here,
And my religion to honour thee.
Abb. Many blessings crown
This union.
Fos. Your pardon, gracious princess,
I did impose too much.
Leon. I studied
To be your GRATEFUL SERVANT, as yourself
Unto the fair Cleona; we are all happy.

Enter LODWICK, ASTELLA, *and* PIERO.

Lod. They're here.—
By your leave, brother, my lord abbot,
[*Kneels to him.*
Witness enough.
Duke. Why thus kneels Lodwick?
Lod. To make confession, brother, and beg
heaven's,

And every good man's pardon, for the wrong
I have done this excellent lady, whom my soul
New marries, and may heaven—Ha! do not hold
A justice back: Grimundo is a traitor,
Take heed on him, and say your prayers; he is
The devil's grand solicitor for souls;
He hath not such another cunning engine
In the world, to ruin virtue.

Grim. I, my lord?

Lod. You are no hypocrite!—He does every night
Lie with a succuba; he brought me to one,
Let him deny it;—but heaven had pity on me.

Enter BELINDA, *disguised as before, and kneels to the* Duke.

Ha! there she is; do you not see her? Devil,
I do defy thee!—My lord, stand by me.—
I will be honest, spight of him and thee,
And lie with my own wife.

Giot. Sure the prince is mad.

Duke. O rise, most noble lady, well deserving
A statue to record thy virtue.

Lod. Ha!

Duke. This is Grimundo's wife.

Grim. 'Tis so, my lord.

Bel. No devil, but the servant of your virtue,
That shall rejoice if we have thrived in your
Conversion.

Ast. I hope it.

Lod. Have I been
Mock'd into honesty? are not you a Fury?
And you a sly and subtle epicure?

Grim. I do abhor the thought of being so;
Pardon my seeming, sir.

Abb. O go not back,
Prevent thus seasonably your real torment.

Lod. I am fully waken'd; be this kiss the pledge
Of my new heart.

Pier. True love stream in your bosoms;
Lady, forgive me too.
Ast. Most willingly.
Duke. Our joy is perfect:—Lodwick, salute
A sister in this lady, Leonora,
The object of our first love; take the story
As we return.—Lord abbot, we must thank
You for contriving this; and you, good father.—
Embassadors shall be dispatch'd to Milan,
To acquaint them where, and how their absent princess,
Leonora, hath disposed herself; meanwhile,
Poets shall stretch invention, to express
Triumphs for thee, and Savoy's happiness. [*Exeunt.*

THE

TRAITOR.

THE TRAITOR.] This Tragedy was entered in the office book of the Master of the Revels, May 4th, 1631, and given to the press in 1635. Some commendatory verses are prefixed by Will. Atkins, of Gray's Inn, which will be found in the first volume. The title of the Old Copy is, *The Traytor. A Tragedie, written by James Shirley. Acted by her Majesties Servants.*

This Tragedy was revived at the Restoration.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,[1]

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.

My Lord,

THE honour of your name, and clearness of soul, which want no living monuments in the heart of princes, have already made the title of this poem innocent, though not the author; who confesseth his guilt of a long ambition, by some service to be known to you, and his boldness at last, by this rude attempt to kiss your Lordship's hands.

Fame with one breath hath possessed the world with your Lordship's general knowledge, and excellent nature, both, an ornament to your blood, and in both you stand the rare and justified example to our age. To the last, these cold papers address themselves, which if (with truce to your richer contemplations) you vouchsafe to read and smile upon, not only they shall receive a life, beyond what the scene exactly gave them, in the presentment, rewarded with frequent applause, but your Lordship shall infinitely honour him, whose glory is to be mentioned

the humblest of your Lordship's Servants,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

[1] See Jonson, vol. ix. p. 17.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alexander, *duke of Florence.*
Lorenzo, *his kinsman and favourite.*
Sciarrha, *brother to* Amidea.
Pisano, *lover to* Oriana.
Cosmo, *his friend.*
Florio, Sciarrha's *brother.*
Depazzi, *a creature of* Lorenzo's.
Frederico, } *noblemen.*
Alonzo, }
Petruchio, Pisano's *servant.*
Rogero, *page to* Depazzi.
Gentlemen.
Servants.

Amidea, Sciarrha's *sister.*
Oriana, *beloved of* Pisano.
Morosa, *her mother.*

Youth.
Lust.
Pleasure.
Death.
Furies.

SCENE, Florence.

THE

TRAITOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Pisano's *House.*

Enter Pisano *and* Petruchio.

Pis. Didst bid him come?
Pet. I did.
Pis. Go back again,
And tell him I am gone abroad.
Pet. He's here
Already, sir.

Enter Cosmo.

Pis. Oh, Cosmo!
Cos. Dear Pisano,
That I could let thee nearer into me!
My heart counts this embrace a distance, yet;
Let us incorporate.
Pis. I was wooing, Cosmo,
My man, to tell thee I was gone abroad,
Before thou cam'st.
Cos. How's this? your words and looks
Are strange, and teach me to infer I am
Not welcome; that, on riper counsel, you
Do wish my absence.
Pis. What, for telling truth?

He thus should have but made thee fit to see
Thy friend; thou com'st with expectation
To hear me talk sense, dost not?
Cos Yes.
Pis. La, now!
And to discourse as I was wont, of state,
Our friendship, or of women? no such matter.
Cos. This is more wild than usual; your language
Is not so clear as it was wont; it carries
Not the same even thread; although some words
May knit, the sense is scatter'd.
Pis. Right, right, Cosmo,
The reason is, I have straggled,
And lost myself, I know not where, in what
Part of the world:—and would not this have shewn[1]
As well in him [*Points to Pet.*] to have prepar'd
thee now?
Cos. What humour's this, Pisano? I am yet
To understand.
Pis. To understand? why, Cosmo,
Had I not changed my dialect and method,
What need this tedious apology?
That's it, I would have had thee know before.
Thou canst not understand me, yet thou hast
A name in Florence, for a ripe young man,
Of nimble apprehension, of a wise
And spreading observation; of whom
Already our old men do prophesy
Good, and great things, worthy thy fair dimensions!
Cos. This is an argument above the rest,
Pisano is not well; for being temperate,
He was not wont to flatter and abuse
His friend.
Pis. Beside, there is another reason,
Thou shouldst discover me at heart, through all
These mists; thou art in love, too, and who cannot,
That feels himself the heat, but shrewdly guess

[1] *Part of the world:—and would not this* have *shewn*] The old copy reads, "Part of the world, and would not this *be* shewn."

At every symptom of that wanton fever?—
Oh, Cosmo!
Cos. What misfortune can approach
Your happy love in fairest Amidea?
You have been long contracted, and have pass'd
The tedious hope; Hymen doth only wait
An opportunity to light his torch,
Which will burn glorious at your nuptials:
Let jealous lovers fear, and feel what 'tis
To languish, talk away their blood, and strength,
Question their unkind stars; you have your game
Before you, sir.
Pis Before me? where? why dost
Thou mock me, Cosmo? she's not here.
Cos. It is
No pilgrimage to travel to her lip.
Pis. 'Tis not for you.
Cos. How, sir; for me? you've no
Suspicion I can be guilty of
A treason to our friendship. Be so just,
If malice have been busy with my fame,
To let me know—
Pis. You hastily interpret.
Thy pardon, I have only err'd, but not
With the least scruple of thy faith and honour
To me. Thou hast a noble soul, and lov'st me
Rather too well; I would thou wert my enemy,
That we had been born in distant climes, and never
Took cement from our sympathies in nature.
Would we had never seen, or known each other!
This may seem strange from him that loves thee,
Cosmo,
More precious than his life.
Cos. Love me, and wish
This separation?
Pis. I will give thee proof;
So well I love thee, nothing in the world
Thy soul doth heartily affect, but I

Do love it too: does it not trouble thy
Belief? I wear not my own heart about me,
But thine exchang'd; thy eyes let in my objects;
Thou hear'st for me, talk'st, kissest, and enjoy'st
All my felicities.

Cos. What means this language?

Pis But what's all this to thee? Go to Oriana,
And bathe thy lips in rosy dew of kisses;
Renew thy eye, that looks as Saturn hung
Upon the lid; take in some golden beam,
She'll dart a thousand at one glance; and if,
At thy return, thou find'st I have a being
In this vain world, I'll tell thee more. [*Exit.*

Cos. But, sir, you must not part so.

Pet. Not with my good will;
I have no great ambition to be mad.

Cos. Petruchio, let me conjure thee, tell
What weight hangs on thy master's heart? why does he
Appear so full of trouble?

Pet. Do you not guess?

Cos. Point at the cause; I cannot.

Pet. Why he loves—

Cos. The beauteous Amidea, I know that.

Pet. Some such thing was; but you are his friend, my lord:
His soul is now devoted to Oriana,
And he will die for her, if this ague hold him.

Cos. Ha!

Pet. Your doublet pinch you, sir? I cannot tell;[2]
But ne'er a woman in the world should make
Me hang myself. It may be, for his honour,
He'll choose another death, he is about one;
For 'tis not possible, without some cure,
He should live long; he has forgot to sleep,
And for his diet, he has not eaten this se'nnight

[2] *I cannot tell,*] See p. 67.

As much as would choak a sparrow; a fly is
An epicure to him.—Good sir, do you counsel
him — [*Exit Cosmo.*
So, so, it works;
This was my lord Lorenzo's plot, and I
Have been his engine in the work, to batter
His love to Amidea, by praising
Oriana to him.—He is here.—My lord—

Enter LORENZO *attended.*

Lor. Petruchio, where's your lord? how moves the work?
Pet. To your own wish, my lord; he has thrown off
The thought of Amidea, and is mad
For Cosmo's mistress, whom, by your instructions,
I have commended so.
Lor. My witty villain!
Pet. Cosmo is with him, to whom cunningly
I have discovered his disease, and I
Beseech you interrupt them not.
Lor. This may
Have tragical effects, Petruchio:
For Cosmo, we shall prune his fortune thus.
Oriana's wealth would swell him in the state;
He grows too fast already.—Be still ours.
Pet. My lord, you bought my life, when you procured
My pardon from the duke. [*Exit Lorenzo.*

Re-enter PISANO *and* COSMO.

Pis. O, friend, thou canst not be so merciful,
To give away such happiness: my love
Is, for some sin I have committed, thus
Transplanted. I look'd rather thou shouldst kill me,
Than give away this comfort; 'tis a charity

Will make thee poor, and 'twere a great deal better
That I should languish still, and die.
Cos. While I have art to help thee? Oriana
And I were but in treaty; howsoever,
I were not worthy to be call'd his friend,
Whom I preferr'd not to a mistress. If
You can find dispensation to quit
With Amidea, your first love, be confident
Oriana may be won; and it were necessary
You did prepare the mother; be not modest.
Pis Each syllable is a blessing — Hark, Petruchio. [*Whispers him.*
Cos. There is an engine levell'd at my fate,
And I must arm. [*Aside.*
Pis. Away! [*Exit Petruchio.*
Cos. This for thy comfort:
Although some compliments have pass'd between
Me and Oriana, I am not warm
Yet in the mother's fancy, whose power may
Assist you much; but lose no time: let's follow.
Pis. Thou miracle of friendship! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Frederico, Florio, *and* Alonzo.

Duke Letters to us? from whom?
Alon. Castruchio.
Duke. The exile? whence?
Alon. Sienna, my good lord;
It came enclos'd within my letter, which
Impos'd my care and duty, in the swift
Delivery.
[*He delivers letters, which the Duke reads.*
Fred. The duke is pale o' the sudden.

Duke. A palsy does possess me; ha! Lorenzo?
Our cousin the enemy of our life and state!
My bosom kinsman?—Not too loud; the traitor
May hear, and by escape prevent our justice.
[*Aside.*

Flo. What traitor?

Duke. Signior Alonzo, come you hither;
What correspondence maintain you with this
Castruchio?

Alon. None, my lord; but I am happy
In his election, to bring the first
Voice to your safety.

Duke. Most ingrateful man!
Turn rebel! I have worn him in my blood.

Alon. 'Tis time to purge the humour.

Duke. I will do it.—
Our guard!—Were he more precious, had he shared
Our soul, as he but borrows of our flesh,
This action makes him nothing; had I been
In heaven, I could have lent him my eternity.
He turn conspirator? oh, the fate of princes!
But stay, this paper speaks of no particular;
He does not mention what design, what plot.

Alon. More providence is necessary.

Duke Right,
Right, good Alonzo; thou'rt an honest man,
And lov'st us well.—What's to be done?

Alon. 'Tis best
To make his person sure; by this you may
Discover soonest who are of his faction.

Duke. And at our leisure study of his punishment,
Which must exceed death; every common trespass
Is so rewarded: first, apply all tortures
To enforce confession, who are his confederates,
And how they meant to murder us; then some rare
Invention to execute the traitor,

So as he may be half a year in dying,
Will make us famed for justice.

Enter LORENZO *and* DEPAZZI.

Alon. He is here,
Shall we apprehend him?
Lor. Happy morning to
My gracious sovereign!
Duke. Good morrow, coz.—
Can treason couch itself within that frame?—
[*Aside.*
We have letters for you. [*Gives Lorenzo the letters.*
Lor. Letters! these, dread sir,
Have no direction to me, your highness
Is only named.
Duke. They will concern your reading.—
Alonzo, now observe and watch him.—Florio,
Depazzi, come you hither; does Lorenzo
Look like a traitor?
Dep. How, sir? a traitor?
Duke. Ay, sir.
Dep. I, sir? by my honour, not I, sir; I defy him
that speaks it.—I am in a fine pickle. [*Aside.*
Lor. I have read.
Duke. Not blush? not tremble? read again.
Lor. The substance is, that you maintain
A vigilant eye over Lorenzo, who
Hath threaten'd, with your death, his country's
liberty;
And other things, touching reducing of
A commonwealth.[3]
Duke. I like not that. [*Aside.*

[3] ——— *touching* reducing *of*
A commonwealth.] i. e. *bringing back* the commonwealth, which had been overthrown by the family of the present duke. It is a latinism, and is used in this sense by Jonson, and, generally, by our old writers.

Dep. All's out!
A pox upon him for a traitor, he
Has hedged me in; but I'll confess. [*Aside.*
Duke. What answer
Make you to this, Lorenzo?
Lor. This, o' the sudden,
Sir; I must owe the title of a Traitor
To your high favours; envy first conspir'd,
And malice now accuses: but what story
Mention'd his name, that had his prince's bosom,
Without the people's hate? 'tis sin enough,
In some men, to be great; the throng of stars,
The rout and common people of the sky,
Move still another way than the sun does,
That gilds the creature: take your honours back.
And, if you can, that purple of my veins,
Which flows in your's, and you shall leave me in
A state I shall not fear the great ones' envy,
Nor common people's rage; and yet, perhaps,
You may be credulous against me.
Duke. Ha!
Alon. The duke is cool.
Duke. Alonzo, look you prove
Lorenzo what you say.
Alon. I say, my lord?
I have discover'd all my knowledge, sir.
Dep. Stand to't.
Lor. With license of your highness, what
Can you imagine I should gain by treason?
Admit I should be impious, as to kill you—
I am your nearest kinsman, and should forfeit
Both name and future title to the state,
By such a hasty, bloody disposition;
The rabble hate me now, how shall I then
Expect a safety? Is it reformation
Of Florence they accuse me of? suggesting
I disaffect a monarchy, which how
Vain and ridiculous would appear in me,

Your wisdom judge; in you I live and flourish;
What, in your death, can I expect, to equal
The riches I enjoy under your warmth?
Should I, for the air and talk of a new government,
A commonwealth, lose all my certainties?
And you above them all, whose favours have
Fallen like the dew upon me? have I a soul
To think the guilt of such a murder easy,
Were there no other torments? or can I
Expect the people will reward your murderer
With any thing but death? a parricide!

Alon. So, so, the duke's already in his circle. [*Aside.*

Lor. But I am tame, as if I had no sense,
Nor other argument to vindicate
My loyalty, thus poison'd by a paper,
In my eternal fame, and by a slave?
Call to my brow some one that dare accuse me,
Let him have honour, great as mine, to forfeit,
Or, since your grace hath taken me so near
Your own height, that my scale may not expect
Such a proportion'd adversary, yet let him
Have name within his country, and allow him
A soul, 'gainst which I may engage my more
Than equal honour, then I'll praise your justice;
But let him not be one condemn'd already,
A desperate exile.—Is it possible
A treason hatch'd in Florence, 'gainst the duke,
Should have no eyes at home to penetrate
The growing danger, but at Sienna one
Must with a perspective discover all?
Ask this good counsellor, or these gentlemen,
Whose faiths are tried, whose cares are always waking
About your person, how have I appear'd
To them, that thus I should be render'd hateful
To you and my good country? they are virtuous,
And dare not blemish a white faith, accuse

My sound heart of dishonour. Sir, you must
Pardon my bold defence; my virtue bleeds
By your much easiness, and I am compell'd
To break all modest limits, and to waken
Your memory (if it be not too late
To say you have one) with the story of
My fair deservings. Who, sir, overthrew
With his designs, your late ambitious brother,
Hippolito, who, like a meteor, threaten'd
A black and fatal omen?

Duke. 'Twas Lorenzo.

Lor. Be yet as just, and say whose art directed
A countermine to check the pregnant hopes
Of Salviati, who for his cardinal's cap,
In Rome was potent, and here popular?

Duke. None but Lorenzo.

Dep. Admirable traitor! [*Aside.*

Lor. Whose service was commended when the exiles,
One of whose tribe accuseth me, had raised
Commotions in our Florence? When the hinge
Of state[4] did faint under the burthen, and
The people sweat with their own fears, to think
The soldier should inhabit their calm dwellings,
Who then rose up your safety, and crush'd all
Their plots to air?

Duke. Our cousin, dear Lorenzo.

Lor. When he that should reward, forgets the men
That purchas'd his security, 'tis virtue
To boast a merit. With my services
I have not starv'd your treasury; the grand
Captain Gonzales accounted to king Ferdinand
Three hundred thousand crowns, for spies; what bills
Have I brought in for such intelligence?

[4] —— *hinge of state*] The duke, the person on whom the whole government turned; a forced expression.

Dep. I do grow hearty. [*Aside.*
Duke. All thy actions
Stand fresh before us, and confirm thou art
Our best and dearest friend; thus we assure
Our confidence; they love us not that feed
One jealous thought of our dear coz, Lorenzo.
New welcome to us all; for you, Alonzo,
Give o'er your paper kites, learn wit, 'tis time.—
[*Walks aside with Lor.*
Where shall we meet to-night?
Lor. Pardon me, sir;
I am a dangerous man.
Duke. No more of that;
I'll credit my soul with thee.—Shall we revel
This night with Amidea?
Dep. The duke courts him.
Well, go thy ways, for one of the most excellent,
Impudent traitors— [*Aside.*
Duke. Yet a murmuring
Of traitor? we shall sooner suspect him
That thinks Lorenzo guilty.
Dep. I, my lord,
Dare boldly swear, his honour is as free
From any treason, as myself;—
I did prophesy this issue. [*Aside.*
Duke. 'Tis an age
Till night; I long to fold her in my arms.
Prepare Sciarrha, but be very wise
In the discovery; he is all touchwood.
Lor. I know he is her brother; leave the managing
Of things to me
Duke. Still when we expect
Our bliss, time creeps; but when the happier things
Call to enjoy, each saucy hour hath wings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Sciarrha's *House.*

Enter SCIARRHA *and* LORENZO.

Sci. My sister! Though he be the duke, he dares not.—
Patience, patience! if there be such a virtue,
I want it, Heaven; yet keep it a little longer,
It were a sin to have it; such an injury
Deserves a wrath next to your own.[5]—My sister!
It has thrown wild-fire in my brain, Lorenzo,
A thousand Furies revel in my skull.
Has he not sins enough in's court to damn him,
But my roof must be guilty of new lusts,
And none but Amidea? these the honours
His presence brings our house!

Lor. Temper your rage.

Sci. Are all the brothels rifled? no quaint piece
Left him in Florence, that will meet his hot
And valiant luxury, that we are come to
Supply his blood out of our families?
Diseases gnaw his title off!

Lor. My lord—

Sci. He is no prince of mine; he forfeited
His greatness that black minute he first gave
Consent to my dishonour.

Lor. Then I'm sorry—

Sci. Why should you be sorry, sir?
You say it is my sister he would strumpet,
Mine! Amidea! 'tis a wound you feel not;
But it strikes through and through the poor Sciarrha.

[5] *Deserves a wrath* next to your own.—] This is not expressed with our author's usual perspicuity;—it means—a vengeance next to an affront offered to heaven.

I do not think but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns,
At this report of Amidea's shame:
It is their cause, as well as mine; and should
Heaven suffer the duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,
Their dust must of necessity conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple.
Lor. Sir,
You said you would hear me out.
Sci. Why, is there more
Behind?
Lor. And greater: master your high blood
Till I conclude, Sciarrha. I accuse not
Your noble anger, which, I have observ'd,
Is not on every cheap and giddy motion
Inflamed; but, sir, be thrifty in your passion,
This is a petty trespass.
Sci. Has mischief any name
Beyond this? will it kill me with the sound?
Lor. My lord, though the dishonouring your sister
Be such a fact, the blood of any other
But Alexander could no less than expiate,
Yet this sin stretches farther, and involves,
With her's, your greater stain. Did you e'er promise him?—
Yet, why do I make any question?
It were another crime to think Sciarrha
Could entertain a thought so far beneath
His birth.—You stoop to such a horrid baseness!
Then all the virtue of mankind would sicken,
And soon take leave of earth.
Sci. You torture me.
Lor. What then could the duke find, to give him any
Encouragement, you would be guilty of
An act so fatal unto honour? What,
When you were least yourself, (as we are all
Frail compositions,) did appear so wicked

In you, he should conceive a hope, and flatter
Himself with possibility to corrupt
Your soul to a deed so monstrous?
Sci. To what?
Lor. Though all the teeming glories of his dukedom,
Nay, Florence' state, offer'd itself a bribe,
And tempted the betraying of your name
To infamy, yet to imagine you
Would turn officious pander to his lust,
And interpose the mercenary bawd
To court your sister to his sinful coupling!
'Tis horrid, affrights nature; I grow stiff
With the imagination.
Sci. Ha!
Lor. Yet this
Was his command I should impose.
Sci. Lorenzo,
I do want breath; my voice is ravish'd from me;
I am not what I was; or—if I be
Sciarrha thou hast talk'd to all this while,
Look heedfully about me, and thou mayst
Discover, through some cranny of my flesh,
A fire within; my soul is but one flame,
Extended to all parts of this frail building.
I shall turn[6] ashes, I begin to shrink;—
Is not already my complexion alter'd?
Does not my face look parch'd, and my skin gather
Into a heap? my breath is hot enough
To thaw the Alps.
Lor. Your fancy would transport you.
Sci. It is my rage; but let it cool, [Lorenzo;]
And then we'll talk of something, something, sir,
Shall be to purpose.
Lor. Now the flame is mounted,

[6] *I shall* turn *ashes,*] The old copy reads "*to* ashes." *To* was probably adopted, by mistake, from the preceding line.

My lord, I have given proof, although he be
My duke, and kinsman, I abhor his vices,
Howe'er the world, without examination,
Shoot their malicious noise, and stain my actions:
'Tis policy in princes to create
A favourite, who must bear all the guilt
Of things ill managed in the state; if any
Design be happy, 'tis the prince's own.
Heaven knows, how I have counsell'd this young man,
By virtue to prevent his fate; and govern
With modesty: O the religious days
Of commonwealths! we have outlived that blessing.

Sci. But I have thought a cure for this great state Imposthume.

Lor. What?

Sci. To lance it; is't not ripe?
Let us draw cuts, whether your hand or mine
Shall do an act for Florence' liberty,
And send this tyrant to another world.

Lor. How! I draw cuts?

Sci. Coy it not thus, Lorenzo,
But answer: by your name and birth, you are
His kinsman, we all know it; that you dwell
In's bosom, great in favour as in blood,
We know that too; and, let me tell you more,
We know you but disguise your heart, and wish
Florence would change her title.

Lor. How is this?

Sci. We know you have firm correspondence with
The banish'd men, whose desperate fortunes wait
Your call to tumult in our streets; all this,
Not to feed your ambition with a dukedom,
By the remove of Alexander, but
To serve your country, and create their peace
Who groan under the tyranny of a proud,
Lascivious monarch.—Is't not true, Lorenzo?
My phrase is blunt, my lord.

Lor. My genius
And thine are friends; I see they have convers'd,
And I applaud the wisdom of my stars,
That made me for his friendship who preserves
The same religious fire. I will confess,
When Alexander left his piety
To Florence, I placed him beneath my country,
As we should all; but we have lost our souls,
Or changed our active spirits, for a dull
And lazy sufferance; let this secret be
An argument, how much I dare repose
Upon Sciarrha's honour; virtue witness,
I choose no other destiny: command
Lorenzo's fate, dissolve me with your breath;
I'll either live, in your exchange of faith,
A patriot, or die my country's martyr.
Sci. Thou hast a fire beyond Prometheus',
To quicken earth; thy flame is but a prophecy
Of that high pyramid the world shall build
To thy immortal name: it was the glory
Of Romans to prefer their empire's safety
To their own lives; they were but men like us,
And of the same ingredients, our souls
Create of no inferior substance; ha? —
Lor. Heaven knows, I've no particular design
To leap into a throne; I will disclaim
The privilege of blood; let me advance
Our liberty, restore the ancient laws
Of the republic, rescue from the jaws
Of lust your mothers, wives, your daughters, sisters—
Sci. Sisters!
Lor. From horrid rape—'las, Amidea!
Sci. I am resolv'd; by all that's blest, he dies.
Return my willingness to be his pander,
My sister's readiness to meet his dalliance;
His promises have bought our shame:—he dies,
The roof he would dishonour with his lust

Shall be his tomb;—bid him be confident;
Conduct him, good Lorenzo, I'll dispose
My house for this great scene of death.
Lor. Be constant. [*Exit.*

Enter FLORIO *and* AMIDEA.

Flo. Now, brother, what news brings the great Lorenzo?
Sci. Let me have truce, vexation, for some minutes.— [*Aside.*
What news? preferments, honours, offices.—
Sister, you must to court.
Ami. Who, I to court?
Sci. Or else the court will come to you. The duke
Hath sent already for us, Amidea:
O that I knew what happy stars did govern
At thy nativity! It were no sin
To adore their influence.
Ami. What means my brother?
Flo. He is transported.
Ami. I shall suspect your health.
Sci. I easily could forget I am Sciarrha,
And fall in love myself.—Is she not fair,
Exceeding beautiful, and tempting, Florio?
Look on her well, methinks I could turn poet,
And make her a more excellent piece than heaven.
Let not fond men hereafter commend what
They most admire, by fetching from the stars,
Or flowers, their glory of similitude,
But from thyself the rule to know all beauty;
And he that shall arrive at so much boldness,
To say his mistress' eyes, or voice, or breath,
Are half so bright, so clear, so sweet as thine,
Hath told the world enough of miracle.
These are the duke's own raptures, Amidea;

His own poetic flames; an argument
He loves my sister.
Ami. Love me?
Sci. Infinitely.
I am in earnest; he employ'd Lorenzo,
No meaner person, in this embassy;
You must to court. Oh happiness!
Ami. For what?
Sci. What do great ladies do at court, I pray?
Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss
The amorous lords, and change court breath; sing; lose
Belief of other heaven; tell wanton dreams,
Rehearse their[7] sprightly bed-scenes, and boast, which
Hath most idolaters; accuse all faces
That trust to the simplicity of nature,
Talk witty blasphemy,
Discourse their gaudy wardrobes, plot new pride,
Jest upon courtiers' legs, laugh at the wagging
Of their own feathers, and a thousand more
Delights, which private ladies never think of.
But above all, and wherein thou shalt make
All other beauties envy thee, the duke,
The duke himself shall call thee his, and single
From the fair troop thy person forth, to exchange
Embraces with, lay siege to these soft lips,
And not remove, till he hath suck'd thy heart,
Which soon dissolv'd with thy sweet breath, shall be
Made part of his, at the same instant he
Conveying a new soul into thy breast
With a creating kiss.
Ami. You make me wonder;
Pray speak, that I may understand.
Sci. Why will you

[7] *their*] Old copy "your."

Appear so ignorant? I speak the dialect
Of Florence to you. Come, I find your cunning;
The news does please, the rolling of your eye
Betrays you, and I see a guilty blush
Through this white veil, upon your cheek; you would
Have it confirm'd; you shall; the duke himself
Shall swear he loves you.

Ami. Love me! why?

Sci. To court,
And ask him; be not you too peevish now,
And hinder all our fortune: I have promis'd him,
To move you for his armful, as I am
Sciarrha, and your brother; more, I have sent
Word to him by Lorenzo, that you should
Meet his high flame; in plain Italian,
Love him, and—

Ami. What, for heaven! be the duke's whore?

Sci. No, no, his mistress; command him, make us.

Ami. Give up my virgin honour to his lust?

Sci. You may give it a better name; but do it.

Ami. I do mistake you, brother, do I not?

Sci. No, no, my meaning is so broad, you cannot.

Ami. I would I did then. Is't not possible
That this should be a dream? where did you drop
Your virtue, sir?—Florio, why move you not?
Why are you slow to tell this man,—for sure
'Tis not Sciarrha,—he hath talk'd so ill,
And so much, that we may have cause to fear,
The air about's infected?

Flo. Are not you
My brother?

Sci. Be not you a fool, to move
These empty questions, but join to make her
Supple and pliant for the duke. I hope
We are not the first have been advanced by a wagtail:

No matter for the talk of musty people,
Look up to the reward ; thou art young, and skill'd
In these court temptings, naturally soft,
And moving, I am rough-hewn ; assist, wilt,
With some quaint charm, to win her to this game?
Flo. My sister?
Sci Ay, ay.
Ami Come not near him, Florio,
'Tis not Sciarrha ; sure, my brother's nurse
Play'd the impostor, and with some base issue
Cheated our house.
Sci Gipsy, use better language,
Or I'll forget your sex.
Flo. Offer to touch her
With any rudeness, and by all that's virtuous—
Sci. Why, how now, boy?
Flo. I do not fear your sword, [*Draws.*
This, with my youth and innocence, is more
Defence than all thy armory ; what devil
Has crept into thy soul?
Sci. You will not help? [1]
Flo. I'll never kill thee.
Sci. 'Tis very well.
Have you consider'd better o' the motion?
Ami. Yes.
Sci. And what is your resolve?
Ami. To have my name
Stand in the ivory register of virgins
When I am dead. Before one factious thought
Should lurk within me to betray my fame
To such a blot, my hands shall mutiny,
And boldly with a poniard teach my heart
To weep out a repentance.

[1] Sci. *You will not help ?*] i. e. You will not then assist me in persuading Amidea to yield to the duke? I do not, however, quite see the purport of Florio's answer ; and suspect an error of the press : " I'll *never* kill thee," should probably be, " I'll *rather* kill thee ;" to which Sciarrha's " 'Tis very well," forms an apt reply.

Sci. Let me kiss thee,[9]
My excellent, chaste sister.—Florio,
Thou hast my soul; I did but try your virtues.—
'Tis truth, the duke does love thee, viciously,
Let him, let him! he comes to be our guest;
This night he means to revel at our house,—
The Tarquin shall be entertain'd; he shall.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, Pisano is come. [*Exit.*

Sci. I had forgot his promise.—Look up, sister,
And shine with thy own smiles; Pisano's come,
Pisano, thy contracted, honour'd friend;
A gentleman so rich in hopes, we shall
Be happy in's alliance.—

Enter PISANO, COSMO, *and* FREDERICO.

Welcome all,
But you above the rest, my brother shortly.—
Sister, and Florio, entertain your noble
Friends; some few minutes I am absent. We
Must not forget prepare for the duke's coming;
I'll soon return. [*Exit.*

Ami. You are not cheerful, sir;
How is't, my lord? you were not wont to look
So sad when you came hither.

Pis. I am not well, Amidea.

Ami. Oh my heart!

Pis. Be you
Comforted, lady; let all griefs repair
To this, their proper centre.
[*Lays his hand on his breast.*

Flo. Sir, how fare you?

Pis. Alter'd of late a little.

Fred. Virtuous lady,
I cannot choose but pity her, and accuse
Pisano's levity. [*Aside.*

[9] *Let me* kiss *thee,*] Old copy, Let me *kill* thee.

Pis. Would he were come back!
I might have finish'd ere he went, and not
Delay'd his business much; two or three words,
And I had dispatch'd,
Ami. How, sir? your language is
Another than you use to speak; you look not
With the same brow upon me.
Cos. 'Las! sweet lady.—
But who shall accuse me? [*Aside.*
Pis. We shall expect too long.—Lady, I am come
To render all my interest in your love,
And to demand myself again; live happier
In other choice, fair Amidea, 'tis
Some shame to say my heart's revolted.
Ami. Ha!
Pis. Here's witness, all is cancelled betwixt us;
Nay, an you weep—Farewell!
Ami. He's gone!
Flo. I am amazed.
Pis. Now lead me to my blessing.
[*Exeunt Pis. Cor. and Fred.*
Flo. Shall a long suit and speeding in his love,
With the world's notice, and a general fame
Of contract too, just in the instant, when
A marriage is expected, be broke off
With infamy to our house?
Ami. Brother, if ever
You loved poor Amidea, let not this
Arrive Sciarrha's ear, there's danger in
His knowledge of it; this may be a trial
Of my affection.
Flo. A trial! no, it shew'd
Too like a truth.
Ami. My tears entreat your silence.
Flo. You have power to command it; dry your eyes then,
He is return'd.

Re-enter SCIARRHA.

Sci. How now!
Weeping? Where is Pisano, and his friends?
Flo. They're gone, sir.
Sci. Ha!
Ami. Guess by my eyes you may,
Something of sorrow hath befallen; no sooner
You were departed, but some strange distemper
Invaded him; we might discern a change
In's countenance, and though we pray'd him to
Repose with us, he would straight back again;
So, with Frederico,
And signior Cosmo, he return'd.
Flo. The alteration was strange and sudden.
Sci. 'Las! noble gentleman—but come, clear up
Your face again, we hope it will not last:
Look bright again, I say, I have given order—

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My lord, the duke's already come. [*Exit.*
Sci. Remove,
Good Amidea, and reserve thy person
To crown his entertainment; be not seen yet.
[*Exit Amidea.*

Enter Duke, LORENZO, ALONZO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Sciarrha, we are come to be your guest.
Sci. Your highness doth an honour to our house.
Duke. But where's thy sister? she must bid us welcome.
Sci. She is your grace's handmaid.
Duke. For this night,
Let the whole world conspire to our delight.—
Lorenzo— [*Whispers him.*
Lor. Sir, be confident——and perish. [*Aside.*

SCENE II.

The Garden of Morosa's *House.*

Enter MOROSA, ORIANA, *and Servant.*

Mor. You should not rashly give away your heart,
Nor must you, without me, dispose yourself.—
Pray give access to none—yet, if Pisano
Enquire, direct him to the garden. — [*Exit Serv.*]
Cosmo
Is young, and promising, but, while Lorenzo
Lives, must expect no sunshine.

Re-enter Servant with PISANO *and* COSMO.

Pis. There's for thy pains.— [*Exit Servant.*
They are now at opportunity.
Cos. My lord,
Do you prepare the mother, and let me close
With Oriana.
Pis. What service can reward thee?
Cos. Take occasion
To leave us private; this hour be propitious!
Win but the matron to you.
Pis. She is prepar'd already.
Cos. Lose no time,
Take the other walk. [*Exeunt Pisano and Mor.*
Ori. My dear Cosmo.
Cos. My best Oriana.
Ori. You have been too much absent, I must chide you.
Cos. You cannot, sweet; I would I knew which way
To make thee angry; yes, that I might see
How well it would become thee. I do fear

Thou art some angel, and that sin would be
An argument to me, that thou wert mortal;
I must suspect thy too much goodness else,
And leave thee for the fellowship of saints,
I am too wicked.
Ori. You will make me angry.
Cos. But you will love me still, I fear.
Ori. Do you fear it?
Is't a misfortune?
Cos. What?
Ori. My love.
Cos. Your anger;
And yet the t'other oftentimes may carry
An evil with it; we may love too well,
And that's a fault.
Ori. Not where the object's good.
Cos. O yes: always beware of the extremes.
Ori. What mean you? I affect none but my Cosmo,
Nor him with too much flame.
Cos. If you should, lady,
'Twere nobly done.[1]
Ori. To love another?
Cos. Yes,
If there be cause, that may be call'd a virtue:
For what have I to ingross the affection
Of any lady, if she can discern
A greater merit in some other man?
Wisdom forbid, but she command her smiles,
To warm and cherish him.
Ori. So we should be
Inconstant.
Cos. Why not? if our reason be

[1] *'Twere nobly done.*] The old copy reads—
——————— "'twere
Not nobly done."
The context shews that this cannot be right; and I suspect that the negative crept into the text from the preceding line.

Convinced, that's no such fault, as the world goes.
Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same; the stars do wander,
And have their divers influence, the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes:
Our constitutions vary; herbs and trees
Admit their frosts and summer; and why then
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
More subtle than the spirits in our blood,
Be such stay'd things within us, and not share
Their natural liberty? Shall we admit a change
In smaller things, and not allow it in
What most of all concerns us?
Ori. What?
Cos. Our loves.
Ori. Have you suspicion I am changed, and thus
Would school me for it? or shall I imagine
That you are alter'd?
Cos. Yes, I am, and therefore
Proclaim thy freedom; I do love thee less,
To shew I love thee more.
Ori. What riddle's this?
Cos. I will explain. Upon maturity
Of counsel, Oriana, I have found
I am not worthy of thee, therefore come
To make thee satisfaction for my sin
Of loving thee, by pointing out a way,
And person, will become thy affection better.
Ori. You have a pretty humour.
Cos. What dost think
Of brave Pisano? shall his merit plead
Succession in thy chaste thoughts?
Ori. I do know him.
Cos. Thou canst not choose, and I could study none
Worthy thy love but him.
Ori. 'Tis very likely
You would resign then?

Cos. Ay, to honour thee ;
His service will deserve thee at the best
And richest value.
Ori. Why, it shall be so.
Cos. Nay, but be serious, and declare me happy,
That I may say, I have made thee just amends,
[And] I will thank thee.
Ori. Why, sir, I do love him.
Cos. Oh, when did Cupid aim that golden shaft?
But dost thou love him perfectly, with a
Desire, when sacred rites of marriage
Are past, to meet him in thy bed, and call him
Thy husband?
Ori. Why, sir, did you ever think
I was so taken with your worth and person,
I could not love another lord as well?
By your favour, there be many as proper men,
And as deserving ; you may save your plea,
And be assured I need no lesson to
Direct my fancy. I did love Pisano
Before, but for your sake, I mean to place him
A great deal nearer.—Sure he does but jest. [*Aside.*
You did love me.
Cos. Now by my heart, I love thee.
This act shall crown our story, Oriana,
Thou dost not know how much thou honourest me,
For he's not in the common list of friends,
And he does love thee past imagination.
Next his religion he has placed the thought
Of Oriana, he sleeps nothing else,
And I shall wake him into heaven, to say
Thou hast consented to be his.
Ori. Pray tell me,
But truly, I beseech you ; do you wish
Pisano mine indeed? [or] are you jealous,
And name him to accuse me?
Cos. Not, by goodness ;
But if there be a charm beyond thy innocence,
By that I would conjure thee, Oriana,

Love him, and make three happy; it shall be
My bliss to call you his, let me but own
A servant in your memory.
Ori. Unkind
And cruel Cosmo! dost thou think it possible
I can love any but thyself? thou wilt
Undo my heart for ever.

Re-enter PISANO *and* MOROSA.

Mor. You shall be
Ever most welcome; if I be her mother,
She must declare obedience.—Oriana—
Cos. Go cheerfully, thy mother calls, to him
Whose orator I have been.—'Las, poor lady!
I half repent me, since she is so constant:
But a friend's life weighs down all other love;
Beside, I thus secure my fate; Lorenzo
Threatens my spring, he is my enemy. [*Aside.*
Ori. You'll not compel affection?
Pis. No, but court it;
With honour, and religion, thus invite it.
Mor. I shall forget the nature of a parent,
Unless you shew more softness, and regard
To what is urg'd. What promise could you make
To Cosmo without me? or, if you had—
Cos. Here Cosmo doth give up all title to it;
I have no part in Oriana now.
Ori. I've heard too much; do with me what you please,
I am all passive, nothing of myself,
But an obedience to unhappiness. [*Exit.*
Cos. Follow her, Pisano.
Pis. Thou art all friendship.
Cos. Trace their warm steps, virgins' resolves are weak.
Leave not her eyes until you see day break.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Depazzi's *House.*

Enter Depazzi *and* Rogero.

Dep. Rogero!

Rog. My lord.

Dep. Make fast the chamber door, stifle the key-hole and the crannies, I must discourse of secret matters; dost thou smell nothing, Rogero? ha?

Rog. Smell? not any thing, my lord, to offend my nostril.

Dep. Come hither; what do the people talk abroad of me? Answer me justly, and to the point; what do they say?

Rog. Faith, my lord, they say that you are—

Dep. They lie, I am not; they are a lousy, impudent multitude, a many-headed, and many-horned generation, to say that I am—

Rog. A noble gentleman, a just and discreet lord, and one that deserved to have his honours without money.

Dep. Oh, is that it? I thought the rabble would have said, I had been a traitor—I am half mad, certainly, ever since I consented to Lorenzo; 'tis a very hard condition, that a man must lose his head to recompense the procuring of his honours: what if I discover him to the duke?—ten to one, if Lorenzo come but to speak, his grace will not have the grace to believe me, and then I run the hazard to be thrown out of all on t'other side: 'tis safest to be a traitor. [*Aside.*]—Hum, who is that you whispered to?

Rog. I whisper?

Dep. Marry did you, sirrah.

Rog. Not I, good faith, my lord.

Dep. Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah, I smell a rat behind the hangings. [*takes up the hangings.*] — Here's no body; ha? are there no trunks[1] to convey secret voices?

Rog. Your lordship has a pair on.

Dep. I do not like that face in the arras; on my conscience he points at me. 'Pox upon this treason, I have no stomach to't; I do see myself upon a scaffold, making a pitiful speech already; I shall have my head cut off. Seven years ago I laid my head upon a wager, I remember, and lost it; let me see,—it shall be so, 'tis good policy to be armed. [*aside.*]—Rogero, imagine I were a traitor.

Rog. How, sir?

Dep I but say *imagine;* we may put the case; and that I were apprehended for a traitor.

Rog. Heaven defend![2]

Dep. Heaven has something else to do, than to defend traitors. I say, imagine I were brought to the bar.

Rog. Good, my lord! you brought to the bar?

Dep. I will beat you, if you will not imagine, at my bidding: I say, suppose I now were at the bar, to answer for my life.

Rog. Well, sir.

Dep. Well, sir? that's as it happens; you must imagine I will answer the best I can for myself. Conceive, I prithee, that these chairs were judges, most grave and venerable beards and faces, at my arraignment, and that thyself wert, in the name of

[1] *are there no* trunks *to convey secret voices?*] i. e. tubes; see Jonson's Works, vol. iii. p. 354. Rogero's reply is a pun on this word, and the name of the large breeches, or *trunk*-hose, worn in Shirley's time. But how did the *sneer* at Shakspeare which this speech contains, escape the wrath of Messrs. Steevens and Malone!

[2] Rog. *Heaven* defend!] i. e. forbid. Depazzi uses the word in its modern sense.

the duke and state, to accuse me, what couldst thou say to me?

Rog. I accuse your good honour? for what, I beseech you?

Dep. For high treason, you blockhead

Rog. I must be acquainted with some particulars first.

Dep. Mass, thou sayest right: why, imagine,—do you hear? you must but imagine,—that some great man had a conspiracy against the duke's person, and that I, being an honest lord, and one of this great man's friends, had been drawn in, for that's the plain truth on't; 'twas against my will, but that's all one. Well, thou understand'st me; shew thy wit, Rogero, scratch thy nimble pericranium, and thunder out my accusation *ex tempore.* Here I stand, signior Depazzi, ready to answer the indictment.

Rog. Good, my lord, it will not become me, being your humble servant.

Dep. Humble coxcomb! is it not for my good? I say, accuse me, bring it home, jerk me soundly to the quick, Rogero, tickle me, as thou lov'st thy lord; I do defy thee, spare me not, and the devil take thee if thou be'st not malicious.

Rog. Why then have at you. First, *signior Depazzi, thou art indicted of high treason, hold up thy hand; guilty, or not guilty?*

Dep. Very good.

Rog. Nay, very bad, sir:—*answer, I say; guilty, or not guilty?*

Dep. *Not guilty.*

Rog. *'Tis your best course to say so:*—well, imagine I rise up the duke's most learned in the laws, and his nimble-tongued orator; have at you, signior.

Dep. Come, come on, sir, here I stand.

Rog. *I will prove thou liest in thy throat, if thou deniest thy treason, and so I address myself to the*

most understanding seats of justice.—Most wise, most honourable, and most incorrupt judges, sleep not, I beseech you; my place hath called me to plead, in the behalf of my prince and country, against this notable, this pernicious, and impudent traitor, who hath plotted and contrived such high, heinous, and horrible treasons, as no age nor history hath ever mentioned the like. Here he stands, whose birth I will not touch, because it is altogether unknown who begot him. He was brought up among the small wares in the city, became rich by sinister and indirect practices, married a merchant's wife at adventures, and was soon after advanced to be a head-officer.

Dep. Why, you rascal!

Rog. *Peace, sirrah, peace!—Nay, your lordships shall find him very audacious: this fellow, not content to have his branches spread within the city, I speak it to his face, let him deny it, was afterward, by the corruption of his confederate, and the mere grace of his highness, raised to honour, received infinite favours from his prince of blessed memory, yet, like a wretch, a villain, a viper, a rat of Nilus, he hath practised treasons against the sacred person of the duke, for which he deserveth not only to die, but also to suffer tortures, whips, racks, strapadoes, wheels, and all the fiery brazen bulls that can be invented, as I shall make it appear to this honourable and illustrious court.*

Dep. This rogue's transported.

Rog. *With all my heart; I obey your lordships:—thus then I pass from these circumstances, and proceed to the principal villainies that we have to lay to his charge.* Imprimis, *thou, signior Depazzi, didst offer to a groom one hundred crowns to poison his highness' hunting-saddle.*

Dep. *Did I?*

Rog. *Do not interrupt me, varlet; I will prove*

it;—his hunting saddle, and woe shall be unto thy breech therefore; and finding this serpentive treason broken in the shell,—do but lend your reverend ears to his next designs—I will cut them off presently,— this irreligious, nay, atheistical traitor, did with his own hands poison the duke's prayer-book; oh, impiety! and had his highness, as in former times he accustomed, but prayed once in a month, which, by special grace, he omitted, how fatal had it been to Florence! but as by justice his excellence did then, and by his own want of devotion, prevent this assassinate's purpose, so we hope, in his own discretion, and the counsel of his state, he will take heed how he prays hereafter while he lives, to which every true subject will say, Amen.

Dep. *May it please your honours—*

Rog. *Thou impudent, brazen-faced traitor, wilt thou deny it? moreover, an't like your good lordships, he hath for this fortnight or three weeks before his apprehension, walked up and down the court with a case of pistols charged, wherewith, as he partly confessed, he intended to send the duke to heaven with a powder!*

Dep. This rogue will undo the devil at invention.—*May it please this honourable —*

Rog. *These are but sprinklings of his treason.*

Dep. Will you justify this? did I any of these things, you tadpole?

Rog. Hold yourself contented, my lord; he that is brought to the bar in case of treason, must look to have more objected than he can answer, or any man is able to justify.

Dep. *I confess, an't please your good lordships—*

Rog. *Mark, he will confess—*

Dep. That's the way to be sent of a headless errand:—*indeed I confess that I never intended any treason to his highness, nor ever sought the prince's life; true it is, that I heard of a conspiracy.*

Rog. *That, that, my lords, hath overthrown him; he saith he never sought the prince's life,* ergo, *he sought his death; besides, he hath heard of treason; now, he that heareth and discovereth not, is equally guilty in fact: for in offences of this nature there are no accessaries,* ergo, *he is a principal, and being a principal traitor, he deserveth condemnation.*

Dep. *Shall I not speak?*

Rog. *No, traitors must not be suffered to speak, for when they have leave, they have liberty, and he that is a traitor deserveth to be close prisoner.*

Dep. *All that this fellow hath uttered is false and forged, abominable lies.*

Rog. *I will speak truth, and I will be heard, and no man else, in this place.*

Dep. *I never dreamt of a hunting-saddle, nor never had so much as a thought of any prayer-book.*

Rog. *You sit here to do justice; I speak for the duke, and the safety of the commonwealth.*

Dep. *As for pistols, 'tis well known I could never endure the report of them. I defy powder and shot as I do him that accuseth me.*

Rog. *I defy all the world that will hear a traitor speak for himself; 'tis against the law, which provides that no man shall defend treason, and he that speaks for himself, being a traitor, doth defend his treason: thou art a capital obstreperous malefactor.*

Dep. Thou art a madman.

Rog. Go to, you have played the fool too much.

Dep. Thou continual motion cease; a pox upon thee, hold thy tongue.

Rog. The pox will not serve your turn.

Dep. Why then this shall. [*Beats him.*

Rog. Hold, hold, good my lord, I am sensible; I have done, imagine I have done; I but obeyed your lordship, whose batoon I find stronger than

my imagination.—My lord, you will answer this, to strike in the court thus?

Dep. I am as weary—hark, Rogero. [*knocking within.*]—one knocks; see, see; there's to make thee amends; [*gives him money* — see, good Rogero, and say nothing. [*exit Rogero*]—Pray heaven it be no pursuivant.

Re-enter ROGERO *with* PETRUCHIO *bearing a letter.*

Rog. Petruchio, my lord Pisano's secretary.

Dep. But Lorenzo's engine, a very knave. [*Aside.*

Pet. My very good lord. [*Gives him the letter.*

Dep. What's here? it can be no goodness. [reads aside]—*My lord, I would not have you go to bed to-night*,—he will not let me sleep now, I dreamt as much;—*something will be done to give Florence liberty. In the depth of night you may cunningly disperse some rumours in the city, that the duke is dead; the people must be distracted; in the common fright be not you wanting in your person to assist their fears, and speak well of*—LORENZO.—Speak well of the devil.—My humble service to your lord, and say he has power to command me in all things.

Pet. My very good lord.

Dep. No matter, an you were both hang'd. [*aside*] — Rogero, shew him the wine cellar. [*Exeunt Rogero and Petruchio.*]—Let me see, I must report the duke's death; I cannot abide this word *death*; yet he desires me but to report it: hum, if it be false, why so much the better; there will be the less harm in it; if it should prove true, they will believe me another time: well, I will drink myself half drunk, and be fortified. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Sciarrha's *House. Preparations for a Masque.*

Enter Duke, Amidea, Lorenzo, Sciarrha, Florio, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Sciarrha, you exceed in entertainment;
Banquet our eyes too?
Lor. He will feast all senses.
Sci. Only a toy, my lord; I cannot call't
A masque, nor worthy of this presence, yet
It speaks the freedom of my heart, and gratitude
For this great honour.
Duke. Amidea must
Sit near us.
Sci. Lords, your places; 'twill not be
Worth half this ceremony.—Let them begin.

Enter Lust, *richly apparelled, the* Pleasures *attending.*

Duke. Who's the presenter?
Sci. Lust, sir; pray observe.

Lust. *Now let Lust possess the throne*
Of Love, and rule in hearts alone:
You sweet tempters to my sin,
Beauty, smiles, and kisses win
Upon frail mortals, let them know
There is no happiness, but you.
Shoot no arrows tipp'd with lead,
Each shaft have his golden head.[3]

[3] *golden head.*] See Massinger's Plays, vol. ii. p. 382. 2d edit. This is rather an imitation of the old Moralities, than a Masque.

Call no love, delude men still,
Through the flesh their spirits kill,
Nor spend all your art to take
Common persons; greatness make,
By your potent charms, to be
Subjects unto hell and me:
Inflame but kings with loose desire,
You soon set all the world on fire.

Enter a young Man richly habited, and crowned.

Duke What's he?
Sci. A wild young man, that follows Lust;
He has too much blood, it seems.
Duke. Why looks he back?
Sci. There is a thing call'd Death, that follows him;
With a large train of Furies; but the Syrens
Of Lust make him secure, and now the hag
Embraces him, and circles him with pleasures;
The harpies mean to dance too.—[*Here Lust, the Pleasures, and the young Man join in a Dance.*]—Hang his conscience!
It whines too much.
Lor. This is too plain. [*Aside.*
Sci. He does not tremble yet.—
Bye and bye, sir, you shall see all his tormentors
Join with them; there's the sport on't.
Lor. Methinks they
Should have been first, for th' antimasque.[4]
Sci. Oh no!
In hell they do not stand upon the method,
As we at court; the grand[5] masque and the glory
Begin the revels.—

[4] *antimasque.*] See Jonson's Works, vol. vii. p. 251.
[5] *grand*] For *grand* masque, the old copy reads *ground* masque.

Enter Death.

Sister, you do ill
To keep the duke in talk; he cannot see
The devil for you, and the whips: does not
That death's head look most temptingly? the worms
Have kiss'd the lips off.—

Enter Furies, who join in the dance, and in the end carry the young Man away. The rest flee in confusion.

How does your highness like this dance?
Duke. My eyes so feasted here, I did not mark it,
But I presume 'twas handsome.
Sci. Oh the lethargy
Of princes!—We have kept you, sir, from bed.—
More lights.
Duke. Good night to all; to you the best:—
Sciarrha, bind us ever by performance.
Sci. We are all your's.
Duke. And Florence thine.—Once more—
Brightest of ladies.
Lor. You are firm? [*Aside to Sci.*
Sci. Suspect not. [*Exeunt all but Ami. and Flo.*
Flo. I do not like my brother's moral masque;
The duke himself was personated: I
Wonder it did not startle him.
Ami I hope
Sciarrha does not mean so ill as that
Did promise. He's return'd; his looks are full

Re-enter SCIARRHA.

Of threat'ning.
Sci. Amidea, go not to bed;
And yet no matter; I can do't alone.

Take both your rest, and in your prayers commend
The duke to heaven 'tis charity; [he] has made
His will already, and bequeath'd his body
To you, sister; pity his soul, for 'tis now
Within few minutes of departing.
Ami. How?
Sci. Why, this way; [*shewing a poniard.*]—I must help him in his groans,
To bring his flesh a-bed.
Ami. You will not kill him?
Sci. I am not of your mind.
Ami. I know you cannot.
Sci. You are not studied so perfect in
His destiny, I hope; I will endeavour—
Ami. To kill your prince?
Flo. What, here?
Sci. No, in his chamber.
Ami. Shall it be read in stories of our Florence,
Sciarrha first did stain his family
With such a treason?
Flo. Was he not invited?
Sci. Yes, by his lust.
Flo. And in your crowned tables,
And hospitality, will you murder him?
Sci. Yes, and the reason wherefore he was murder'd,
Shall justify the deed to all posterity;
He came to wrong my sister.
Flo. Wanton heat;
Let youthful blood excuse him.
Sci. So it must.
Flo. Mistake me not; oh, think but who he is,
The duke, that word must needs awake your piety.
Ami. How will good men in this remembrance
Abhor your cruelty, that send to hell
One with the weight of all his sins upon him?
Sci. It is too late to cool with argument
My incensed blood. Will you go dally with him,

And let him board your pinnace? I have gone
So far in promise, if you clasp not with him,
It will be dangerous if he outlive
This night.
Ami I have thought on't; send him to my bed.
Sci. Ha!
Ami Do not question what I purpose; heaven
Witness to my chaste thoughts.
Sci. Wilt thou trust him?
Ami I will do much, sir, to preserve his life,
And your innocence: be not you suspectful;
At the worst, you can but respite your revenge.
Sci. Dost thou not fear unhappy Lucrece' chance,
Or wretched Philomel's dishonour?
Ami. No:
Give me his life, and send your wanton to me:
I'll to my chamber; fear me not, Sciarrha,
Have not one thought so bad, I shall not prosper;
Virgins in heaven will suffer with me.
Flo. Trust her. [*Exeunt Ami. and Flo.*
Sci. 'Tis but deferring of my justice;
She will not kill him, sure; draw on her soul
The guilt she hates in mine; if she do yield
To the hot encounter, ha! 'twill [then] be just,
That both their hearts weep blood, to purge their lust. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter FLORIO *and* AMIDEA.

Flo. My poniard?
Ami. I've no black intent
To stain't with any blood.
Flo. Take it, I know

Thou art my virtuous sister, it were wickedness
To doubt thy purpose, or the event.
Ami. Now leave me.
Flo. Thou hast a guard of angels.
Ami. They are coming.
[*Florio conceals himself behind the hangings.*

Enter SCIARRHA *and the* Duke.

Sci. Look, there she is, sir: you know how to undress her.
Duke. Dearest Sciarrha.
Sci. To your recreation.—
Here I'll obscure myself. [*aside: sees Florio as he retires behind the hangings.*]—Florio? 'tis well.
Duke. Lady, you know me?
Ami. Yes; my prince.
Duke. I was so
Till I saw thee, but I gave up that title,
A conquest to thy beauty, which, among
Her other wonders, hath created me
A subject and [a] servant, and I shall
Be happier to be received your's by
One of those names, than duke of Tuscany.
Ami. Oh, take yourself again, [sir]; use your greatness
To make the hearts of Florence bow to you,
And pay their duties thus. [*Kneels.*
Duke. Rise, Amidea,
And since you have given my power back, it will
Become me to command.
Ami. And me to obey. [*Rises.*
Duke. I see thy noble brother hath been faithful
To my desires; he has prepar'd thee with
A story of my love, which thou reward'st
With too much humbleness: thou hast a quarrel,
And a just one, with thy stars, that did not make thee

A princess, Amidea; yet thou'rt greater,
And born to justify unto these times,
Venus, the queen of Love, was but thy figure,
And all her graces prophecies of thine,
To make our last age best. I could dwell ever
Here, and imagine I am in a temple,
To offer on this altar of thy lip, [*Kisses her often.*
Myriads of flaming kisses, with a cloud
Of - - - - -[6] sighs breath'd from my heart,
Which, by the oblation, would increase his stock,
To make my pay eternal.

Ami. What mean you?

Duke. That question is propounded timely: hadst thou
Not interrupted me, I should have lost
Myself upon thy lips, and quite forgot
There is a bliss beyond it, which I came for.
Let others satisfy themselves to read
The wonders in thy face, make proud their eye,
By seeing thine, turn statues at thy voice,
And think they never fix enough to hear thee.
A man half dead with famine would wish here
To feed on smiles, of which the least hath power
To call an anchorite from his prayers, tempt saints
To wish their bodies on. Thou dost with ease
Captivate kings with every beam, and mayst
Lead them like prisoners round about the world,
Proud of such golden chains; this were enough,
Had not my fate provided more, to make me
Believe myself immortal in thy touches.
Come to thy bed, transform me there to happiness;
I'll laugh at all the fables of the gods,
And teach our poets, after I know thee,
To write the true Elysium.

Ami. Good, my lord,

[6] *Of - - - - - sighs breath'd from my heart,*] The old copy reads, "Of sighs breath'd," &c. Something had probably been dropped at the press, as the sense now seems incomplete.

I understand you not, and yet I fear
You do not mean well; if you have brought with you
A sinful purpose, which I may suspect—
Duke. Why, lady, what do you imagine I
Came hither for?
Ami. I know not.
Duke. How!
Is't come to that? your brother gave you more
Desirous of the sport, and brought me hither,
Ripe for your dalliance. Did you not expect me?
Ami. Yes.
Duke. And to what other purpose?
Ami. To tell you, that you are not virtuous.
Duke. I'm of your mind.
Ami. But I am not so wicked
To be of your's: oh, think but who you are,
Your title speaks you nearest heaven, and points
You out a glorious reign among the angels;
Do not depose yourself of one, and be
Of the other disinherited.
Duke. I would
Your brother heard you; prithee, do not waste
This tedious divinity, I am
Resolv'd to grapple with you.
Ami. Keep off. [*Shews the poniard.*
Duke. Ha!
Turn'd Amazon?
Ami. Prince, come not too near me,
For, by my honour, since you have lost your own,
Although I bow in duty to your person,
I hate your black thoughts; tempt not my just hand
With violent approach, I dare, and will
Do that will grieve you, if you have a soul.
Duke. Thou dar'st not kill me.
Ami. True, but I dare die.
Duke. Be thy own murderer?
Ami. Rather than you should be my ravisher.
Duke. Thou canst not be so merciless, 'tis less sin

To be unchaste; I am thy prince, I prithee
Throw by that cruel weapon, let our war
Be soft embraces, shooting amorous smiles,
Kill and restore each other with a kiss,
I know thou canst not be unkind so long:
Then, I command thee.

Ami. I must not obey,
To be your strumpet: though my hand be unskilful,
I shall soon find my heart.

Duke. I'll not believe—

Ami. Let this deserve your faith I dare be just,
[*She wounds her arm.*
This crimson river issuing from my arm.

Duke. Hold!

Ami. Never; it shall flow, and if this channel
Yield not enough, I'll strike another vein,
And after that, another, and not pity
The murmuring stream, till through a prodigal wound
I have drain'd the fountain: this doth weep for you,
And shall extol my death, if it may teach
You to correct your blood.

Duke. There's so much gone
From me, I cool apace; this action
Hath shot an ague through me; Amidea,
Pity thyself.

Ami. Not, till you swear repentance;
I do not faint yet, 'tis somewhat about,
But I can find a nearer way; this does it.
[*Offering to strike herself again.*

Duke. Contain; I am sorry, sorry from my soul,
Trust me, I do bleed inward, Amidea,
Can answer all thy drops: oh, pardon me,
Thou faint'st already, dost not? I am fearful.
The phœnix, with her wings, when she is dying,
Can fan her ashes into another life;
But when thy breath, more sweet than all the spice
That helps the other's funeral, returns

To heaven, the world must be eternal loser.
Look to thy wound.

Ami. May I believe you, sir?

Duke. I dare not think awry; again I ask
Forgiveness; in thy innocence I see
My own deformity

[*Sciarrha, followed by Florio, comes hastily from behind the hangings and embraces Amidea.*

Sci. Now a thousand blessings
Reward thy goodness; thou deserv'st a statue,
A tall one, which should reach above the clouds,
Jostle the moon, that people afar off
Beholding it, may be invited hither,
In hope to climb to heaven by't; but apply
Betimes unto thy wound.—Florio, assist her.—

[*Florio leads off Amidea.*

And now, my lord—

Duke. Sciarrha, I'll begin to be thy lord;
I brought intentions of dishonour to thee,
And thy fair sister, but I am reconciled
To virtue, and will study how to satisfy
For you and Florence.

Sci. You will be more precious,
Than had you never fallen; I am all joy
In your conversion.

Duke. - - - - -[7]

Sci. Lorenzo! I think, he has not said his prayers yet,
But—

Duke. What?

Sci. I cannot tell, may be he does not use it.

Duke. How?

Sci. My lord, you now are lovely;
'Twere better you'd forget him; he's not right
At heart, I fear.

[7] - - - - -] Somewhat has probably been dropped here; as Sciarrha appears to reply to a question from the duke relating to Lorenzo.

Duke. Fear nothing.
Sci. To be plain,
You cherish your disease in him, and are
Not safe while he is near you.
Duke. Do not envy him.[6]
Sci. Then I must tell you, sir, he is a traitor,
Within my knowledge, hath conspir'd your death.
Duke. With whom?
Sci. With me; I should have kill'd you, sir,
This night, and every minute he expects
To hear you number'd with the dead. I can
Demonstrate this: your pardon, but in truth,
The injuries you meant us were severe,
And he with as much violence did urge them
To your destruction; but your piety
Hath charm'd my purpose, and I look upon you
With new obedience.

Re-enter FLORIO.

Duke. Impossible!
Sci. We will not shift the scene till you believe it.—
Florio, entreat my lord Lorenzo hither.— [*Exit Flo.*
Step but behind the arras, and your ear
Shall tell you who's the greatest traitor living.
Observe but when I tell him you are slain,
How he'll rejoice, and call me Florence' great
Preserver, bless my arm, that in your blood
Hath given our groaning state a liberty;
Then trust Sciarrha: but obscure,[7] I hear him.
[*Duke retires behind the hangings.*

[6] *Do not* envy *him.*] i. e. in the old sense of the word, do not bear him any *ill will*; do not injure him.

[7] —— *but* obscure, *I hear* him.] The old copy reads, "but *observe*, I hear *them*." The conduct of Lorenzo, who catches the last words, is artful and characteristic.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Whom talk'd he to? [*Aside.*
Sci. 'Tis done—
Lor. What, good Sciarrha?
Sci. The duke is dead.
Lor. We are not left so miserable!
Heav'n is more kind to Florence.
Sci. With this hand
I made a passage for his soul.
Lor. Defend,
Omnipotence! what! murder'd? and by noble
Sciarrha? how my ear abuses me!
Sci. Did not we plot it too?
Lor. How! *we?* collect,
I fear you are not well: pray tell me why
You talk thus? where's the duke? he hath a guard,
An army of heaven about him; who in Florence
Dares be so black a devil to attempt
His death?
Sci. This is fine cunning; why, that devil is
Lorenzo, if he dare deny it; we are in private,
You need appear no stranger to that's done
By your direction.
Lor. I in the practice?
Then let me creep into the earth, and rise
A monster to affright mankind. Sciarrha,
I must abhor thee for it.—Oh my prince!
My dearest kinsman!—may thy hand rot off!—
Treason, treason!
Sci. Then my sword shall fetch
Another witness in thy heart.
[*As they draw the duke comes hastily forth, and interposes.*
Duke. Hold!
Lor. Tush, let him come,
My royal lord; nay, let him kill me now:
I've so much joy and peace about me, 'twere
A sin to wish my life beyond this minute.

Duke. Put up, I say.
Sci. My lord, we are both cozen'd:
That very smile's a traitor.
Duke. Come, be calm:
You are too passionate, Sciarrha, and
Mistook Lorenzo.
Lor. But I hold him noble:
I see he made this trial of my faith,
And I forgive him.
Duke. You shall be friends; you shall, I say.

Enter hastily COSMO *and* ALONZO.

Cos. The duke—
Alon. Where's the duke?
Cos. My lord, we are blest to see you safe; report
Hath frighted all the city with your death:
People forsake their beds, and seeking how
To be inform'd, increase the wretched tumult.
Alon. There's nothing but confusion; all men tremble,
As if some general fire invaded Florence.
Sci. Have comfort, sir.
Duke. What's to be done?
Lor. Depazzi has remembered.— [*Aside.*
My, lord, there is no safety for the state,
Unless you personally appease them.
Duke. How?
Lor. I hope they'll tear him; would he were dead any way! [*Aside.*
Alon. He hath counsell'd well.
Cos. Your presence only hath the power to charm them.
Duke. I fear their rage: where is our guard?
Alonzo, haste afore, proclaim our pardon,
And that we live to give the offenders mercy.
Why are we born to greatness, mock'd with state,
When every tumult staggers our proud fate?
Sci. [*aside to Lor.*]—Our quarrel is deferr'd, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Lorenzo's *House.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. My plots thrive not; my engines all deceive me,
And in the very point of their discharge
Recoil with danger to myself: are there
No faithful villains left in nature? all
Turn'd honest? man nor spirit aid Lorenzo,
Who hath not patience to expect his fate,
But must compel it. How Sciarrha play'd
The dog-bolt with me! and had not I provided
In wisdom for him, that distress had ruin'd me.
His frozen sister, Amidea, too,
Hath half converted him; but I must set
New wheels in motion, to make him yet
More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,
Ripe for my vengeance. I'll not trust the rabble;
Confusion on ['em!]—the giddy multitude,
That, but two minutes ere the duke came at them,
Bellow'd out Liberty! shook the city with
Their throats, no sooner saw him, but they melted
With the hot apprehension of a gallows:
And when a pardon was proclaim'd, (a fine
State-snaffle for such mules,) they turn'd their cry
To acclamations, and deaf'd heaven to beg
His long and prosperous reign. A sudden rot
Consume this base herd! an the devil want
Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sciarrha, my lord, desires to speak with you.

Lor. Sciarrha! come near—[*whispers him.*]—you understand? admit him. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter SCIARRHA.

Welcome, my noble lord;
You were not wont to visit me.

Sci. Nor mean
Ever to do't again.

Lor. You bring frowns,
I can be sullen too: what is your pleasure?

Sci. You have abused me.

Lor. You have injured me.

Sci. In what?

Lor. Betray'd me basely to the duke.

Sci. You denied then you were a traitor?

Lor Yes,
I was no fool to run my neck upon
The axe, and give you such a cause of triumph.
Were it again in question—

Sci. You are a villain, sir.
And I
Must have it certified under your own hand,
To shew the duke.

Lor. You shall be humbled to
Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe
That I am honest, and desire my pardon.
Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigour;
Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a whirlwind,
Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,
And kill thee without scruple; such a strength
Is innocence.

Sci. Innocence! dost not fear a thunderbolt?
I shall be charitable to the world, an I
Cut thee in pieces; and yet then I fear
Thou wilt come together again: the devil does
Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,
And has a fear, when thou art dead, he shall not
Be safe in hell; thou wilt conspire with some
Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.
Didst not thou rail upon the duke?

Lor. I grant it.

Sci. Call him a tyrant?

Lor. More, I do confess
I did exasperate you to kill or murder him;
Give it what name you please; with joy I brought
him,
Under the colour of your guest, to be
The common sacrifice: all this I remember;
But is heaven's stock of mercy spent already,
That sins, though great and horrid, may not be
Forgiven, to the heart that groans with penitence?
Are the eternal fountains quite seal'd up?
I was a villain, traitor, murderer,
In my consenting to his death, but hope
Those stains are now wash'd off.

Sci. Hast thou repented?

Lor. Trust me, I have.

Sci. The devil is turn'd religious!
Augment not thy damnation.

Lor. As he was
A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.
In his return to piety he commanded
My prayers, and fresh obedience to wait on him;
He's now my prince again.

Sci. This is but cunning
To save your life

Lor. My life!—Within there! Ha! welcome.

Enter divers Gentlemen *armed.*

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord.
2 *Gent.* Will please your honour
Command my service?
3 *Gent* Or me?
4 *Gent.* Or any?
5 *Gent* Our swords and lives are yours.
Sci. Perhaps your lordship hath some business with
These gentlemen, I'll take some other time.
Lor. By no means, good Sciarrha:
You visit seldom; those are daily with me,
Men that expect employment, that wear swords,
And carry spirits, both to be engag'd,
If I but name a cause.—Gentlemen, draw.
Sci. My providence has betray'd me. [*Aside.*
Lor. Now, Sciarrha,
You that with single valour dare come home
To affront me thus; know, but too late, thy heart
Is at the mercy of my breath: these swords
Can fetch it when I please; and, to prevent
Your boast of this great daring—I beseech,
As you do love and honour your Lorenzo,
No hand advance a weapon, sheath again,
And leave us; I owe service to your loves,
But must not so dishonour you.
All Gent. We obey. [*Exeunt.*
Sci. They're gone: this is some nobleness.
[*Aside.*
Lor. You see
I do not fear your sword; alone, I have,
Too much advantage; yet you may imagine
How easily I could correct this rashness:
But in my fear to offend gracious heaven
With a new crime, having so late obtain'd
My peace, I give you freedom.
Sci. Do I dream?

Lor. Pray chide me still, I will be patient
To hear my shame.
Sci. Is this to be believed?
Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue?
He does: it is impossible he should repent.
Lor. Why? tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue awhile
In cooler blood; did not you once resolve
To kill the duke too?
Sci. I confess—
Lor. To give him death with your own hand?
Methinks it should be the same parricide
In you, if not a greater; yet you chang'd
Your purposes; why did you not go through,
And murder him?
Sci. He was converted.
Lor. Good!
That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance
For your intent.
Sci. It did.
Lor. Why should not, sir,
The same conversion of the duke possess
My heart, with as much piety to him,
And sorrow for myself? If I should say
You are but cunning in this shape of honesty,
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,
Might you not blame my want of charity?
Sci. He says but right, we are both men, frail things. [*Aside.*
'Tis not impossible.
Lor. I am reconciled
To heaven already, and the duke: if you
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir—
Sci. The circumstance consider'd, I incline
To think this may be honest.
Lor. Come, Sciarrha,
We are both hasty: pardon my rash language
In the beginning, I will study service

Shall make you love me; I have been too wicked,
Too full of passion, inexorable:
My nature is corrected; at this minute
I'm friends with all the world, but in your love
Shall number many blessings.

Sci. I am converted.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Lor. [*takes Pet. aside.*]—What's the news?

Pet. My lord Depazzi prays some conference
In the next chamber; we arriv'd by chance
Together at your gate: I do not like
His talk, sir.

Lor. Hang him, property! let him
Expect; thou art come in the opportunity
I could have wish'd; be wise, and second me.
[*Whispers him.*

Sci. He waits upon Pisano,
Whose health I may enquire; I have not seen him
Since he departed sick; a fit occasion.

Lor. [*aloud.*] Married to Oriana? thou mistak'st,
'Tis Amidea, lord Sciarrha's sister.

Pet. That contract's broken, and the old lady Morosa is violent to have the marriage finish'd with her daughter.

Lor. [*coming forward.*]—Sciarrha,
Is't true Pisano marries Oriana,
The rich Morosa's daughter?

Sci. Ha!

Lor. We did expect to hear your sister should
Have been his bride; has he forsaken Amidea?

Sci. Do not you serve Pisano?

Pet. Yes, my lord.

Sci. And dare you talk he's to be married
To Oriana?

Pet. If they live till to-morrow:
There's great provision, to my knowledge, and—

Sci. Take that, and learn to speak a truth hereafter. [*Strikes him.*

Lor. That blow shall cost his life.— [*Aside.*
It is not possible he dare affront
You thus; the world takes notice of a contract;
He's much to blame if he should wrong so sweet
A lady as Amidea. Now, by Hymen,
'Tis not so honourable; he need not scorn
Such an alliance.

Pet. I am not to give
Account for my lord's actions, let him answer
And justify his honour: but, my lord,
Since I am provoked, I must declare he has
Call'd back his vows to Amidea, given
Her freedom, and does mean to use his own,
And this he dares publish.

Lor What! disclaim'd
A lady of her birth and glorious merit?

Sci. Thou art a villain.

Lor. My lord, he is not worth your anger; he
Declares but what his master hath committed,
'Tis none of his fault.

Pet. It becomes my duty
To take correction, my lord, from you;
I am a servant, a poor gentleman.

Sci. Shall I
Suspect the circumstance at his departure? [*Aside.*

Lor. It is strange you knew not this before.

Sci. I must examine if he dares—

Lor. Be patient.

Sci. Teach fools and children patience.
May dogs eat up Sciarrha: let me live
The prodigy of sorrow; die a death
That may draw tears from Scythians, if Pisano
Lead o'er his threshold any soon-won dame,
To be my sister's shame! I am calm now.
One [thus] false, heaven, why should thy altars save?
'Tis just that Hymen light him to his grave. [*Exit.*

Lor. A thousand Furies swell his rage! although
Pisano bleed, this is the safest killing;
Wise men secure their fates, and execute
Invisibly, like that most subtle flame
That burns the heart, yet leaves no part or touch
Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.—
Farewell, dull, passionate fool! how this doth feed me!
Kill, and be lost thyself; or, if his sword
Conclude thy life, both ways I am reveng'd.
Petruchio, thou didst hit my instructions rarely,
And I applaud thee: now send in Depazzi,
And visit me anon.

Pet. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Lor. Some politician,
That is not wise but by a precedent,
Would think me weak for using such an instrument
As this Depazzi; but I know by proof,
Such men whom fear and honour make our creatures,
Do prove safe engines; fools will still obey,
When cunning knaves our confidence betray.

Enter DEPAZZI.

Dep. My lord, I would speak a word or two in private.

Lor. You may.

Dep. Is no body within hearing? all clear behind the arras?

Lor. Make no doubt, sir.

Dep. My lord, the truth is—I am very fearful—is your lordship sure there are no eves-droppers?

Lor. What needs this circumstance? I pray come to the point.

Dep. 'Tis not unknown to your lordship, that you have been my very good lord,[1] neither am I

[1] *You have been my very good lord,*] i. e. my patron. The phrase is thus used by all the writers of Shirley's time.

ignorant, that I am your humble servant; you advanced me, brought me into the number of the nobles, and I brought you a reasonable number of crowns: I am not the first wise citizen that hath been converted into a foolish courtier; but, my lord, I beseech you pardon me:—it will out.

Lor. What's the matter?

Dep. I am ready to burst.

Lor. With what?

Dep. Treason, treason;—now 'tis out, and I feel my body the lighter for it already. The last plot did not take, you see; and I would humbly entreat your lordship to excuse me, and get somebody else hereafter to be your traitor, in my stead.

Lor. How, sir?

Dep. If you did but know the tenderness of my constitution, or feel the pangs and convulsions that I suffer, you would pity me: I fall away, you see, I cannot sleep for dreaming of an axe; I have caus'd my hangings of Holofernes to be taken down in my dining-room, because I dare not look upon a head that is cut off in it, something of my complection: my wisdom tells me I am a fool to be so fearful; but my conscience tells me I am a greater fool if I have not wit enough in my pate to keep my head on my shoulders. I beseech your lordship take me into your consideration; I am but a mortal, though I be a lord; every man hath not the like gift of impudence; I have a weak stomach, and treason is physic to me, and although I do not vomit up your secrets, they may out some other way.

Lor. You will not betray me?

Dep. But alas! in such a case I may soon bewray myself, and then your lordship may be smelt out; to prevent, therefore, some mischief that may happen, I desire to leave off while I am well, and that your lordship may know I mean

plainly, I have brought you all your letters; I durst not trust any other place with them, for fear of state rats; I have unript my bosom to you, and there they are to a title—now, I may safely swear [I] have no hand with your lordship.

Lor. This is very strange.

Dep. Mistake not, my good lord, I am still your creature, but I have a great mind to be honest a little, while among the weaker sort of nobility: yet thus much persuade yourself, I will never wrong your lordship in a syllable; should you tell me of a thousand treasons and stratagems, I will never reveal any; I scorn that: but your lordship must pardon me, I will be a traitor no longer, that's certain, I will be honest, and the rather because no body shall hit me in the teeth after I am dead, and say, *look where Depazzi carries his head very high!* And, my lord, the more to induce your lordship to dismiss me——Rogero!

Enter Rogero.

Rog. My lord.

Dep. Give me the gold.—I have brought fifteen hundred crowns more.

Lor. Wherefore?

Dep. That I may have your lordship's[2] good will, to leave my office, before it be taken from me, and preferr'd to a worse; 'tis half the price I paid for't. I love peace, and a little honesty; I know your honour will find an abler man for it, and it is fit I should pay for my *quietus*.

Lor. And what do you resolve?

Dep. To return to the hunghill, from whence I came; for though I was born in the city, I have

[2] For "*your* lordship," the old copies read *my*; but this is only one of a hundred errors which have been corrected in this vilely printed play.

some land in the country, dirty acres, and mansion-house, where I will be the miracle of a courtier, and keep good hospitality, love my neighbours, and their wives, and consequently get their children; be admired amongst the justices, sleep upon every bench, keep a chaplain in my own house to be my idolater, and furnish me with jests; and when I have nothing else to do, I will think of the court, and how much I have been obliged to your lordship. My lord, I may do you service with a leading voice in the country; the kennel will cry on my side if it come to election: you or your friend shall carry it against the commonwealth.

Lor. Well, sir, since you have express'd yourself so freely, I will not counsel you against your disposition to stay at court; you may go when and whither you please; and though at parting I have nothing worth your acceptation, I will bestow these crowns upon your servant. [*Gives Roy. the money.*

Dep. Thou shalt give them me again.

Roy. Indeed, my lord, *I love a little honesty*, 'tis his lordship's bounty, it will be a stock to set me up for myself at court, when your lordship is retired into the country.—I humbly thank your lordship, and take my leave of your's.

[*Exit with the money.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The duke, my lord. [*Exit Servant.*

Dep. How! the duke?

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Signior Depazzi.

Lor. He has been earnest with me, an't please your highness,
To be his humble suitor, he may have
Freedom to leave the court.

Duke. He shall be banish'd.

Dep. How?

Lor. What time will your grace allow [him] to provide?

Duke. Two hours.

Dep. I had rather lose my head at home, and save charges of travel, I beseech your grace.

Duke. Well, 'tis granted; let him not trouble us.

Lor. Enjoy the country, and return when the duke sends for you.

Dep. I humbly thank his highness, and will pray for your increase of grace. [*Exit.*

Duke. Lorenzo, are we private?

Lor. Yes, my lord.

Duke. I am very melancholy.

Lor. I know the cause, 'tis Amidea.

Duke. Right.

Lor. I do not wish her dead.

Duke. It were a sin.

Lor. Not in heaven, sir; yet there be ladies, that would think it a promotion.

Duke. It were pity she should leave the world,
Till she hath taught [the rest] by her example
The nearest way.

Lor. I am very confident she's yet honest.

Duke. Yet, Lorenzo?

Lor. Ay, sir, but I'm not of opinion
It is impossible to know a change.

Duke. Take heed.

Lor. I must confess she has been very valiant,
In making you remove your siege, and shew'd a
Pretty dexterity at the poniard;
Let herself blood;[3]—but this a mortal virgin
Might do, and not be ador'd for't: other women

[3] Let *herself* blood.] The old copy reads, "*See* herself *bleed.*" The allusion is to the wound which Amidea gave herself in her bed-chamber. The text was evidently incorrect; whether it be now improved must be left to the reader.

Have gone as far, or else false legends have
Been thrust upon the easy world; some say
There have been creatures that have kill'd themselves,
To save their sullen chastities; but I
Have no strong faith that way; yet you were startled
To see her strike her arm, and grew compassionate.
Duke. I was not marble; we break adamant
With blood,[4] and could I be a man, and not
Be mov'd to see that hasty ebb of life
For my sake?
Lor. I have read some aged stories:
What think you of Lucrece? she is remember'd.
Duke. Chastity's great example.
Lor. How the world
Was cozen'd in her? she knew of Tarquin first,
And then suspecting she should never meet
Again the active gentleman, [and] having
Determined of his death, with well dissembled
Sorrow did stab herself, in hope to meet
The gamester in Elyzium. Amidea
You will allow beneath this Roman dame?
Duke. Lorenzo, had the burning ravisher
Made this attempt on Amidea, she
Would have compell'd his penitence, to quench
His fire with holy tears. I had a body
Refined to air, or I was borne up by
A thousand wings: methought I could have flown
And kiss'd the cheek of Cynthia, thence with ease
Have leap'd to Venus' star, but I was wounded,
And the gay feathers, in whose pride I had
My confidence, serv'd now but with their weight
To hasten me to earth.

[4] ——— *we break adamant*
With blood,] This is a very ancient notion; it is mentioned by Greene, and Lyly, and many more of our old writers, who had it from Pliny, Solinus, &c.

Lor. Ascend again,
And fix in your lov'd orb; he brings this comfort
That can assure it, if you have not lost
A heart to entertain with love and pleasure
The beauteous Amidea.
Duke. Ha!
Lor. You shall enjoy her.
Duke. Enjoy fair Amidea? do not tempt,
Or rather mock my frailty with such promise.
Lor. Shake off your melancholy slumber, I
Have here decreed you shall possess her: she
Be sent submissive to your arms, and you
Be gracious to accept what she made coy of.
Duke. Is this in nature?
Lor. Thus: Sciarrha's life
And fortunes are already growing forfeit,
These brains have plotted so: your mercy shall
Purchase what you can wish for, in his sister;
And he acknowledge rifling of her honour
A fair and cheap redemption.
Duke. Do this;
And I'll repent the folly of my penitence,
And take thee to my soul, a nearer pledge,
Than blood or nature gave me: I'm renew'd,
I feel my natural warmth return. When, where
Is this to be expected? I grow old,
While our embraces are deferr'd.
Lor. I go
To hasten your delight; prepare your blood
For amorous game: Sciarrha's fate is cast
Firmer than destiny.
Duke. Thou art my prophet,
I'll raise thee up an altar.
Lor. Trust these brains.
Duke. Thou makest my spirit caper in my veins
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

COSMO *and two* Gentlemen *appear at an upper window.*

1 *Gent.* This way they pass.
Cos. I would not see them.
2 *Gent.* Why?
1 *Gent.* What! melancholy o' the sudden? it is now
Past cure.
Cos. I know it is, and therefore do not
Desire to witness their solemnity.
Should Oriana see me to day—
2 *Gent.* What then?
Cos. The object,
I fear, would be too prodigious.
2 *Gent.* We dispute not
Those nice formalities.

Enter ALONZO, PISANO, ORIANA, *and* MOROSA.

1 *Gent.* She has spied you already.
Cos. I am sorry for't.
[*Oriana faints. Cosmo and Gentlemen retire.*
Mor. How is't, my child?
Pis. My dearest Oriana;—
She faints! what grief is so unmannerly
To interrupt thee now? Oriana!
Mor. Daughter!
Pis. Will heaven divorce us ere the priest have made
Our marriage perfect? we in vain hereafter
Shall hear him teach, that our religion binds
To have the church's ceremony. She returns.
Ori. Why were you so unkind to call me from
A pleasing slumber? Death has a fine dwelling.

Alon. This shews her heart's not yet consenting; 'tis
Her mother's fierce command.[5]

Ori. Something spake to me from that window.

Pis. There is nothing.

Ori. Nothing now.

Pis. Set forward.

Alon. I do not like this interruption; it
Is ominous.

Enter AMIDEA *hastily.*

Ami. Not for my sake, but for your own, go back,
Or take some other way, this leads to death;
My brother—

Pis. What of him?

Ami. Transported with
The fury of revenge for my dishonour,
As he conceives, for 'tis against my will,
Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.
Alas! I fear his haste; now, good my lord,
Have mercy on yourself; I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now, nor would I rob
This virgin of your faith, since you have pleas'd
To throw me from your love: I do not ask
One smile, nor one poor kiss; enrich this maid,
Created for those blessings; but again
I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost for ever.

Alon. It is worth
Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.

Pis. Alas! her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.
I should not love Oriana to go back;
Set forward.—Amidea, you may live
To be a happier bride: Sciarrha is not
So irreligious to profane these rites.

[5] The old copy gives this speech to *Piero*, of whom no mention is made in any other part of the play.

Ami. Will you not then believe me?—Pray persuade him,
You are his friends.—Lady, it will concern
You most of all, indeed; I fear you'll weep
To see him dead, as well as I.
Pis. No more;
Go forward.
Ami. I have done; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well: may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you; full blessings crown
Your marriage! I hope there is no sin in this;
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.
This might have been my wedding-day—
Ori. Good heaven,
I would it were! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers;
You shall have my consent to have him still:
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.
Ami. Pray do not mock me,
But if you do, I can forgive you too.
Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself:
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine.
Am not I wretched too?
Ami. Alas, poor maid!
We two keep sorrow alive then; but I prithee,
When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
For he esteems thee well; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me; but do not tell him,
'Twas my desire: perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you all.—
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too?
Pis. Thou art.

Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding; I shall be married shortly.
Pis. To whom?
Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,
Your fathers knew him well: one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses: though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever: Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here. [*Exit.*

Enter SCIARRHA; *followed at a distance by* LORENZO, *with a Guard.*

Alon. Sciarrha! then I prophecy—
Sci. Pisano! where's Pisano?
Pis. Here, Sciarrha.
I should have answer'd with less clamour.
Sci. But
I would not lose my voice; I must be heard,
And [it] does concern you. I profess no augury,
I have not quarter'd out the heavens, to take
The flight of birds, nor by inspection
Of entrails made a divination;
But I must tell you, 'tis not safe to marry.
Pis. Why?
Sci. 'Twill be fatal; Hymen is gone abroad,
And Venus, lady of your nativity,
Is found, by wise astrologers, this day,
I' the House of Death.

Pis. This must not fright me, sir.—Set forward.
Sci. One cold word,—you are a villain!
I do not flatter.
Pis. I am patient:
This day I consecrate to love, not anger;
We'll meet some other time.
Sci. Deride my fury?
Then to thy heart I send my own revenge,
[*Stabs him.*
And Amidea's.
Pis. I am murdered.
Mor. Help! murder! gentlemen! oh, my unhappiness!
[*Lorenzo and Guard come forward.*
Pis. Bloody Sciarrha!
[*Dies. They offer to seize Sciar.*
Lor. Hold!
Sci. Come all at once;
Yet let me tell you, my revenge is perfect,
And I would spare your blood, if you despise [not]
My charity—
Lor. No man attempt his death;
I'll give you reasons: this fell deed deserves[6]
An exemplary justice.
Sci. I am above
Your politic reach, and glory in the wound
That punish'd our dishonour. Is he dead?
I would not be so miserable, not to have sped him,
For the empire.

Enter Cosmo.

Cos. Oh, my friend! poor Oriana!
Lor. [*to the Guard.*]—Disarm him:

[6] —— *this* fell deed *deserves*] The old copy reads, "this *attempt* deserves," which must have crept in from the preceding line, as Lorenzo is speaking of a crime already perpetrated. The words inserted are not given as the author's, but, simply as the readiest substitute that occurs.

Return and comfort one another; some
Remove Pisano's body, while I make it
My care Sciarrha 'scape not.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Pisano, all but Lorenzo, Sciarrha, and Guard.*

Sci. None of all
Give me a scratch?

Lor. [*to Guard.*]—You have forced him with descretion.

Sci. Now what must I expect?

Lor. You are my prisoner.

Sci. I am so.

Lor. And be confident to find
That favour.—

Sci. Favour!

Lor. Be at distance, more.—[*The Guard retire.*
My lord, I am sorry for your great misfortune,
And if you can but study how I may
Assist you, you shall soon discern my love,
My readiness to serve you.

Sci. Ha! this honest?

Lor. I would deserve your faith,
A friend but in affliction justifies
His heart and honour, I durst run some hazard,
Might I secure your fate; name something to me
That may declare my friendship.

Sci. Be still safe,
And teach the world repentance for mistaking thee;
I pity not myself, but envy thy
Heroic honours.

Lor. I will impose no more
Restraint, than your own house; you're honourable:
You have many severe enemies; the duke
Look'd graciously upon Pisano, but—

Sci. You shall not lose the smallest beam of favour,
To buy a man so desperate. I never
Thought death the monster that weak men have fancied,

As foil to make us more in love with life.
The devil's picture may affright poor souls
Into their bodies' paleness, but the substance
To resolute man's a shadow ;[7] and cold sweat
Dare not approach his forehead. I am arm'd
To die, and give example of that fortitude
Shall shame the law's severity: my sister
May now give back Pisano his false vows,
To line his coffin ; one tear shed on me is
Enough, the justice I have done shall make
My memory belov'd.

Lor. I have thought a way
To recover you, if you incline to it ;
Dare you consent?

Sci. To any thing that's noble;
Although I never fear'd to suffer, I
Am not so foolish to despise a life.

Lor. There is no difficulty attends it ; listen,
The time will not permit much circumstance:
The duke, you know, did love your sister.

Sci. Viciously.

Lor. Her virtue did but cool him for the present,
As sprinklings on a flame; he's now more passionate
To enjoy her.

Sci. Ha!

Lor. If she consent to meet
His soft embrace, with his first kiss he seals
Your pardon ; then the act upon Pisano
Appears a true revenge, when none dares question it.
Beside addition of state and fortune,
To you and Amidea, weigh your danger,
And what a trifle she gives up, to save
Your life, that never can be valued,
Less recompens'd ; the duke may be so taken

[7] *To resolute man's a shadow ;*] The old copy reads—
——— " but the substance
" Too resolute: man's a shadow."

With her return to his delight, who knows
But he may marry her, and discharge his duchess
With a quaint salad—[8] you do apprehend me?
Sci. And repent more I had one good thought of thee,
Than I had kill'd a thousand:—save my life,
And prostitute my sister! Though I have
No weapon, I will look thee dead, or breathe
A damp shall stifle thee: that I could vomit
Consuming flames, or stones, like Ætna! make
The earth with motion of my feet shrink lower,
And take thee in alive! oh that my voice
Could call a serpent from corrupted Nile,
To make thee part of her accursed bowels!
Is this [your] noble friendship? readiness
To save my life? let malice read all stories
Famous for cruelty, awake dead tyrants,
Or be instructed by their ghosts with tortures,
Such as will make a damned Fury weep
Only to see inflicted, I would bear them,
And weary my tormentors, ere consent
In thought to thy temptation.
Lor. I have done,
And praise your heathen resolution
Of death; go practise immortality,
And tell us, when you can get leave to visit
This world again, what fine things you enjoy
In hell, for thither these rash passions drive thee:
And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
A melancholy chamber in the earth,
Hung round about with skulls and dead men's bones,
Ere Amidea have told all her tears
Upon thy marble, or the epitaph
Bely thy soul, by saying it is fled

[8] *quaint* salad;] See vol. i. p. 141.

To heaven, this sister shall be ravished,
Maugre thy dust and heraldry.
Sci. Ha! ravish'd
When I am dead? Was't not so? oh my soul!
I feel it weep within me, and the tears
Soften my flesh: Lorenzo, I repent
My fury.
Lor. I advis'd you the best way
My wisdom could direct.
Sci. I thank you for't,
You have awak'd my reason, I am asham'd
I was no sooner sensible; does the duke
Affect my sister still, say you?
Lor. Most passionately.
Sci. She shall obey him then, upon my life;
That's it, my life. I know she loves me dearly.
I shall have much ado to win her to't,
But she shall come; I'll send her.
Lor. Perform this.
Sci. I will not only send her, but prepar'd
Not to be disobedient to his highness;
He shall command her any thing.
Lor. Do this,
And be for ever happy. When these have
Only for form but waited on you home,
This disengages them.
Sci. My humblest service
To the duke I pray, and tell him, Amidea
This night shall be at his dispose, by this. [9]
Lor. I'm confident; farewell!—Attend Sciarrha.
[*Exit.*
Sci. Pity the seaman, that to avoid a shelf,
Must strike upon a rock to save himself.
[*Exit, with Guard.*

[9] —— *shall be at his dispose, by* this.] That is, as I conceive, by some token, probably, a ring, or signet, which he puts into Lorenzo's hand.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Sciarrha's *House.*

Enter SCIARRHA *and* AMIDEA.

Sci. The doors are fast;
Enough is wept already for Pisano:
There's something else that must be thought on, and
Of greater consequence: I am yet unsafe,
That, for thy sake, am guilty of his blood.
Ami. Though all my stock of tears were spent already
Upon Pisano's loss, and that my brain
Were banquerupt of moisture, and denied
To lend my grief one drop more for his funeral;
Yet the remembrance that you have made
A forfeit [for my sake] of your dear life
Is able to create a weeping spring
Within my barren head: oh, my lost brother,
Thou hast a cruel destiny! my eyes,
In pity of thy fate, desire to drown thee.
The law will only seek thee upon land;
Hid in my tears, thou shalt prevent the stroke
Kills both our name and thee.
Sci. I know thou lov'st me,
Poor girl. I shall desire to cherish life,
If thou lament me thus: so rich a comfort
Will tempt me wish I might delay my journey
To heaven.
Ami. Good heaven, that we might go together!
Sci. That must not be.
Ami. Then let me go before.
Sci. How?
Ami. Make my suit unto the prince, my blood

May be your ransom; let me die, Sciarrha,
My life is fruitless unto all the world;
The duke in justice will not deny this:
And though I weep in telling thee, I shall
Smile on the scaffold.

Sci. How my honour blushes
To hear thee, Amidea! in this love
Thou woundst me more, than thou desir'st to save.
Suffer for me? why, thou art innocent:
I have provok'd the punishment, and dare
Obey it manly; if thou couldst redeem me
With any thing but death, I think I should
Consent to live, but I'd not have thee venture
All at one chance.

Ami. Nothing can be too precious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been.

Sci. Death's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all: what thinkst thou of an eye?
Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recompens'd,
To see me safe with t'other? Or a hand?
This white hand, [Amidea,] that hath so often,
With admiration, trembled on the lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile,
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motion, without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument.
No, Amidea, thou shalt not bear one scar
To buy my life; the sickle shall not touch
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk;
Thy t'other hand will miss a white companion,
And wither on thy arm: what then can I
Expect from thee to save me? I would live,
And owe my life to thee, so 'twere not bought
Too dear.

Ami. Do you believe I should not find

The way to heaven? were both mine eyes thy ransom,
I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand.

Sci. One way there is, if thou
Dost love [me] with that tenderness.

Ami. Pronounce it,
And let no danger that attends, incline you
To make a pause.

Sci. The duke, thou knowst, did love thee.

Ami. Ha!

Sci. Nay, do not start already, nor mistake me;
I do not, as before, make trial of thee,
Whether thou canst, laying aside thy honour,
Meet his lascivious arms; but, by this virtue,
I must beseech thee to forego it all,
And turn a sinful woman.

Ami. Bless me!

Sci. I know the kingdoms of the world contain not
Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall
That will so much undo thee; but I am
Thy brother, dying brother; if thou lov'st
Him, therefore, that for thee hath done so much;
Died his pale hands in blood, to revenge thee,
And in that murder wounded his own soul
Almost to death, consent to lose thy innocence;
I know it makes thee grieve, but I shall live
To love thee better for it: we'll repent
Together for our sins, and pray and weep
Till heaven hath pardon'd all.

Ami. Oh, never, never.

Sci. Do but repeat thy words, to *save my life,*
And that will teach compassion, *my life;*
Our shame, the stain of all our family,
Which will succeed in my ignoble death,
Thou washest off.

Ami. But stain myself for ever.

Sci. Where? In thy face, who shall behold one blemish,
Or one spot more in thy whole frame? thy beauty
Will be the very same, thy speech, thy person
Wear no deformity.
Ami. Oh, do not speak
So like a rebel to all modesty,
To all religion; if these arguments
Spring from your jealousy that I am fallen,
After a proof you did so late applaud—
Sci. I had not kill'd Pisano then; I am now
More spotted than the marble: then my head
Did owe no forfeiture to law,
It does ache now; then I but tried thy virtue,
Now my condition calls for mercy to thee,
Though to thyself thou appear cruel for't:
Come, we may live both, if you please.
Ami. I must never
Buy my poor breath at such a rate. Who has
Made you afraid to die? I pity you,
And wish myself in any noble cause
Your leader. When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.
Sci. So valiant!
I will not interpose another syllable
To entreat your pity; say your prayers, and then
Thou'rt ripe to be translated from the earth,
To make a cherubin.
Ami. What means my brother?
Sci. To kill you.
Ami. Do not fright me, good Sciarrha.
Sci. And I allow three minutes for devotion.
Ami. Will you murder me?
Sci. Do you tremble?
Ami. Not at the terror of your sword,

But at the horror will affright thy soul,
For this black deed. I see Pisano's blood
Is texted in thy forehead, and thy hands
Retain too many crimson spots already;
Make not thyself, by murthering of thy sister,
All a red letter.

Sci. You shall be the martyr.[1]

Ami. Yet stay; is there no remedy but death,
And from your hand? then keep your word, and let me
Use one short prayer. [*Kneels.*

Sci. I shall relent. [*Aside.*

Ami. Forgive me, Heaven, and witness I have still
My virgin thoughts; 'tis not to save my life,
But his eternal one.—
Sciarrha, give me leave to veil my face, [*Rises.*
I dare not look upon you, and pronounce
I am too much a sister; live; hereafter,
I know, you will condemn my frailty for it.
I will obey the duke.

Sci. Darest thou consent? [*Stabs her.*

Ami. [*unveiling.*]—Oh, let me see the wound;
'Tis well, if any other hand had done it:
Some angel tell my brother now, I did
But seem consenting.

Sci. Ha! *but seem?*

Ami. You may believe my last breath.

Sci. Why didst say so?

Ami. To gain some time, in hope you might call in
Your bloody purpose, and prevent the guilt
Of being my murderer; but heaven forgive thee.

[1] *Make not thyself, by murthering of thy sister,*
All a red letter.

Sci. *You shall be* the martyr.] The allusions here, are to the custom, still observed, of printing the names of the martyrs in the Roman Calendar in *red letters.*

Sci. Again, again forgive me, Amidea,
And pray for me; live but a little longer,
To hear me speak; my passion hath betray'd
Thee to this wound, for which I know not whether
I should rejoice, or weep, since thou art virtuous.
The duke, whose soul is black again, expects thee
To be his whore:—Good Death, be not so hasty.—
The agent for his lust, Lorenzo, has
My oath to send thee to his bed: for otherwise,
In my denial, hell and they decree,
When I am dead, to ravish thee—mark that,
To ravish thee!—and I confess, in tears
As full of sorrow, as thy soul of innocence,
In my religious care to have thee spotless,
I did resolve, when I had found thee ripe,
And nearest heaven, with all thy best desires,
To send thee to thy peace: thy feign'd consent
Hath brought thy happiness more early to thee,
And saved some guilt; forgive me altogether.

Ami. With the same heart I beg heaven for myself;
Farewell. [*Swoons.*

Sci. Thou shalt not die yet. Amidea! sister!—
[*Knocking within.*
I cannot come:—
But one word more: Oh, which way went thy soul?
Or is it gone so far it cannot hear me?—

FLORIO *breaks open the door and enters.*

Look, here's our sister! so, so; chafe her:
She may return; there is some motion.

Flo. Sister!

Sci. Speak aloud, Florio; if her spirit be not
Departed, I will seal this passage up;
I feel her breath again.—Here's Florio, would
Fain take his leave.—So, so, she comes!

Flo. Amidea,
How came this wound?

Ami. I drew the weapon to it:
Heaven knows, my brother lov'd me: now, I hope,
The duke will not pursue me with new flames.
Sciarrha, tell the rest: love one another
The time you live together; I'll pray for you
In heaven: farewell! kiss me when I am dead,
You else will stay my journey. [*Dies.*

Sci. Didst not hear
An angel call her? Florio, I have much
To tell thee: take her up; stay, I will talk
A little more with her; she is not dead,
Let her alone;—nay then, she's gone indeed.
But hereabouts her soul must hover still,
Let's speak to that: fair spirit—

Flo. You talk idly.

Sci. Do you talk wisely then. An excellent pattern,
As she now stands, for her own alabaster;[1]
Or may she not be kept from putrefaction,
And be the very figure on her tomb?
Cannot thy tears and mine preserve her, Florio?
If we want brine, a thousand virgins shall
Weep every day upon her, and themselves,
In winter, leaning round about her monument,
Being moist creatures, stiffen with the cold,
And freeze into so many white supporters.
But we lose time.—I charge thee, by thy love
To this pale relic, be instructed by me,
Not to thy danger; some revenge must be,
And I am lost already; if thou fall,
Who shall survive, to give us funeral? [*Exeunt.*

[1] ——— *for her* own alabaster;] i. e. as he explains himself, for her own statue, sculptured, as was the custom, in white marble, and placed recumbent on the tomb.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lorenzo's *House.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Petruchio.

Lor. Petruchio.
Pet. My lord.
Lor. Thou art now my servant.
Pet. I ever was in heart your humblest vassal.
Lor. Thou art faithful, I must cherish thy desert;
I shortly shall reward it, very shortly:
Next morning must salute me duke; the sun
And I must rise together.
Pet. I shall pray
Your glory may outshine him in your Florence,
And when he sets, we may enjoy your sunbeam.
Lor. 'Tis handsome flattery, and becomes a courtier.
Pet. I flatter not, my lord.
Lor. Then, thou'rt a fool:
No music to a great man chimes so sweetly,
And men must thrive; come hither,
How many hast thou kill'd?
Pet. But one, my lord.
Lor. But one!
Pet. And I must owe
My life to your lordship, I had been hang'd else.
Lor. But one? wait at the door; [*Exit Pet.*]—He is
Not fit to kill a duke, whose hand is guilty
But of a single murder; or at least
Not fit alone to act it: I have been
Practis'd already, and though no man see it,
Nor scarce the eye of heaven, yet every day
I kill a prince.—Appear, thou tragic witness,
[*Brings forth the duke's picture, a poniard sticking in it.*

Which, though it bleed not, I may boast a murder.
Here first the duke was painted to the life,
But with this pencil, to the death: I love
My brain for the invention, and thus
Confirm'd, dare trust my resolution.
I did suspect his youth and beauty might
Win some compassion when I came to kill him;
Or the remembrance that he is my kinsman,
Might thrill my blood; or something in his title
Might give my hand repulse, and startle nature:
But thus I have arm'd myself against all pity,
That when I come to strike, my poniard may
Through all his charms as confidently wound him,
As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it.
[*Stabs the picture.*
Methinks the duke should feel me now: is not
His soul acquainted? can he less than tremble,
When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit?[2]
Witches can persecute the lives of whom
They hate, when they torment their senseless figures,
And stick the waxen model full of pins.
Can any stroke of mine carry less spell
To wound his heart, sent with as great a malice?
He smiles, he smiles upon me! I will dig
Thy wanton eyes out, and supply the dark
And hollow cells with two pitch-burning tapers;
Then place thee porter in some charnel-house,
To light the coffins in.—

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. My lord.
Lor. The duke's not come already?

[2] ——— *his* counterfeit:] The word in common use among our old writers for *portrait*. Thus in the *Merchant of Venice*:
"What see I here! Fair Portia's *counterfeit*?"

Pet. Signior Florio
Desires to speak with you.
Lor. This must retire
Again into my closet. [*puts back the picture.*]—
Admit him.

Enter FLORIO.

Welcome! how does Sciarrha?
Flo. He commends
His service to your lordship, and hath sent—
Lor. His sister?
Flo. Much ado he had to effect it:
He hopes his grace will quickly sign his pardon.
Lor. It shall be done.
Flo. I have a suit, my lord.
Lor. To me?
Flo. My sister would intreat your honour,
She may be admitted privately, and that
I may have privilege to prepare her chamber:
She does retain some modesty, and would not
Trust every servant with her shame; their eyes
Are apt to instruct their tongues.
Lor. I will not see her myself.
Command what you desire.
Flo. You are gracious.
Lor. I'll give directions instantly: poor lady,
This is the duke's hot blood; but heaven convert him!
Follow me, good Florio.
Flo. I attend, my lord.
Lor. Things shall be carried honourably.
Flo. We are all bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Recorders. The Body of AMIDEA *discovered on a bed, prepared by two* Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* This is a sad employment.
2 *Gent.* The last we e'er shall do my lady.

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. So; now you may return: it will become
Your modest duties not to enquire the reason
Of this strange service, nor to publish what
You have been commanded. [*Exeunt Gentlewomen.*]
—Let me look upon
My sister now; still she retains her beauty,
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.
Thus in a morning have I oft saluted
My sister in her chamber, sate upon
Her bed, and talk'd of many harmless passages;
But now 'tis night, and a long night with her,
I ne'er shall see these curtains drawn again,
Until we meet in heaven.—The duke already!

Enter DUKE *and* LORENZO.

Duke. May I believe?
Lor. Trust me, my lord, hereafter.
Duke. Call me no more thy lord, but thy companion;
I will not wear that honour in my title,
Shall not be thine.—Who's that?
Lor. Her brother Florio.
Duke. She is abed.
Lor. The readier for your pastime.
She means to make a night on't.

Flo. This shall declare thee to posterity
The best of sisters.—What of that? and is not
A brother's life more precious than a trifle?
I prithee do not sigh: how many ladies
Would be ambitious of thy place to night,
And thank his highness? yes, and virgins too.
Duke. He pleads for me.
Lor. He will deserve some office 'bout your person.
Duke. With what words
Shall I express my joy?
Lor. I leave you, sir, to action; Florio
Is soon dismiss'd. [*Exit.*
Flo. He's come: good night—
Duke. Florio!
Flo. [*coming forward.*]—Your slave.
Duke. My friend!
Thou shalt be near our bosom.
Flo. Pleasures crown
Your expectation! [*Exit.*
Duke. All perfect; till this minute, I could never
Boast I was happy: all this world has not
A blessing to exchange: this world! 'tis heaven;
And thus I take possession of my saint:
[*Goes up to the bed.*
Asleep already? 'twere great pity to
Disturb her dream, yet if her soul be not
Tired with the body's weight, it must convey
Into her slumbers I wait here, and thus
Seal my devotion. [*Kisses.*]—What winter dwells
Upon this lip! 'twas no warm kiss; I'll try
Again—[*Kisses.*]—the snow is not so cold; I have
Drunk ice, and feel a numbness spread through [all]
My blood at once.—Ha! let me examine
A little better; Amidea! she is dead, she is dead!
What horror doth invade me?—Help, Lorenzo!
Murder! where is Lorenzo?

Re-enter LORENZO *with* PETRUCHIO.

Lor. Here, my lord.
Duke. Some traitor's hid within the chamber; see,
My Amidea's dead!
Lor. Dead! 'tis impossible, [*Goes up to the bed.*
Yet, she has a wound upon her breast.
Duke. I prithee kill me:— [*They stab him.*
Ha! wilt thou murder me, Lorenzo?—Villain!— [*to Pet.*
Oh, spare me to consider; I would live
A little longer: treason!
Lor. A little longer, say you?
It was my duty to obey you, sir.
Pet. Let's make him sure, my lord.
Lor. What would you say?—No ears but ours
Can reach his voice;—but be not tedious.
Duke. Oh, spare me; I may live, and pardon thee:
Thy prince begs mercy from thee, that did never
Deny thee any thing; pity my poor soul;
I have not pray'd.
Lor. I could have wish'd you better
Prepar'd, but let your soul e'en take his chance.
[*Stabs him again.*
Duke. No tears prevail! oh, whither must [I] wander?
Thus Cæsar fell by Brutus. I shall tell
News to the world I go to, will not be
Believ'd, Lorenzo kill'd me.
Lor. Will it not?
I'll presently put in security. [*Stabs him again.*
Duke. I am coming, Amidea, I am coming.—
For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
My blood shall fly to heaven, and there inflam'd,
Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life,

And when by some as bloody hand as thine
Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend
In flaming drops upon thee: oh, I faint!—
Thou flattering world, farewell! let princes gather
My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
Their hour of state, that's all they have; for when
That's out, Time never turns the glass agen. [*Dies.*

Lor. So!
Lay him beside his mistress; hide their faces.
The duke dismiss'd the train came with him?

Pet. He did, my lord.

Lor. Run to Sciarrha, pray him come and speak with me;
Secure his passage to this chamber: haste!—
[*Exit Pet.*
He's dead; I'll trust him now, and his ghost too;
Fools start at shadows, I'm in love with night
And her complexion.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. My lord, he's come without your summons.

Lor. Already? leave us. [*Exit Petruchio.*

Enter SCIARRHA, *and* FLORIO.

Welcome, let embraces
Chain us together.—Noble Florio, welcome:—
But I must honour thy great soul.

Sci. Where's the duke?

Lor. They are abed together.

Sci. Ha!

Lor. He's not stirring yet:
Thou kill'dst thy sister, didst not?

Sci. I preserv'd her.

Lor. So! it was bravely done.

Sci. But where's the wanton duke?

Lor Asleep, I tell you.

Sci. And he shall sleep eternally.

Lor. You cannot wake him; look you.
[*Leads Sci. up to the bed.*
Sci. Is he dead?
Lor. And in his death we two begin our life
Of greatness, and of empire; nay, he's dead.
Sci. That labour's saved.
Lor. Now I pronounce, Sciarrha,
Thy pardon, and to recompense thy loss,
The share of Florence; I'll but wear the title,
The power we'll divide.
Sci. I like this well:
You told a tale once of a commonwealth,
And liberty.
Lor. It was to gain a faction
With discontented persons, a fine trick
To make a buz of reformation.
My ends are compass'd; hang the ribble rabble!
Sci. Shall we sweat for the people? lose our breath
To get their fame?
Lor. I'll have it given out
The duke did kill thy sister.—
Sci. Excellent!
Lor. Having first ravish'd her: he cannot be
Too hateful; it will dull the examination
Of his own death; or, if that come to question—
Sci. What if I say, I kill'd him in revenge
Of Amidea? they will pity me;
Beside, it will be in your power to pardon
Me altogether.
Lor. Most discreetly thought on.
Sci. The devil will not leave us o' the sudden.
Lor. Rare wit!—
How hastily he climbs the precipice,
From whence one fillip topples him to ruin. [*Aside.*
We two shall live like brothers.
Sci. Stay; we two?—
Now I consider better, I have no mind

To live at all—and you shall not—
I'll give you proof; if you but make a noise,
You gallop to the devil.

Lor. I'm betray'd.

Sci. To death inevitable.—Brother, be you
Spectator only.

Lor. This is somewhat noble.

Sci. Thank me not, Lorenzo; I will not engage
His innocence to blood.—Thy hands are white,
Preserve them, Florio, and unless my arm
Grow feeble, do not interpose thy sword,
I charge thee.

Lor. None to assist me? help, Petruchio! help!
[*They fight.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and offers to run at Sciarrha, but is intercepted by Florio. He runs out, crying* Help! *Florio makes fast the door.*

Stretch thy jaws wider, villain! cry out Murder!
Treason! any thing; hold—oh!

Sci. Will you not fall, Colossus?
[*Lor. falls, and dies.*

Flo. Are not you hurt?

Sci. I know not. Ha? yes, he has prick'd me somewhere,
But I'll make sure of him; [*stabs him again.*]—Now must I follow:
I'll fight with him in the t'other world—thy hand,
Florio; farewell. [*Dies.*

Flo. He's dead too? 'tis in vain for me to fly.
[*Within.*] Break ope the doors!

Flo. You shall not need. [*Opens the door.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, *with* COSMO, ALONZO, FREDERICO, *and Guard.*

Alon. Disarm him.

Cos. Lorenzo and Sciarrha slain?
Alon. Where is the duke?
Pet. Look here, my lords.
Alon. What traitor?
Fred. See, Amidea murder'd too.
Cos. I tremble; here is a heap of tragedies.
Alon. We must have an account from Florio.
Flo. He can inform you best, that brought you hither.
Alon. Lay hands upon Petruchio! disarm him!
Cos. What blood is that upon his sword? 'tis fresh.
Pet. I'm caught.
Cos. To tortures with him.
Pet. Spare your fury; know
'Twas the best blood in Florence: I must quit
Young Florio; Lorenzo, and myself,
Are only guilty of the prince's death.
Alon. Inhuman traitors!
Cos. But who kill'd Amidea?
Flo. The duke's lust:
There was no other way to save her honour;
My brother has reveng'd it here, but fate
Denied him triumph.
Alon. I never heard
Such killing stories; but 'tis meet we first
Settle the state.—Cosmo, you are the next
Of blood to challenge Florence.
Cos. Pray defer
That till the morning. Drag that murderer
To prison.—Florio, you must not expect
Your liberty, till all things be examin'd.—
Lorenzo, now I am above thy malice,
And will make satisfaction to Oriana.—
'Tis a sad night, my lords; by these you see
There is no stay in proud mortality. [*Exeunt.*

LOVE'S CRUELTY.

LOVE'S CRUELTY.] This Tragedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, Nov. 14, 1631, and printed in 1640. As Langbaine has observed, that part of the first scene of the fourth act, where Bellamente endeavours to conceal Clariana's incontinence from his servant, by shutting Hippolito in the closet, is borrowed from queen Margaret's *Nouvels*, or the *Heccatomithi* of Cynthio.

The title of the 4to. is, *Love's Crueltie, a Tragedy, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury-lane. Written by James Shirley, Gent.*

This was among the plays revived at the Restoration.

TO THE

HOPEFUL PAIR OF NOBLE BROTHERS,

CORNET GEORGE PORTER,

AND

MASTER CHARLES PORTER.

THE knowledge of your growing virtues hath begot in all men love, in me admiration; and a desire to deserve the manifold obligations I have to the true example of worth, captain Endymion Porter, instructed me to this presentation of my devoted respects to your noble selves, the true ideas of his virtues. You are so equal in all the attributes of goodness, that it were a difficult endeavour for me to distinguish between your perfections. Only, noble captain, that priority which your birth has allowed you, engages me in the first place to tender my service to yourself, which I imagined could not have been really accomplished, had I not joined your brother in this act of my gratitude to you. Accept therefore, heroic pair of brothers, this tender of his best devotions to you, who has no greater ambition than to be esteemed

the true Servant of both your virtues,

W. A.[1]

[1] Of W. A., the person who gave *Love's Cruelty* to the press, I can say nothing. The two youths to whom the play is dedicated, were probably the grandsons of the well known Endymion Porter, (the friend of Jonson and of Milton), and the sons of the author's patron, captain Endymion Porter. The cornet (the eldest) is, perhaps, that major-general (afterwards lieutenant-general) who fought so bravely for his sovereign at Marston Moor, where he was taken prisoner; and who appeared in arms for him again at Langport, with the same ill fortune. Charles was also a soldier; but whether his gallantry was always so legitimately exercised, I cannot undertake to say. He was brought before "His Highness" in 1645, for wounding a soldier in Covent Garden; nor was this his first offence, it seems, for he had previously obtained forcible possession of a lady. There was a third, of the name, implicated in the plot against Oliver; but I am unwilling to add to a detail of which so much is uncertain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

Duke of Ferrara.
Bellamente, *a noble gentleman.*
Bovaldo,[2] *an old courtier.*
Hippolito, *his son, an attendant on the duke.*
Sebastian, *a private gentleman, ennobled by the duke.*
Page to Hippolito.
Groom to Hippolito.
Courtiers
Servant to Bellamente.
Fiddler.
Juggler.
Drawer.
Servants.

Clariana, *mistress, and afterwards wife, of* Bellamente.
Eubella, *daughter of* Sebastian.
Milena, Clariana's *maid.*

SCENE, Ferrara.

[1] The old copy has no list of Persons: the above has been made out in the usual mode, for the sake of uniformity.
[2] He is frequently called *Bonaldo.*

LOVE'S CRUELTY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Clariana's *House.*

Enter Bellamente *and* Clariana.

Cla. You shall not go, indeed you shall not.
Bel. Lady.
Cla. Unless the fault of your poor entertainment—
Bel. Nay, now you trespass, and dishonour me
With a suspicion that I can be so
Unjust, as not to acknowledge, you have made
A free and liberal welcome—but excuse.
Cla. Love shall supply what else hath been defective,
To express my thanks for your kind visit.
Bel. 'Tis
Business that now [doth] ravish me away:
By this white hand, which but to kiss, would tempt me
To dwell an age here, I must wait upon
The duke.
Cla. Why, so you may.
Bel. 'Tis now my time.
Cla. You are not tied to such a strict observance,
That half an hour can prejudice you; come,
I know you may dispense with duty so much.

Bel. You may command!
Cla. Not any thing that shall
Reflect injurious to yourself.
Bel. I know
You have more charity.
Cla. If there be other
Cause, that concerns your honour, or your fortune,
Trust me, I would not by a minute's stay
Be guilty of your wrong; and yet methinks,
If there were any thing, you might tell me;
There's not a thought, that I dare keep from you,
No sigh but you may know from whence it breaks,
I have not had a tear, but you have search'd
The very spring; come, is't some other friend?
Bel. O, do not so far wound your servant, madam,
To think my heart can allow any time
For the imagination of another
Woman. Did all the goodness of the sex
Conspire in one, without you, I should love
My first election, and be blest to write
All my devotion here. [*kisses her.*]—If, by the title
Of *friend*, you understand a man, there is
But one in the whole world I dare call friend,
And I am confident it would trouble me
As much to find a cause that would offend him,
As to be guilty of the sin.
Cla. Hippolito?
Bel. If he expected me a day, the crime
Were easily purg'd; I can presume on him.
Cla. This is but little of that character
I have heard your tongue deliver; if his love
Be what you often have proclaim'd, trust me
He is a treasure.
Bel. Such as both the Indies
Shall not buy from me.
Cla. What thing's rare in him
'Bove other friends?

Bel. His love, his love, Clariana.
Cla. That may be found in many.
Bel. But not so rich, of so exact a nature,
All other is but drossy.
Cla. He will venture
His life to advance your cause?
Bel. He has done't often;
But that is not the thing for which I bosom
Hippolito; I can return full weight
Of blood for his, engage myself to dangers
As high and horrid as he can for me;
But every daring fellow in the street
Can draw a sword, and will for his gay honour,
Which sways him more than his religion,
I' the field maintain a good or impious quarrel:
But he is such a one to me, the name
Of friend's too narrow for him, and I want
A word that carries more divinity,
To express his love.
Cla. You are not nice to extol him;
What has he done?
Bel. An act above all friendship
That yet had story, 'bove all recompense;
I am not capable of a cause, to quit
His unexampled virtue.
Cla. This is strange.
Bel. You will acknowledge, when you hear it, and
It does concern you somewhat.
Cla. Me! pray let not
My ignorance make me so unhappy, not
To give my thanks if he hath aim'd a part
Of courtesy to me: what is't?
Bel. He dares not see thee.
Cla. Dares not see me! why,
Am I so terrible? does he fear I shall
Transform him? Sure Minerva never dress'd
My hairs, he should imagine I present
Medusa to him. Dares not see me! I

Shoot no infection, nor breathe any mist
That shall corrupt him ; what's his reason, pray?
Bel. Because I love thee. I have courted him,
As some would do their mistress, but to be
Companion of one visit, and his love
Would not permit him.
Cla. Not to see your friend?
Bel. He loves me so well, that he dares not trust
His frailty with thy sight, whom I have so
Commended, least, before our marriage,
Something should share in his affection,
Which he hath studied to preserve entire
For me ; he will not trust his eyes with any
Beauty I love, least they should stray with too much
License, and by degrees corrupt his faith.
He knows not what may thieve upon his senses,
Or what temptation may rise from him,
To undo us all.
Cla. A rare and noble friendship!
Bel. Is't not, Clariana?
Cla. He need not fear I shall
Commit a rape upon his friendship, and
A love so just and perfect as his, cannot,
With one sight of a woman, arm'd with more
Beauty than mine, be violated.—
He dares not trust his frailty! he has faults,
Belike, though he be such a miracle
In friendship : pray enjoy him, and by no means
Tempt his soft nature to a crime so great
As seeing me ; it shall suffice, my love's
To thee inviolable, and what opinion,
For your sake, I may modestly allow
The man I never saw, because your friend,
Be confident he has it.
Bel. Thou'rt all sweetness;
But I forget my attendance on the duke.
Now you allow my absence, virtuous thoughts
Stream in your bosom.

Cla. Not one kiss at parting?

Bel. Let one speak the devotion of your servant,
That would, but dares not, stay to print a thousand.
[*Kisses her; exit.*

Cla. Milena.

Enter MILENA.

Mil. Madam.

Cla. Is Bellamente gone?

Mil. Yes, madam.

Cla. I must see this strange friend. [*aside.*]—
Bid [them] make ready
The caroch, and do [you] attend—

Mil. I shall. [*Exit.*

Cla. Dares not trust his frailty with a woman!
a fine fellow! [*Exit*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter HIPPOLITO, *and a* Courtier.

Hip. Eubella come to court?

Cour. This morning, sir,
And much graced by the duke; Sebastian,
Her father, made a knight.

Hip. A knight? Why, much good do it him, he's a gentleman may deserve it for his daughter's sake. The duke has the advantage, he is able to make great men; there is no band to a round pension per annum, or the severe brow of authority, promotion will turn the stomach, we under-sinners of the commonwealth have nothing but our good parts to procure for us. She is like to become game royal then?

Cour. The duke pretends she shall be in some place near the duchess.

Hip. In some near place with the duke, when the duchess is in another bed, and never dreams on't; she may in time be a gamester, in the mean time the duke will play at cards with her, and if he chance turn up a coat, the honour shall be her's, and a stock, perhaps, to set up the precious sin withal. Is she not yet ladified?

Cour. She is in the way to rise.

Hip. Thou art mistaken, she is in the way to fall; a handsome gentlewoman, and new come to court,—in the high way to fall too, if any thing will do it, the duke has taken a course to take in her maiden town.

Cour. Did not you love her?

Hip. No, faith, I cannot properly say I did ever love her; she was too honest; if she have pray'd since, she has been sorry for loving me so well;—she was too wise to be a whore, and I was not so much a fool to marry, till my time were come.

Cour What time?

Hip. Why, the fall of the leaf; when my summer is over, the dog-days may do much with me; marry before one-and-thirty? a solecism: 'tis more honourable to be a pip out, than stand at a single game,[1] 'tis neither courtly nor fashionable.—And what's become of her wise brother?

Cour. He cannot do amiss in the general advancement; if his father and sister rise—

Hip. He must needs shew a high forehead; 'tis such a dog in a wheel, he'll never become a doublet

[1] *'Tis more honourable to be a pip out, than stand at a single* game,] All the allusions are taken from the game of *One-and-thirty*. 'Tis better to hazard being thrown out, by calling for more cards, than to stand on a weak (this is the meaning of *single*) hand; in other words—not to marry at all, rather than marry too soon.

in fashion ; he talks as if he had read poetry out of almanacks, and makes a leg like a farmer ; I wonder who begot him ?

Cour. His father.

Hip. What father ? It had been a question, had his mother been a courtier, and not lived and died honest in the country. They that look upon him, and his sister, would never think [the] two, (Pollux and Helena,) twins, in the same egg ; yet she may be a good hen hereafter and lay ; but an he be not addled, he is wiser than his nurse took him for.

Cour. Will you not see them ?

Hip. Where are they?

Cour. In the garden, where the duke hath been this half hour in private discourse with her.

Hip. No, I'll back again ; I have not eaten today, and I dare not look upon an honest woman fasting, 'tis ominous, and we have too many fish-days already. If the duke ask for me, make some excuse. [*Going.*

Cour. I owe my preferment to you, and you may challenge my services.

Enter BELLAMENTE.

Bel. Friend, whither in such haste ?

Hip. If thou lov'st me, interrupt me not, I dare not stay, there are new things at court, and I have not provided a compliment yet ; I'll see thee anon. [*Exit.*

Bel. Farewell.—

Wild as the wind ! some crotchet has possess'd him,
And he is fix'd to follow't ; he but wants
A little pruning, and no courtier
Could grow up more accomplish'd : I could wish him
An ounce or two of snow to qualify

Some fury in his blood; were there no women,
He would be a brave man; but why do I
Trouble myself, that am secure?—The duke.

Enter the Duke, *leading in* Eubella, *followed by* Sebastian, Bovaldo, *and* Courtiers.

Duke. You are too modest.
Eub. That was not wont to be a vice, my lord;
Or, if it be too homely for the court,
And out of fashion, with your highness' pardon
I shall be welcome with it, to the place
I came from.
Seb. Hold that constant, my Eubella.
Duke. Will you still be ignorant?
Bov. Is not that your daughter?
Seb. She was.
Bov. Has she found
Another father?
Seb. She has found a misery.
Bov. Let them tell the marks that lost it, and take it again
By my consent.
Duke. Bellamente.
Bel. My lord.
Duke. Is she not an excellent creature? were't not pity
That so much beauty should be cast away
Upon a thankless woman.
Bel. How, sir?
Duke. That will not use it to her best advantage.
I have been courting this hour for a smile.
Bel. I like not this. [*Aside to Seb.*
Seb. Nor I.
Bel. I cannot but
Congratulate your good fortune.
Seb. Do not, do not;
You ever have been held an honest man,

Pray, do not mock me, it has pleased his grace
To give me a new name; a riband in my forehead.

Bov. Sebastian's a fore-horse; but would I were to be the duke's taster! [*Aside.*

Seb. But there's a price too great set for the honour,
That is my daughter, sir, and though I say't,
She is yet a virgin; would you part with such
A child to buy a knighthood? bribe at such
Expense for a poor title?

Bel. 'Tis dark language,
I dare not understand you; but you may
Mistake the duke.

Seb. I would I did; the way
To be assured is to ask the question.—
Sir.—

Duke. Sebastian,
You have put us well in mind, we have forgot;
You have too little testimony of our favour,
You shall be captain of our guard.

Bov. How's that? the duke does love her, I hope not honestly, she was not born to be a duchess.—I have it.—Heaven forgive us, the duke means to make her own father the pander, 'tis so, he does not use to give such offices for nothing. Well, go thy ways for a princely ferret, she cannot hold out upon these terms.

Seb. I know not what to say; but do you think
She shall be safe here? is the court a sanctuary
For virgins?

Bov. 'Twere better you were both pickled.

Seb. It depends upon the prince's
Chastity, whose example builds up virtue,
Or makes iniquity a trade.

Duke. Why should you
Be such an enemy to yourself? Come, fair one,
Think who it is that courts you, he that may
Command—

Eub. My life, but not my honour.

Duke. Your honour? why, I offer in exchange
A thousand.

Eub. But not all of value, to
Repurchase mine, when I have sold it to
Your wantonness. Remember, sir, how much
You may, by one black deed, make forfeit of
Your precious eternity.

Duke. No doctrines.

Eub. Warrant not so much ill by your example
To those that live beneath you; if you suffer
That sordid vice reign in your blood, who shall not
Be afraid to live with virtue?

Duke. Let a kiss
Correct this unkind language.

Bov. I want patience to see any man kiss a handsome gentlewoman, and when my own lips cannot use their own privilege. I prophesy what will become of her, for all her modesty; but dare stay no longer the sight of so much temptation. [*Exit.*

Seb. Why should any
Promotion charm my honest tongue? I'd rather
Plough my own acres with my innocence,
Than have my name advanc'd by poison'd honour.
He must not whore my daughter.

Bel. I commend
Your noble soul; but be advis'd how you
Express your trouble; grief, while it is dumb,
Doth fret within, but when we give our thoughts
Articulate sound, we must distinguish hearers.
Princes are dangerous, and carry death
Upon their tongue. I wish you well, and speak
My friendly counsel—'las, poor gentleman.

Duke. Come, you must wear this jewel; I have done,
But you must live at court.

Eub. You will be just

To your own honour, and not give me cause
To curse your entertainment?

Duke. You are too scrupulous.

Seb. Great sir—

Duke. Give order for his patent to be drawn,
We will create him lord.—No honour can
Reward your merit, and the title will
Become the father of this excellent maid.

1 *Cour.* His mouth is stopp'd again.

2 *Cour.* Lord? what does the duke mean?

3 *Cour.* No harm to the gentlewoman.

2 *Cour.* If these will not purchase the old man's consent to leave his daughter to his highness' mercy, (for he rises that she may be humbled,) there are other courses to be thought on. Sebastian has been a soldier: there are quarrels now in the world, and christian wars; he were a fit man for a general; when he's abroad, the siege at home will not be so desperate.

1 *Cour.* She must be the court star.

2 *Cour.* Do not you blaze it abroad neither; I do not think his grace will acquaint his council with such a cause.

3 *Cour.* The old man, for aught I see, has no stomach to it.

Duke. Where's Hippolito?

1 *Cour.* I saw him this morning.

Duke. He is an active courtier, practis'd in
These amorous paths; we'll try his skill to win
Her to our close embrace; command him presently
Wait on us, Bellamente.

Seb. [*to Bellamente.*]—We hear you are to be married.

[*Sebastian walks aside with Eubella.*

Eub. I'll tell you more hereafter.
I do not like the court, and yet I have
His royal word no force shall touch my chastity.

Seb. Be resolute for thy honour, I weigh not

The titles he would heap; remember, girl,
Thy mother's virtue; since thy birth, though noble,
Cannot expect his courtship for thyself,
Scorn to be call'd a lady for his pleasure.

Re-enter BOVALDO.

Duke. Signior Bovaldo, where's your son?

Bov. So please your highness, he's not in the court, unless he be in some o' the lobbies; I could not examine all.—Ha! 'tis come about, and the father, I'll lay my life, is laying the law to her. Why was not I a duke? I have as many titilations, though I be the elder huntsman. [*Aside.*

Duke. You would not thank us for
A law, that none about our court should marry ere
We chose a wife ourself?

Bel. Your grace is pleasant.

Duke. Tell me, what [thou] hast heard of that Eubella?

Bel. A very noble character.

Duke. What do you call noble?

Bel. She's chaste and virtuous.

Duke. A virtuous folly, but we let her cool
Too much.—Eubella!

Seb. I know not, still I fear her innocence
Is not enough to guard her, if the duke
Pursue her viciously; what is a virgin
Against so many flattering temptations?

Duke. Come, fairest.

Seb. I would you would be pleas'd, my lord—

Duke. I am infinitely pleas'd with that rare modesty
Sits on this cheek, and with thyself, whom we
Have not yet graced sufficiently; our state
Doth want such able, honest men, and we
Admit you to our high and secret counsels;

I prophesy the dukedom shall owe much to
Your care, and grave directions.

[*Exeunt all but Sebastian and Bovaldo.*

Bov. Hey-day! a privy counsellor too! we are like to have a fine smock-age on't; virgins will be virgins, if the duke hold this humour, and at such price forestall the market,—a widow will be excellent meat again; he's melancholy.

Seb. Shall I be choak'd with honours, and not speak?
Where is my courage? shall a few gay titles
Corrupt a father?—Bovaldo, thou art reported a
Good fellow.

Bov. Would you were as right, for your own sake!

Seb. Is there no trick to give a man a spirit?
I would be valiant; I dare not talk.

Bov. If you have a mind to quarrel, drink.

Seb. Well thought on, that shall arm me against all
His flattery: shall we to a tavern?

Bov. I'll bear you company.

Seb. It shall be so; the court's too open.
You shall command Sebastian.

Bov. My lord—

Seb. No titles;
I'll thither, to forget them, and drink myself
Into a heat above his conjuration;
If there be a spirit in wine I'll swallow it.
How is man fallen, that, to preserve his name,
And defend innocence, must fly to shame!

Bov. I'll lead you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Hippolito's *Lodgings.*

Enter Hippolito *and a* Fencer.

Hip. Come on, sir. [*Practises with his sword.*

Fen. Pretty well, I protest, la, keep your guard now, sir.

Hip. What do you think on't? I shall never hit your subtle body. [*Makes a thrust at him.*

Fen. A very dexterous proffer; bring it home; ever while you live, bring your weapon home.

Hip. Again, sir.

Fen. But you do not hit me the neat school way; I won't give a rush to be kill'd out of the school-way; you must falsify, thus. [*They fence.*

Hip. How now, man?

Fen. Pretty well, let us breathe.

Enter Page, *and whispers* Hippolito.

Hip. A gentlewoman?

Page. That has woo'd me, sir, if it were possible. to see you first at some distance.

Hip. Is she handsome?

Page. I am no competent judge of beauty, but if you will have my verdict, she is guilty of a good face.

Hip. I'll trouble you no more; I thank you for this exercise.

Fen. The t'other bout.

Page. Faces about,[1] good master fencer, my

[1] *Faces about,*] See Jonson, vol. i. p. 63.

master has some business; you and I will try a venue below.[2]

Fen. I would have another thrust, I protest.

Page. Not down stairs? What if my master desire to try his skill with some body else? [*Exit.*

Enter CLARIANA.

Hip. What means the gentlewoman? [*aside.*]—I am not to be bought, lady.

Cla. [*walking round, and examining him.*]—If you were,
I have not wealth enough to purchase you.

Hip. Do not overvalue me, neither.

Cla. I would I had not seen him. [*Aside.*

Hip. Have you business with me, lady?—Expect me in the next room. [*Exit Fencer.*

Cla. I came, sir, but to see you.

Hip. To see how I do; why, I thank you; you are pretty, and I am well; what, an they were both put together?

Cla. You may accuse my modesty, that thus rudely—

Hip. Nay, lady, you cannot offend me that way: I can be as rude as you.

Cla. What shall I say?—Do you know me, sir?

Hip. No, good faith, not I; but I shall desire to know you any way you please.

Cla. Did you never see me?

Hip. See you? you have a beauty would challenge a remembrance, but sure I was not so happy till this minute.

Cla. You are a courtier, and can flatter.

Hip. And such beauty was made to be flattered.

[2] *You and I will try a* venue *below.*] i. e. a *bout*; the old copy reads, *try a vein.*

Cla. 'Tis a sign it carries not merit enough along to justify it; but 'tis as it is, I cannot help it; yet I could paint, if I list.

Hip. The more excellent; I do not love your artificial faces, give me one that dares blush, and have but her own colour for't. Here's a cheek hath both cream and strawberries in't, a lip with cherries that say, come eat me. [*Kisses her.*

Cla. You are very bold.

Hip. Not so bold as you are welcome; you say you came to see me, and I would satisfy more than one of your senses. I do not know your name.

Cla. What would you do with it, if I told you?

Hip. Lay it up, precious to memory, and open it as a relic for men to do it reverence at my crowned table; drink a health to the excellent owner, and call it my everlasting Valentine.

Cla. You would not?

Hip. By this kiss but I would. [*Kisses her.*

Cla. No swearing.

Hip. I cannot take too deep an oath in such brisk claret. Say, shall I know it, lady?

Cla. Excuse me, sir. I would not have my name be the toast for every cup of sack you drink; you wild gallants have no mercy upon gentlewomen, when you are warm i' the Canaries.

Hip. Why, conceal it. I am not in love with a name, and yet I have a grudging, a suspicion, that you have pawn'd or lost it.

Cla. What?

Hip. Your good name; but let it go, I can tarry till you recover it. I have a bed within, lady, and a couch.

Cla. What to do?

Hip. Nothing but to laugh and lie down.

Cla. You are very merry, sir.—I do like him

infinitely. [*aside.*]—I came for no such purpose; I am not so weary but I can walk.

Hip. There is a gallery to walk after.

Cla. I find it true, what you are reported.

Hip. Leave this impertinency, and resolve me again, what you came hither for.

Cla. If you will have the truth, I heard you had a wit, and a tall one, and I came hither—

Hip. To take it down.

Cla. To try the keenness; I confess it has a pretty edge on't, not altogether so sharp as a razor.

Hip. Very good.—I shall love this periwinkle. [*Aside.*

Cla. They say you love women too.

Hip. So they say; but dare not lie with them.

Cla. I do not believe you can love any woman truly, that love so many.

Hip. Belike you hold some intelligence in my affairs, and have a catalogue of all my gennets. I think there be some women in the world that wish me well, and shall not I love them again? the misery on't is, I have never a mistress.

Cla. Do you not confess many?

Hip. Women, I grant, some moveables, trimmings for a chamber, things that serve the turn, but never a mistress, one that I would love and honour above all, my lady paramount, and superintendent Lindabrides; and such an empress would thou wert!

Re-enter Page.

Page. Sir, one from the duke.

Hip. The duke!—Lady, I'll wait upon you presently.

Cla. I dare not name his friend, nor who I am. All is not well within me. [*Aside.*

Hip. Say I attend his grace immediately.—

[*exit Page.*] — Lady, pardon my former rude trespasses: how unwelcome the cause is that must divorce me from your sweet company I can only imagine; but if you dare be so gracious, having already so much honoured me, to entertain the time of my absence in that gallery, where some pictures may help away the time, you will oblige in the highest degree your servant. As I am a gentleman I will return instantly, and acknowledge the infinite favours.

Cla. The worst is past already,
And I am desperately engaged. [*Aside.*] I have not yet
Express'd the business, sir, that brought me hither:
Confident of your nobleness, I will
Expect awhile. Pray send my servant to me.
Good fortune with you! [*Exit.*

Hip. I must not lose her yet.—
Lady, with your pardon, you shall keep possession awhile, this key will secure you till my return.—I hope it will be a fashion shortly for gentlewomen to come home and take their tribute; it will be some relief to our laundresses. Venus grant me a speedy return, and she scapes me very hard if she have not her come again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, BELLAMENTE, EUBELLA, *and* Courtiers.

Duke. Yet, lady, have you chang'd your resolution?
May I now hope to be admitted?

Eub. Whither?

Duke. To your embraces.

Eub. Sir, I dare not tell you

What I would say; I would some other man
Might plead your argument; I should be plain,
And bolder in my answer: in your person
There's something makes me fearful to express
What is behind, another in your name
Would more encourage me to speak.

Duke. I'm glad
I have provided for your modesty.—
I wonder he is so tedious. [*Aside.*

Enter HIPPOLITO; *the Duke takes him aside.*

Eub. Whither will these libidinous flames of men
Pursue poor virgins? Does a general fever
Possess their blood? Who shall protect the chaste?

Hip. When would you have me do it?

Duke. Now she is in presence.

Hip. I am not so well
Fortified as I may be an hour hence.

Duke. It must not be delayed; I will prepare her.

Hip. I am undone; the poor gentlewoman will be in purgatory when she finds I have locked her up, and how to release her I know not: no trick, no device? [*Aside.*]—Bellamente, prithee, friend, go to my lodging, and with this key release a gentlewoman, that expects my return; the duke has put a scurvy business upon me: kiss her hand for me, and excuse my stay, wilt? tell her, hereafter I hope we shall meet and not be distracted, my honour is in pawn.

Bel. You dare trust me with your tame fowl, belike; for once, because there is necessity, I'll take some compassion on your pigeons; yet you refused to see my mistress, do you remember?

Hip. No quittance now.

Duke. This is the man, lady. Do you start already?—Win her to the game. [*Aside to Hip.*

Hip. I'll do what I can; I may have better luck for you than for myself; give us opportunity.

[*Exit Duke.*

Eub. Has the duke pointed him to be his orator?

Hip. Lady, I bring you news, which you must welcome;
And give me thanks for.

Eub. If they be worthy.

Hip. The duke loves you.

Eub. Do you know, sir, what you say?

Hip. I am not drunk; the duke, I say, does love you.

Eub. Oh, do not use that modest name of love
To apparel sin; I know you meant to tell me
The duke pursues me with hot lust.

Hip. You are a fool:—you understand his meaning; will you be wise, and meet it? such favours are not offered to every body; I have known as handsome a lady as you, would have given all the world, and herself too, for a bribe to any man that would have procured her but a kiss; nay, as honest women, no dispraise, have longed for't, and it was mercy in his highness to save the child's nose. You have the whole treasure presented to you; Jupiter in a golden shower, falling into your lap, entreats to be accepted. Come, you must receive him.

Eub. Whom?

Hip. The duke.

Eub. With all the duty of a servant.

Hip. That's well said.

Eub. If he bring virtuous thoughts along with him.

Hip. Bring a fiddlestick; come, you do not know what it is to be a duke's mistress, to enjoy the pleasures of the court, to have all heads bare, all knees bow to you, every door fly open as you tread; with your breath to raise this gentleman, pull down that lord, and new-mould the t'other

lady; wear upon a tire the wealth of a province, have all the fashions brought first to you, all courtiers sue to you, tilts and tournaments for you; to have the air you live in, nay, your very breath, perfum'd, the pavement you tread upon, kiss'd, nay, your dog, or monkey, not saluted without an officious leg, and some title of reverence. Are you melancholy? a masque is prepared, and music to charm Orpheus himself into a stone; numbers presented to your ear that shall speak the soul of the immortal English Jonson; a scene to take your eye with wonder, now to see a forest move, and the pride of summer brought into a walking wood; in the instant, as if the sea had swallowed up the earth, to see waves capering about tall ships, Arion upon a rock, playing to the dolphins, the tritons calling up the sea nymphs, to dance before you: in the height of this rapture, a tempest so artificial and sudden in the clouds, with a general darkness and thunder, so seeming made to threaten, that you would cry out with the mariners in the work, you cannot 'scape drowning: in the turning of an eye, these waters vanish into a heaven; glorious and angelical shapes presented, the stars distinctly with their motion and music so enchanting you, that you would wish to be drowned indeed, to dwell in such a happiness.

Eub. Fine painted blessings!

Hip. Will you feast? the water shall be summoned to bring in her finny and shell inhabitants, the air shall be unpeopled, and the birds come singing to their sacrifice; banquets shall spread like wildernesses, and present more variety than men can possibly take in surfeits. Are you sick? all the court shall take physic for you; if but your finger ache, the lords shall put on night-caps, and happiest that courtier that can first betray how much he suffers with you Doth not this palace

please? the court removes to-morrow: doth the situation distaste? new palaces [3] are built, and pyramids to put down the Egyptians. Will you hunt to day? the game is provided and taught new [ways] to delight you: will you take the pleasure of the river? the barge attends, music and the mermaids go along, swans die along the shores, and sing their own dirges. Will you spend? the exchequer is your's, all honour and offices your's, and, which is the crown of all, the duke himself is your's, whose ambition shall be to make those pleasures lasting, and every day create new ones to delight his mistress.

Eub. And yet I think you would not give away
Your right hand for all these, much less present
A poniard to your heart, and stab yourself.

Hip. I think I should not.

Eub. And would you tempt me to do worse?

Hip. Worse?

Eub. To sell my honour basely for these vanities?

Hip. Vanities?

Eub. Mere trifles.

Hip. An you go to that, lady, that which you part withal for all these pleasures, is but a trifle.

Eub. What?

Hip. Your maidenhead? where is it? who ever saw it? Is it a thing in nature? what marks has it? many have been lost you'll say; who ever found them? and could say and justify, this is such or such a woman's maidenhead? A mere fiction; and yet you think you have such a jewel on't.

Eub. You cannot be so ignorant as you seem.

Hip. I tell you what I think.

Eub. Is chastity and innocence no treasure?

[3] *New* palaces *are built,*] The old copy reads "new *places.*" Just below we have *news* for *new* ways, or some similar expression.

Are holy thoughts and virgin purity
Of so small value? where is your religion?
Were we created men and women to
Have a command and empire o'er the creatures,
And shall we lose our privilege, our charter,
And wilfully degrade ourselves of reason
And piety, to live like beasts, nay, be such?
For what name else can we allow ourselves?
Hath it been held in every age a virtue
Rather to suffer death than stain our honour?
Does every sin strike at the soul and wound it,
And shall not this, so foul, as modesty
Allows no name, affright us? Can the duke,
Whose wicked cause you plead, with justice punish
Those by his laws that in this kind offend,
And can he think me innocent, or himself,
When he has played the foul adulterer?
Princes are gods on earth, and as their virtues
Do shine more exemplary to the world,
So, they strike more immediately at heaven,
When they offend.

Hip. I did not trouble you with this divinity.

Eub. I see you are a gentleman he favours,
Be worthy of his trust, and counsel him
To better ways; his shame is your dishonour,
For every good man suffers with his prince.
Put him in memory of the holy vow,
When he received his sceptre—
He promised then protection to the innocent.
Tell him the punishment in store for lust;
This were an angel's office.

Hip. But I'll not do it for an hundred angels, thank you as much as though I did; that were the trick of a wise courtier: tell the prince of his faults!

Eub. If he have but the seeds of goodness in him
He'll take it well.

Hip. He shall do, when I take it upon me; I am

not weary o' my place: thou wouldst make a very fine court surgeon—well, do you hear? you will not do this feat for the duke, then?

Eub. I dare not.

Hip. You will not, you are resolved, for his sake, why then prithee do it for mine; you told me once you loved me, I'll take it as a courtesy.

Eub. I never loved your vicious ways.

Hip. My ways! they shall not trouble you, I'll take my own course, meet him but to night for my sake, and twine with him.

Eub. I'll sooner meet with a disease, with death.
You are ignoble; do you urge it as
An argument of my respect to you,
To sin against my love?

Hip. I shall do no good upon her. [*aside.*]—
Were I the duke, you should find other usage.

Eub. A tyrant might do any thing.

Re enter Duke.

Duke. How now? is she moist and supple?
Will she stoop to the impression?

Hip. I told you, sir, I was not arm'd to the purpose; you took me unprovided: at the next bout I may do somewhat, in the mean time let me counsel you, to let her feed high, she'll never fall low enough else; she must be dieted, if you let her pick her sallets, you may fast another Lent, and all our pains be not worth an egg at Easter.

Duke Come, cruel fair one, we may take the air together. [*Exeunt Duke and Eubella.*

Hip. So, so, am discharged; now to my guest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Hippolito's *Lodgings.*

Enter CLARIANA.

Cla. Not yet return'd? I shall expect too long.
He is a handsome gentleman and witty;
I must not always walk in clouds, his friend
Must bring us more acquainted; I do love him.
Not yet? his business has much force upon him.—

Enter MILENA.

Mil. Madam, the doors are lock'd.
Cla. What should this mean?
He knows me not, I cannot fear betraying.

Enter BELLAMENTE *behind.*

Bel. Now for this ladybird. Ha!
Mil. Madam, 'tis Bellamente!
Cla. Cupid defend, wench; ha!
Bel. Sure 'tis a dream.
Cla. All is at stake, I must be confident.—
How does my servant?
Bel. I am wondering.
Cla. To see me here, I warrant.
Bel. Is not your name Clariana?
Cla. Yes.
Bel. 'Tis not, sure;
You are some other lady, without a name,
Whom our friend made a prisoner to his chamber,
And, 'cause his business with the duke detains him,
Sent me to kiss your hand, and disengage you.
Cla. Will you not know me then?
Bel. Yes, now I look better on you, you're Clariana,

To whom Bellamente hath devoted all
His loving honest service; she that gave me
Vows in exchange of mine, if my eyes be not
Unfaithful, and delude me.
Cla. Come, I'll take
Your wonder off.
Bel. Take it all off together; I have not done
My admiration; have I not mistook
My way, and fallen upon some other lodging?
Is this your dwelling, madam?
Cla. No.
Bel. His name,
I pray, you call the owner?
Cla. 'Tis [Hippolito]
Bel. 'Tis so, and I am miserable. False Clariana;—
O, whither is the faith of women fled!
Cla. You'll hear me, sir?
Bel. Was't not Hippolito,
Whom I so often did entreat to see her,
My friend Hippolito? he would not go with me
To her, that were too public; he had plots,
And private meetings: lady, he has seen you now,
And knows you too,—
And how do you like him, lady? does he not
Career it handsomely, in the devil's saddle?
My soul's upon a torture.
Cla. You'll hear me, sir?
Bel. I must be mad; come, tell me.
Why do not I kill thee now?
Cla. 'Tis in your power
To be a murderer, but if you knew—
Bel. I know too much; but I'll begin with him.
Cla. What do you mean?
Bel. To write upon his heart he has abused me.
I, like a tame fool, must extol his friendship!
But never, for his sake, will I trust man
Nor woman. You have forfeited your souls,

There's not a grain of faith nor honesty
In all your sex: you have tongues like the hyena,
And only speak us fair to ruin us;
You carry springs within your eyes, and can
Outweep the crocodile, till our too much pity
Betray us to your merciless devouring.

Cla. When you are temperate enough to hear
The cause that brought me hither, happily,
You will repent this passion, in which
I must be bold to tell you, sir, my honour
Suffers unkindly—and your friend's—

Bel. Grow not
From frail to impudent.

Cla. You are resolved
To be impatient. When you are collected—
[*Going.*

Bel. Stay, I will hear, indeed I will; say any thing.

Cla. First, then, you have no cause to accuse Hippolito
For breach of friendship; had he purposed any
Dishonour to yourself through me, he could not
Be such a fool to send you to his chamber,
Whose knowledge, it should, last of all the world,
Arrive at, if you soberly consider.
He knows not so much of me, as my name;
Think then but with what justice you have all
This while inveighed against him!—for myself,
I confess freely, sir, I made a visit,
But innocently, and pure from any thought
To injure you; I had a curiosity
To see the man you had so much commended,
That was my fault, and I, before you came,
Accus'd myself, and could, without your fury,
Have chid my modesty enough. Yet, sir,
You took me in no action of dishonour;
My maid was all my company.

Bel. But you look'd for

One to return; misfortune kept him from you.
Tell me but this, if thou hast any truth:
Could any woman, Clariana, that
Would have the world but think her virtuous,
Suffer herself to be lock'd up suspiciously
Within a stranger's lodging?

Cla. By all goodness
It was without my knowledge; I was weary
Expecting him, and meaning to depart,
Some minutes ere you came, my servant told me
I was a prisoner; you have all the story,
Which cannot, if but weigh'd with reason, carry
A crime like your's.

Bel. Like mine?

Cla. I have said it.
'Tis you have made a greater fault than I,
With so much violence to condemn before
You know the offence; and I must tell you, sir,
But that my love is grounded upon virtue,
This were enough to stagger my affection.
Rail at your mistress but for going abroad
To see your friend? so just a one? I see
You will be jealous when we are married.

Bel. Never; you have awak'd my honour, lady.
I dare believe, and ask thy pardon; trust me,
I will command my passions hereafter,
And if thou but consent, give proof all jealousy
Is flown away; we'll marry instantly.—
Should he retain a thought not square of her,
This will correct all. [*aside.*]—He is here; no word
Of discontent, put all off merrily.
Let's kiss. [*Kisses her.*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. How now! he will not not serve me so?
[*Aside.*

Bel. We are acquainted; and now you have seen

My mistress, I shall hope we may enjoy
Your company hereafter.
Hip. Ha! your mistress?
Bel. Mine, Clariana.
Cla. 'Tis my name.
Bel. Come, she has told me all.
I'll take her word nothing has past offensive,
Salute her now, as mine; the character
I gave her, and thy resolution
Not to see her, engaged her to this travel.
Hip. May I be confident you have forgiven
My wild discourse? my studies shall hereafter
Bend all to serve you nobly.
Cla. There is cause
That I should beg your pardon.
Bel. We'll not part
Now till the priest hath made all perfect.
Hip. I'll assist the clerk.
Cla. You have power to steer me.
Bel. Hymen, light up thy torches, woods of pine
Should be cut up to make thy altars shine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Tavern.

Enter SEBASTIAN, BOVALDO, *and* Drawer.

Seb. We might with more discretion [have] sent for wine
To my own lodgings.
Bov. Ever while you live, drink wine at the fountain.

Seb. Here I am not known; let nobody interrupt us. [*to the Drawer.*

Bov. Let it be rich and sparkling, my precious varlet. [*Exit Drawer.*] And how and how go things at court?

Seb. After a cup or two I'll tell thee.

Bov. I would Hippolito were here; he's a good fellow, and takes after his father; the duke makes much on him.

Re-enter Drawer *with wine*, and *exit.*

Seb. Here's a good health to him. [*Drinks.*

Bov. Let it come, I am glad to see you sociable; come to the city, and leave purchasing dirty acres.

Seb. The same justice that mine had.

Bov. An it were as deep as an usurer's conscience, my boy should have it. [*Drinks.*

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Will't please you, gentlemen, to hear any music?

Bov. Shall we have any?

Seb. By no means, it takes from our own mirth.

Bov. Begone then.

Fid. A very good song, an please you.[1]

Bov. Yet again? will you have your occupation broke about your head?

Fid. I'll make you laugh, gentlemen.

Bov. I'll make you cry, and tune your voice to the lamentation of *Oh my fiddle*, if you remove not presently. [*Exit Fidler.*

Sec. This is the trick of taverns, when men desire to be private.

[1] *A very good song, an please you.*] For the impertinent intrusion of fidlers and jesters into taverns, see Massinger, vol. iii. p. 427.

Bov. Come, whom shall we now remember? Here's to your mistress. [*Drinks.*

Seb. A mistress at my years?

Bov. Till threescore you are allowed; I never wore more favours at one-and-twenty; this riband came from a countess, this lock[2] I wear for a young lady's sake, this touch[3] was the fall of a gentlewoman's fan that is new come to court.

Seb. New come to court? I'll pray for her; is she virtuous?

Bov. An she be, there is hope the courtiers may convert her. Here's to her first. [*Drinks.*

Enter a Juggler.

Jug. Gentlemen, will you see a jackanapes?

Bov. How many is there of you?

Seb. Yet more of these rascals?

Jug. I can shew you very fine tricks.

Bov. Prithee, *hocus pocus,* keep thy grannam's hucklebone, and leave us.

Seb. Presto, begone, or I'll teach you a trick for your jackanapes' learning. They will be deceived that choose a tavern for privacy. [*Exit Juggler.*

Bov. Come, our blood cools; here's to your fair daughter. [*Drinks.*

Seb. Poor girl! I thank you, sir.

Bov. I do not flatter you, but you may be proud; I say no more.

Seb. Of what?

Bov. Your daughter; she's a handsome gentlewoman; there be worse faces at court.

[2] *This* lock] See *The Bird in a Cage.*

[3] *This* touch, &c.] Bovaldo alludes to the plume of feathers in his hat, which, as he says, came from a lady's fan. It is well known that the costliest fans were, at this period, composed of heron's or ostrich' feathers, grafted into ivory or silver handles. For *touch,* we should, perhaps, read *tuft.*

Seb. Her complexion is natural, she has no trick of art. A little breeding she has had; and some precepts to guard her honesty.

Bov. Honesty! where is it?

Seb. It should be everywhere.

Bov. Take heed what you say, lest you be made to justify it. Honesty everywhere! Here's to you, come. [*Drinks.*

Seb. I speak, Bovaldo, what I think, and it would be no dishonour to the greatest to be the first examples.

Bov. If all were of your mind, who should thrive in this world? Pledge me. How shall Christians behave themselves in great offices? or under clerks purchase?—Honesty! but one term were enough to undo the city; the court were but in ill case if great men should stand upon't; for the country, it is bought and sold every market day. Come, begin to me.

Seb. Name it.

Bov. To the duke. [*Drinks.*

Seb. The duke? he does not love me.

Bov. How?

Seb. No, Bovaldo, he does not.

Bov. He loves your daughter.

Seb. 'Tis not princely: nay, I shall dare to tell him so. But to his health. [*Drinks.*

Bov. Let it come; methinks he is a very fine gentleman.

Seb. I begin to be warm already.

Bov. And one that loves a wench as well—

Seb. As ill, thou wouldst say?

Bov. As ill as I; let it be so. I were no good subject to deny it to his highness.

Seb. Thou knewest me a gentleman.

Bov. Are you not so still?

Seb. No, I'm a knight, a lord, I know not what; I'm lost within a wilderness of names, but I will be myself again.—The t'other cup.

Bov. 'Tis welcome: shall we double our files

Seb. This skirmish will do well.

Bov. Charge me home then.

Seb. Now I could talk, methinks. I will not prostitute Eubella for the wealth of his whole dukedom; there's no honour to a noble conscience: he is the greatest coward dares not be honest.

Bov. Right, if a man dares not be honest, he is a coward; but he that dares be dishonest—

Seb. Dares cut his father's throat.

Bov. A pretty fellow. Here's to you again! [*drinks.*] Shall we have a wench? Now am I addicted to embrace any thing in the likeness of a woman. Oh for a chambermaid to wrestle withal! Send for a brace of basilisks: thou hast no spirit, no masculine virtue; now could I o'er-run the whole country of the Amazons. Here's to a Penthesilea. Bear up, my valiant Myrmidon, and we will do such feats shall make the Trojans wonder at our backs, and bring dame Helen to us.

Seb. I prithee leave this humour; 'tis not generous.

Bov. How! not generous? take heed what you say.

Seb. I shall not eat my words.

Bov. Then drink your drink. Now Troy burns blue; where's Hecuba?

Seb. Thou art all for wenching.

Bov. Upon a condition I will drink to thee. No, no, thou wilt not do so much, an a man should die for a lift of the leg: the duke has a great mind to thy daughter, he is but mortal flesh and blood; there be subjects that have as sound bodies, no dispraise to his excellency.

Seb. Do you not fear to talk thus?

Bov. Fear! Would any durst send to me such a virgin pinnace, rigged and gay with all her flags.

Seb. This is uncivil, and I shall tell Bovaldo—

Bov. Nay, nay; thou art so waspish! if a friend

desired a courtesy, that is in fashion, because the duke—

Seb. You're too bold, and forget yourself; I am
Asham'd of this converse; *because the duke!*
Did his hand grasp the sceptres of the world,
And would propound them all to buy the honour
Of my Eubella, I would scorn his salary,
And tell him he were poorer in his soul
Than he that feeds i' the hospital. I am arm'd,
And shall grow very angry with your humour,
Which, ere it named my daughter, carried wickedness
Enough; but in her cause I am easily
Provok'd to teach that tongue repentance dares
Traduce her whiteness. I allow a mirth,
But do not love this madness; and if I
Might counsel you, there is a way to quench
These wild licentious flames, earnest of those
Our souls shall feel hereafter: we are both
In years, and should look out our winding sheet,
Not women.

Boy. Boy!—

Enter Drawer.

I'll pay the reckoning.—Be honest, and see what will come on't. I'll seek out my son, Hippolito. He'll be rul'd by me. Here's a coil about a tassel-gentle!— [*Exit.*

Seb. He's drunk already.
That which has raised me but to noble anger,
Is his distraction.—There's for your wine.—
[*Gives the Drawer money.*
Now to the wanton duke: heaven let him see
His shame, and know, great men that practise lust
Both kill their body and corrupt their dust.
Let him fret,[4] * * * * * do what he can,
The world shall call, Sebastian honest man. [*Exit.*

[4] *Let him fret,*] After these words, *menace, kill,* or some expression of a similar kind, appears to have dropt out at the press.

SCENE II.

A Room in Bellamente's *House.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Had I but one thing that did touch on honour,
My friendship, and is that diseas'd already,
And languishing? was it for this I would not
See her, that I might trespass with more guilt
When she was married? are not other women
As fair and tempting? or am I hurried
By violence of my fate to love her best,
That should be most a stranger? and does she
Meet my immodest[3] flame? nay, must the tapers,
Sacred to Hymen, light us to our sins?
Lust was too early up in both. Oh man,
Oh woman! that our fires had kiss'd like lightning,
Which doth no sooner blaze but is extinct!
She's here.

Enter CLARIANA *and* Page.

Cla. Where's your master?
Page. There he is, madam.
Cla. Why do you walk so melancholy, sir?
Hip. I was collecting myself about some business
Must be dispatch'd this morning.—Sirrah, pray
The groom make ready my horse.
Cla. Not yet;
You do not mean to leave me o' the sudden?
I am alone, my husband is at court,

[3] *immodest*] The old copy reads *modest.*

Pray rob me not of all my company:
I shall not think upon his absence with
So much [of] sorrow, if you make me happy
With your society.
Hip. There's the devil already; I cannot leave her. [*Aside.*
My boy may go, howsoever. [*Exit Page.*
Cla. Oh, Hippolito!
If you have us'd no charms but simple courtship,
Perhaps you may condemn me in your thoughts
That I so soon (not studying the ways
Of cunning to disguise my love, which other
Women have practised, and would well become
The modesty of a wife) declare myself
At your dispose; but I suspect you have
Some command more than natural; I have heard
There has been too much witchcraft exercised
To make poor women doat.
Hip. You are not serious
In what you say? I hope you do not take me
For such a juggler? if you think I practise—
Cla. That look acquits you: then at my nativity
Some powerful star reign'd. I have heard astrologers
Talk much of Venus.
Hip. And of Mars; when they
Are in conjunction, they incline us mortals
Strangely to love, and lie with one another.
Cla. I am ignorant
What influence we have from them, but I
Am sure something has strangely wrought on me.
Hip. As how, madam?
Cla. Why, to love,—I know not how—
You know my meaning; but truth witness with me,
When first I saw your person, I gave up
My liberty; methought I lov'd you strangely.
Hip. I had desires too, I could not justify;

But knowledge that you were my friend's, for that time
Quench'd all loose fires; but love, that sway'd you then,
And kept your thoughts, met with my longing heart,
And seal'd it up for you:[4] yet when I think
On Bellament, there's wrestlings in my blood.

Cla. Just, when I think on him 'tis so with mine.
That love should be so equal! Does it not stir you
To think of former vows? Nay, I do dream
Sometimes of being surprised in thy dear arms,
And then methinks I weep, and sigh, and wake
With my own groans.

Hip. I never dream of that.

Cla. It is my foolish fancy, yet such fears
Should waking never trouble me; those lovers
That have not art to hide, and to secure
Their amorous thefts, deserve to be reveal'd.

Hip. Sure there's no woman in the world but this
Could have such power against my friend; each syllable
Renews her force upon me. [*Aside.*

Cla. I beseech you,
Although a storm hath thrown me on your shore,
Have not so little charity to think
I should accept of safety on another:
It is not possible any but yourself,
With all the magic of his tongue or fortunes,
Could bribe me from Bellamente; if I fall

[4] *And seal'd*, &c.] The old copy reads,

" for that time
" All loose fires, but love that sway'd you, then quench'd
" And kept your thoughts longing, met with my heart
" And seal'd it up for you;" &c.

The present arrangement restores the passage to sense, and probably is not far from that of the author. In the third line of the next speech, I have omitted *sometimes*, which appears to have been taken up from the verse immediately below it

For too much loving you, your mercy may
Interpret fairly, by these tears—

Re-enter Page, *with* Groom.

Groom. Sir, your horse is ready.

Hip. I shall not go yet.—Lady, if you please,
We'll walk a turn i' the garden. [*Exeunt.*

Groom. Hark you, my small friend? without offence, is not your master a—

Page. What?

Groom. I would have another word for a whore-master.

Page. How, my dirty rubber of horse heels.

Groom. Nay, I do not say he is, I do but ask whether he be or no? Be not angry demi-lance, there be as good gentlemen as he, that love a wench.

Page. Why, is your mistress a wench?

Groom. My mistress, you didapper!

Page. *I do not say she is, I do but ask whether she be or no?* there be as handsome creatures, none dispraised, that take money for their wares. Have I answered you, my bold merchant of dung in a wheelbarrow?

Groom. How now, jack-a-lent in shreds of satin? I shall swinge you with a horse-rod, you whipper.

Page. Go meddle with your master's gelding, and cheat him in the provender, to keep you in perpetual pots of ale, when you entertain the kitchen-maid in the hayloft. Talk of my master!

Groom. Meddle with my mistress!

Page. Yes, I'll speak to her to allow you a less proportion of clean straw to rub boots and lie in, sirrah; you think you are at rack and manger, when you divide beans with the horses, and help to foul the stable.

Groom. Sirrah, whelp, that has eaten knot-

grass, do not provoke me, lest I fetch a switch[6] and curry your thin sides.

Page. Mine, you bean-shifter! would you durst no better ride booty at the horse-match, or cozen your master in the next parcel of oats. I fear you not, my canvas servingman with half a livery, groom of the stable once removed from the farrier!

Re-enter HIPPOLITO *and* CLARIANA.

Cla. What, at difference?

Groom and Page. No, not we, madam.

Hip. Sirrah, come hither.
Entreat my father meet me at court.

Page. I shall, sir. [*Exit Page.*

Hip. There's no haste for my nag yet.

Cla. About your business, sirrah.

[*Exeunt Cla. and Hip.*

Groom. My business is below stairs, and with a gelding; what he may prove I know not well, what I think I will keep to myself; my lady may be honest enough, but he that is born to be a cuckold shall never die a bachelor. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, *and* EUBELLA.

A SONG,

which done, enter SEBASTIAN *and* Courtiers.

Duke. My lord, you are welcome.

Seb. Give me leave to tell

[6] *Lest I fetch a* switch] The old copy reads, "Lest I fetch a *smith*:" but the groom alludes to the "horse-rod" mentioned in his former speech.

Your highness, I suspect it.
Why should a prince dissemble?
Duke. This dialect becomes you not.
Seb. Sir, sir, I must be honest.
Eub. Father.
Seb. Eubella, express thy duty
To him thou call'st a father; for thy own
Sake leave this place; the court's afire.
Duke. How, sir?
Seb. Canst thou not see the flames that threaten thee?
Duke. Sebastian's wild.
Seb. But you would make her tame.—Look, look, Eubella,
The duke himself burns; do not his eyes sparkle
With lust? his very breath will blast thee.
Eub. I fear this will be dangerous; good sir—
Seb. If yet thou hast not lost thy innocence,
I charge thee, by thy mother's memory,
And colder ashes, keep thyself unstain'd;
Let no temptation corrupt a thought.
Thou art richer in thy chastity than all
The kings of earth can make thee; if thou fall,
Thou kill'st my heart.
Duke. All this for thy sake we forbear to punish.—
But you should know, my lord—
Seb. Lord me no lords,
I groan under the burden of your honours,
And here resign all; give me but my daughter.
Duke. Let not your passion strangle thus your reason.
Seb. Let not a sin so black as lust degrade
A prince, and register thy dishonour'd name
With foul adulterers.
Duke. You are very bold.
Seb. I would preserve the name
Of our yet honest family; I fear

She is o'ercome already, I do not like
Her silence.
Duke. To take off your fears,
Although we need not give you satisfaction,
By this white brow, she is as pure as when
She came to court.
Seb. [*kneels.*]—Oh, let Sebastian fall
Lower, sir, I beseech you tread upon me,
So you will still be honest to my child;
She is all my comfort.
Duke. Rise.
Seb. But will you not
Hereafter study to betray her innocence?—
Or give her license to return with me,
I'll ask no more assurance; grant but this,
And when we are at home, it shall oblige us,
Beside the duties we already owe,
In heart to pray for you.
Duke. We are not pleas'd
She should depart.
Seb. Then I'll unthank your goodness,
And dare thus boldly tell your highness, laws
Are most unjust that punish petty thieves,
And let the great ones 'scape.
Duke. We are yet patient.
Eub. Dear sir—
Seb. Princes may take our children from us, not
To advance but kill their names, corrupt their virtues;
When needy men, that steal to feed their lives,
Are doom'd to the gallows.
Duke. Take the frantic hence.
Seb. Take hence the ravisher.
Cour. Sebastian.
Seb. Although he ravish not
Eubella from herself, yet he does ravish
A daughter from her father, and I'll voice it

Through every street. I am not bound to whisper,
When grief's so loud within me.

Duke. Place him where
His noise may make his own head ache, not others.
This liberty of tongue shall be corrected.

Seb. It will but spread thy infamy, when men
Shall speak my cause, and thy lasciviousness,
Which I will tell so often to the stones,
The vault shall be asham'd to echo thee.—
Eubella!

Duke. Away with him.

Seb. Do, bury me alive.—Be strong, Eubella,
And let not death by my example shake thee.
[*Exeunt Courtiers with Sebastian.*

Duke. This may incline her.—Do not weep, Eubella,
They are not worth a tear; yet 'tis within
Thy power to ransom their bold heads, were they
Humbled to the block: this pity shews a child;
But princes lose their awe that are too mild.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Bellamente's *House.*

Enter Bellamente *and a* Servant.

Bel. Where's your lady?

Ser. In her chamber.

Bel. Who's with her?

Ser. None but the gentleman you left here.

Bel. Hippolito?—
I will not have so base a thought. [*aside.*]—I'll to 'em.—
Yet, you may go, and say I am return'd,
And wish her presence.— [*Exit Ser.*
Ha! there is something busy with my brain,

And in the shape of jealousy presents
A thousand fears; they have been very loving
Since we were married.—Thou soul's corruptor,
Who sent thee to me, to distract my peace?
Begone, begone, and scatter thy foul seeds
Upon a ground that will be fruitful to thee.
The innocence I carry in my breast
Arms me against the thoughts of other's treason:
My friend, my wife! the very names are sacred,
And like the heads of saints, and holy martyrs,
Invested with such glorious beams, they strike
Conspiracy blind —

Re-enter Servant.

How now, what's in thy face?

Ser. Oh, sir!

Bel. What's the matter?

Ser. Would you could understand, without my tongue!

Bel. How does thy lady?

Ser. My lady is—

Bel. Ha! why dost pause, villain? answer me.

Ser. Alas! I know not with what words to tell you.
Would I had never seen her, or you never
Married her.

Bel. Ha! stay there. Shall I trust thee now,
Fury?—But speak, and be not tedious;
What is thy lady doing, upon thy life?

Ser. Alas, sir, it will make you mad.

Bel. Speak, or never speak again; I am prepar'd.

Ser. Pardon my unhappiness to deliver, then,
A truth that will distract you; you have now
Nor friend nor wife.

Bel. Are they both dead?

Ser. Yes, dead to honour: finding her chamber lock'd,

I know not what did prompt me to make use
Of a small cranny, where I beheld them both—
I want modest language
To tell how they are fallen; and yet too soon,
I know you cannot choose but understand me.
Bel. How long hast thou been a raven?
Ser. Good sir, collect yourself;
'Tis my misfortune, and no fault, to be
The sad reporter.
Bel. Do I live still?
Ser And shall, I hope, long.
Bel. Thou'rt most uncharitable; if thou hadst lov'd
Thy master, thou wouldst wish him happiness
Which all life denies. Is my composition
So hard, a sorrow great and high like this
Cannot dissolve it? will not my heart break
With this? then melt it, some celestial fire,
In pity of my sufferings; some cloud
Of rain, since my own eyes refuse to drown me,
Fall and o'erwhelm this miserable island!
Ser. Sir—
Bel. Can this be possible? Be sure they are devils,
Or I shall find such a new hell for thee—
Ser. I would it were not true!
Bel. Some merciful whirlwind snatch this burden up,
And carry it into some wilderness;
Leave not, if it were possible, the mention
Of what I was, behind! The wolves are honester
Than mankind is to man.—I prithee kill me,
I kneel to be destroy'd; it is thy duty;
When thou shalt tell the world my wretched story,
And what soul-killing and devouring griefs
Thy good hand rid me of, it shall acquit thee,
And call thy murder charity.
Ser. Good sir—

Bel. O, whither shall I run, to find a friend
Will do the gentle office to despatch me
Without my own hand?
Ser. Rather live to take
Justice upon their perjuries.
Bel. Good man,
My better angel, how had I forgot
Myself? Coward, to think of dying yet!
Who would put confidence in heaven hereafter,
If it should suffer me depart the world
Without revenge, and that my own, upon them?—
Come, draw,—take my sword,—I'll be double arm'd.
I charge thee, by thy duty, or thy life,
If that be more, stay you at bottom of
The stairs, while I ascend their sinful chamber,
And if my pistol miss his treacherous heart,
He has no way to pass but on thy sword;
The place gives such advantage, that with safety
Thou may'st command his life.
Kill him with less compunction than a witch
Flays a dead infant for his skin, to perfect
A hellish incantation. Thou wilt do it?
[*Gives him his sword.*
Ser. I'll do my best he shall not 'scape.
Bel. Wife, friend,
You hang like ulcers on me! I am bound
To cut you from my heart, to cure my wound.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Clariana's *Chamber.*

HIPPOLITO *and* CLARIANA *upon a bed.*

Hip. What pity 'tis these pleasures are not lawful.

Cla. Lawful! that would take much from the delight
And value; I have heard some gentlemen,
That want no venison of their own,
Swear they had rather strike their neighbour's deer
Than hunt in their own park. What we possess
We keep for our necessity, not game,
Or, wearied with enjoying, give't away,
To purchase thanks abroad.

Hip. For all that, madam, there is danger in some purlieus, and when the keeper is none of the wisest, their bolts are sooner shot. I like the sport, but would not be taken at the deer-stealing; yet, for such a doe as thou art, I would venture—

Cla. 'Tis no glory to take a town without some hazard; that victory is sweetest, which is got in the face of danger; when the very cannons are hoarse with clamour, then the bold soldier goes on, and thinks the loud noise music to him. Give me the man that fears no colours. Was there ever any thing worth the enjoying that came easily, and without trouble to us? What makes a maidenhead the richer purchase, think you? But I am married, and my husband is your friend.

Hip. Prithee, no more o' that.

Cla. No more o' that? in my conscience you are fearful; this is the ballad right, [*Sings.*

Courtier, hey! courtier, ho!
Wilt thou be my true love? no, no, no.

Fie upon't! I should name my husband often to arm and fortify ourselves. I confess, I do not wish him here, perhaps he would do some mischief, and hinder another meeting; but if he were present now, and should see us kiss, for an he were ten husbands, I would trust his eyes no further, what could he say? [sings.]—*For he did but kiss her, for he did but kiss her, and so let her go.*—Come, for shame, be more sprightly, I have as much reason to look about, and play my game wisely, if my cards were consider'd.

Hip. Yet you are very confident.

Cla. He does use to keep his word; I know he'll not return this two hours. Come, we are secure; prithee let's talk of something else.

Enter BELLAMENTE.

Bel. Of death!
Are ye untwin'd?

Cla. Are we betray'd?

Bel. You did not look for me.—Your sword is of no use, do you see? [*presenting a pistol at Hippolito.*]—Pity your own damnations, and obey me: get into that closet; no considering, it must be done. [*shuts Hip. in the closet.*]—So, you are fast.—Now, lady lechery, dress you the bed a little, and lay the pillows handsomely; bestir you.

Cla. Upon my knees—

Bel. No petitioning; you can sing; quickly, or —so, so.—[*goes to the door.*]—You, sirrah, at the bottom of the stairs, come up.—Be wise, and do not kneel nor whimper.

Enter Servant.

Now, sirrah, speak, and tell me truly,

Or I'll search every corner of thy soul,
Why didst thou play the villain, thus to mock me
With expectation to find my wife
Playing the adulteress with Hippolito?
Tell me.

Ser. Hold, sir, I beseech you.

Bel. What devil did instruct thee to disquiet
My heart, secure and confident of their honours,
As conscious of my own? no head but mine
To bruise with jealousy! Where is he? shew me,
Or take into thy bosom what my vows
Had fix'd for him and her.

[*Presents the pistol at him.*

Ser. If these be eyes, I saw them.—

Bel. *If these be eyes!* Is that your proof? lay such
A cause upon the strength of a weak sense,
That is a thousand ways deceived! your eyes!—
O, Clariana, this [most] impudent slave,
With such a cunning face, told me thou wert naught,
Lock'd in the lustful arms of base Hippolito;
My friend, my honest friend; one that commands
Not his own life so much as I, that would not
For a monarchy do me the least disgrace.—
Hast found him, villain?

Ser. I'll look under the bed, sir.

Bel. And I believ'd him too, and had I found
But the least point of such a sin, within
Thy chamber, Furies should appear more tame
Than Bellamente; hell should not have malice
Enough to add to my revenge: but pardon
My easy, credulous nature; I confess
A fault, for had I loved thee nobly, as
Became our holy vows, our vows, Clariana,
To which we call'd the angels, I should never
Have entertain'd one thought against thy chastity;
But this slave shall repent it.

Ser. Hold, I beseech you, sir:
By my life I thought I saw them.
Bel. Thought! is that excuse?
Ser. Good sir!—
I'll never trust my own eyes after this;
There was *deceptio visus.* Oh, be merciful!
Bel. None but her honour and my friend's to poison?
Had this report not first arrived at me,
How had we all been sham'd? — Dost thou kneel too? [*To Clar.*
Nay then, I must forgive him.—Rise, my honest,
My dearest Clariana.—But I shall hear
You will be prating of it. If one syllable
Come to my ear, let fall by thee, that touches
But thy suspicion, I will have thy tongue
And heart.
Ser. Cut me into a thousand pieces.—
Madam, your pardon. How was I cozen'd!
Bel. Begone, and thank her goodness thou dost live;
But do not dare to be so desperate
To come within my eye reach till I call thee.
Ser. I'll not come near you. I'll bury myself in the cellar. [*Exit.*
Bel. So, so!—Now, sir, you may come forth again.—
[*Opens the closet, and Hip. comes forth.*
Nor do you, my most excellent whore, think
There is no storm to follow—keep your distance:
You have had a feast, a merry one, the shot
Is now to be discharged; what do you expect?
Hip. Death; from that hand I apprehend no mercy,
Nor have I so much innocence, to hope
You will delay your justice. Were I arm'd
With power to resist, I should add more

Offences by defending of this life,
That has so basely injured you.
Bel. Treacherous serpent!
Hip. With this I have some time reliev'd your valour,
And had no pity of my blood, but then
I was a friend; in such a cause as this
I have no arm, no weapon, not, if I
Were sure the bullet would decline my heart.
It does beget a cowardice to think
How I am fallen.
Cla. O, pardon.
Bel. Pardon! with what conscience canst thou ask it?
Hip. You shew'd a charity above my hope,
By giving a few minutes for my prayer,
Which shews you had no meaning to destroy
The soul; 'twas rare compassion; but if you
Could possibly forgive—
Bel. How! forgive?
Hip. I say, if it were possible you could
Remit so foul (in me the black'st) offence,
Not for the love I have to number days,
But by some noble service to wash off
This shame, this leprosy upon my name.—
Bel. Have you found it now?
Hip. I have, but vainly interrupt your fury.
You cannot, must not pardon it; such mercy
Becomes not an Italian.
Bel. Miserable woman!
Cla. O, sir, it was my first offence; what woman is
Without some stain? If all that in this kind
Have sinn'd, had met with present death, you would
Not find some names, that now shine gloriously
Within the catalogue of saints. My soul
Is full of shame and tears.

Bel. Tell me, Clariana,—
Still I shall hit upon thy name,—how couldst thou
Use me so cruelly? Did I want youth
And spring about me? were my embraces cold?
Frost in my blood? or in thy bed was I
Convey'd, a snowball, roll'd up [as] the children do
To play with [i' the] winter?[1] Did I not affect thee
Beyond all comfort of the world?

Cla. I know it.

Bel. And thou, whom best of all mankind I lov'd,
Whose friendship took up my whole heart, till she
Came in a wife, yet then thou hadst a seat
One small degree below her! When this shall be
The talk of Ferrara, who shall trust his friend
For thy sake? - - - - - -
- - -[2] or at the mention of thy name
Forswear ever to marry?

Cla. Noble sir,
It is within your power—

Bel. To kill you both.

Hip. I am prepar'd, so well
As this short time will give me leave.

Cla. 'Tis yet within your power to silence all;

[1] *Convey'd, a snowball, roll'd up* [as] *the children* do
To play with [i' the] *winter? Did I not affect thee*] These lines are given merely as some approach to the sense of the speaker; and by no means as his genuine words. This play, which, like all the rest, was evidently taken from the prompter's book, is most wretchedly printed. The passage above stands thus in the old copy:

"Convey'd a snow ball roll'd up the children
Do to play, with winter did I not affect thee."

Here something is deranged, and something lost, which, as there is but one edition, cannot be rectified or recovered.

[2] *For thy sake?* - - - - - -
- - - - *or*, &c.] Here again is an apparent omission. The purport of what was lost at the press readily suggests itself; I forbear, however, to fill up the break.

What is already done, should we turn fountains,
We heartily may grieve for, not repair;
The world can have no knowledge of our trespass
Nor your dishonour, if you call it so,
Unless you tell it; you have nobly, sir,
Secur'd all shame at home, which has won more
Repentance from me than my tears; go on,
Increase that piety, and be not you
The trumpet of their infamy abroad,
Whose lives hereafter may be spent with such
Religious sorrow, for offending you,
That you may not repent to have forgiven.

Bel. Shall I be won with foolish pity?

Cla. Our death will gain you nothing, but the fear
You shall not keep your own life.

Hip. Or if blood
Must only satisfy, let your sword here
Bathe in revenge; the greatest sinner kill:
If men were not, what woman could be ill?

Bel. Your fears thus vanish; I delight not in
The bloody sacrifice; live both.
[*Throws down the pistol.*

Hip. A miracle!

Bel. But I'll do more than kill you—take my love off.—
I do desire never to see you more,
Nor will I be a courtier to occasion
Meeting hereafter; what is done is circled
Within our knowledge; pray, farewell. [*Exit Hip.*]—For you,
I do desire never to bed thee more:
I'll force some smiles to keep suspicion off,
But fear I never shall love heartily
Again. Thou hast undone me here, Clariana,
And yet I will not wish thee dead for this.
Repent, and when I die, ask for a kiss. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter BOVALDO *and a* Courtier.

Bov. Not at the court? why, he desired I should meet him here.

Cour. The duke hath often asked for him.

Bov. He waits well in the mean time! Who, in the name of wantonness keeps him away? I know 'tis a wench; 'tis a parlous boy, my own son to a hair; an he should not love a woman I would disinherit him, for I am of opinion, an atheist sometime is better than an eunuch. And yet cannot the court find him game enough, but he must leap the pale, and straggle so far for venison, that the duke must hunt after him! an he were not my own flesh and blood, I would counsel him to marry, but they are dangerous, and a disease is more curable than a wife, for she indeed is a hectic fever: although I buried mine seven year ago, yet I feel a grudging of her still, and for a need, could guess at the change of weather by the knowledge her noise has infused into my bones.

Enter Duke *and* Courtiers.

Cour. The duke.

Duke. Some one look out Hippolito.

Bov. If [it] please your grace, let it be my employment.

Duke. Signior Bovaldo.

Bov. Your highness' humble servant; I am sorry my son should be absent, when your grace has service for him, but I'll find him out, I

am acquainted with two or three of his haunts; I know a tavern is next door to a——

Duke. To a what?

Bov. It has a coarse name.

Duke. No matter.

Bov. To a bawdy-house.

Duke. That's not impossible—

Bov. To find him there? I cannot help it.

1 *Cour* He loves him the better for't.

Bov. 'Tis a trick he learn'd in France, sir, where your nobility practise [it]: he will leave it when capering and kissing are out of fashion with gentlemen.

Duke. Oh, he is young; I have heard you were as wild at his years.

Bov And wilder too, I should be sorry else.

Duke. How?

Bov I had ne'er broke my wife's heart else with supping abroad, and midnight revels: I should have been troubled with her till this time.

Duke She was a shrew, it seems; but you promise actively still?

Bov. Not much for the cross point.
But, with your highness license, I'll find out Hippolito, to attend your pleasure.

Duke. Good signior.—
A blunt honest gentleman. [*Exit.*

1 *Cour.* He does not boast much honesty, with your pardon, sir.

Duke. I like the freedom of his discourse; but see Hippolito.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. I must not appear melancholy. [*Aside.*

1 *Cour.* Signior, the duke expects you.

Hip. His grace's humble creature.

1 *Cour.* Now is he come from some vaulting school, I'll lay my life. He is a pretty gentleman, 'tis pity that nothing can persuade him from the flesh. [*The duke takes Hip. aside.*

2 *Cour.* The duke employs him.

1 *Cour.* Ay, leiger at home.

Hip. Both in prison!

Duke. Both. We all know Eubella; her father is committed to prison for being too free of his tongue.

Hip. Be confident I will prevail; I have a new spell for her.

Duke. Be speedy and be fortunate; she is in that chamber;
Return with her consent to love, and be
What the duke's power can make thee.

Hip. You too much honour me.

Duke. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Duke and Courtiers.*

HIPPOLITO *opens a chamber door, and brings forth* EUBELLA.

Hip. Lady, I am sent to know your full and final resolution, touching the business the duke propounded. Though your father be shut up, yet change of air is fitter for your complexion; the duke is a gentleman, that may command in these parts; 'tis not for want of provision, the duke has a mind to cut up your virginity.

Eub. If this be your affair, sir, tell the duke
Eubella is a rock.

Hip. That's very hard.

Eub. His mermaids cannot win me with their songs,
Nor all his tempests shake me.

Hip. Stay a little;
There's something more in my commission.

Eub. Hippolito,
I now have argument to think you were
Not born a gentleman; something here is witness,
I pity thee; this is no noble office.

Hip. You mean a pander; it has been a thriving way for some: but I am employed by his grace.

Eub. Shall fear or flattery
Corrupt a generous soul? I am a woman,
The weakest of a thousand, yet I dare
Give man example rather to be sacrificed,
Than betray virtue's cause; we give our life
To grow again, from our own funeral pile,
Like the Arabian bird.[3]

Hip. Thou hast so rich
A stock of goodness, were all other women
Vicious, thou might'st import enough to make
The whole sex white again, and leave thyself
One degree less than angel: canst thou pardon
That I have tempted thee so far? Thy hand,
To give it a religious kiss; when next
My tongue is orator in so foul a cause,
The argument itself turn a disease,
And eat it to the root. I am chang'd, Eubella,
And more to try thy strength than to o'ercome,
I speak now for the duke; keep still thy thoughts
Devout to honour; after I have studied
A year's repentance for my wrongs to thee,
I will presume to say, I love Eubella.

Eub. But hath Hippolito no other meaning?
I understand, and take some joy to hear
This language.

Hip. The first proof of my conversion
Shall be to tell the duke he has done ill
To court thee sinfully. [*Takes her hand.*

[3] *Like the Arabian bird.*] The old copy reads "Assyrian;" but Shirley was too familiar with mythology to place the phœnix in this country.

Re-enter Duke *and* Courtiers, *behind.*

Duke. How's this?
Eub. Pray do not mock [me;] if you knew how much
Delight heaven takes to hear you speak so well
To the distress'd Eubella.—
Hip. By this lip,
(If my profane touch make thee not offended,)
There is no good I will not act, nor ill
I will not suffer, to deserve thy love;
But I am miserable, and cannot merit.
I have not been at home these many years;
Yet I will call my conscience to account
For all, and throw myself upon heaven's charity.
Why dost thou weep?
Eub. My joy can wear no other livery
Than tears; and, confident all this is truth,
I cannot keep it in; you shall dispose
Eubella's heart.
Hip. Then here I take it in
To my possession.
Duke [*coming forward.*]—Villain!—Strumpet!
Hip. Sir!
Here are none such, I can assure your highness.
Duke. Is this your faith to me?
Hip. I never did you
True service till this minute; and I dare
Now tell you, though you cut my head off, 'tis
Not justice to pursue the ruin of
A harmless maid.
Duke. Traitor!
Hip. Call me some name I understand, my lord;
This virgin now is mine.
Duke. Your whore!
Hip. This cannot make me yet forget your person.

Eub. Sir, I beseech you—
Duke. By my dukedom—
Hip. The more you vex the more we grow together
In honour and chaste love.
Duke. You speak as if
You were to be her husband.
Hip. 'Tis a title
A prince should be ambitious of.
Duke. Very fine.
Do you consent too, to be call'd his wife?
Eub. If he dare make me such, there is no second
My heart affects.
Duke. Is't come to this? then hear what I determine.
Eub. Sir, consider.
Duke. I have consider'd; do not interrupt me:—
To-morrow, if I live, I'll see you both—
Married.—Thou excellent maid, forgive my passion!
Accept him freely; thou hast overcome
With chastity, and taught me to be a prince,
Which character my lust had near defaced.—
Release Sebastian. [*Exit a Courtier.*
Eub. What duty
Can poor Eubella pay?
Duke. No more;
Good deeds reward themselves; how have we slept!
Hip. This exceeds all your favours.
Duke. Cherish my gift, Hippolito;
She is a wife for the best prince.—No honour
Can be enough to satisfy thy virtue. [*Exit.*
1 *Cour.* Here's a strange whirl! I do not like it; if the duke continue this mind, we must all be honest.
2 *Cour.* Who can help it? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Bellamente's *House.*

Enter BELLAMENTE *and* BOVALDO *at several doors.*

Bov. Save you, signior; is my son here?

Bel. He was here very lately, too late[ly.]

Bov. You do not answer as you were wont; I ask for Hippolito, your friend.

Bel. And did not I answer you? cry you mercy, signior; indeed he is not here.

Bov. How is it with your beauteous Clariana?

Bel. She's well.

Bov. Pray commend my service to her.

Bel. What said you?

Bov. Nothing, but my service to your lady.

Bel. Oh, I thank you; pray stay, and tell me how I look.

Bov. Look?

Bel. They will persuade me within I am not well. I must confess there is some cause of melancholy Within me.

Bov. I guess'd so at first sight; may I presume to ask it?

Bel. And yet, does not
Concern me in a higher nature than
My friend: a scurvy chance late happen'd to him;
One that he lov'd most dearly, you will scarce
Believe, made him a cuckold.

Bov. That all?

Bel. That all! Do you understand what I have said?

Bov. Yes,
A friend was made a cuckold by a friend:
He did his wife and him a courtesy.

Bel. Go home and pray, you are in a desperate state;
This is enough to weigh thee down to hell.

Bov. I am not of your mind; an I had done it myself, I should never had so much despair as to hang myself; why, 'tis as common as shifting a trencher.

Bel. But hark you, sir; howe'er you talk, you cannot in your judgment think so; are you married?

Bov. What do you see in my forehead you should think me so miserable?

Bel. I'll tell you then what a wife is, or should be.

Bov. I can tell you what they should be.

Bel. What?

Bov. They should be honest, and love their husbands, and, for their sakes, their bastards; which, if they understand, they are bound to keep, because their ill conditions drive us abroad to get them.

Bel. No; hear me:
A wife is man's best piece, who, till he marries,
Wants making up; she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;
She is a scion taken from that tree,
Into which, if she have no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit; she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children:
She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven; a treasure, which who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts; she is a golden sentence,
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.

Bov. All this you'll justify a wife?

Bel. Now tell me, signior, what punishment
That man deserves, that should deface or steal
This wealth away?

Bov. How mean you? in the way of lying with her? I am of my first opinion, there is not much treason in't, if she be handsome.

Bel. But is there no respect of friendship to be observ'd?

Bov. Nor kindred much, in such a case.

Bel. Would you not chide your son, that should abuse his dear friend's wife or mistress?

Bov. Yes, if he should abuse her; but if he did but lie with her, I should commend him. Make the case your own; would you deny a friend that wanted linen the courtesy of your clean shirt? a woman is a more necessary wearing, and yet never the worse for't.

Bel. Away, thou wilt infect my dwelling else!
To what a monster is man grown!

Bov. Fare you well, sir; I have but answered to your questions. [*Exit.*

Bel. Cynic,
I'll hold thy lanthorn now, and go with thee
Through Athens and the world, to find one man
That's honest.

Enter Hippolito's Page, *with a letter.*

Page. My master remembers his humble service.

Bel. To me? I'd rather thank him to forget it.
Why does he trouble me with letters? yet I'll read them.—
Ha! to be married to-morrow!—This is an honest Sentence.—*My heart bleeds still for wronging you:*

Enter CLARIANA.

Clariana, 'tis no secret. [*Gives her the letter.*

Cla. Ha! to Eubella?—I shall not conceal my passion; he must not marry. [*Aside.*

Bel. Give me the paper.

Cla. Inspire me, Love, I'll cross it.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Bel. Why does thy master, boy, send me this letter?

Page. I know not, sir, unless it be to certify you of his marriage.

Bel. He *will marry now, and live honest;* heaven give him joy!
But it is not so fair to disturb my brain,
That is not fully settled, with his triumphs:
What is't to me? He cannot satisfy
My injury if he should court his wife,
And prevail with her to embrace me too.—
The duke, he writes, will honour his solemnity,
His conscience dares not suffer him to invite
Me as his guest; why then must I be troubled?
Cannot he laugh, and hem, and kiss his bride,
But he must send me word, whose soul he has
Put miserably out of tune? [*Walks aside.*

Re-enter CLARIANA *with a letter.*

Cla. Conceal that letter from all eyes but your master's.

Bel. Sirrah, you shall return, and say I will die shortly.

Page. Heaven forbid, sir.

Bel. That is a kind of prayer; who bad thee say so?
Then, if I must live, I'll find out a hermit
That dwells within the earth, or hollow tree,
A great way hence, there I shall be secure,
And learn to pray, for I want charity.
Begone, boy. [*Exit Page.*

Cla. Good sir, talk not so strangely.

Bel. Fare you well too!
I'll come again to-morrow, or I know
Not when, I have much business abroad.
Cla. Will you ride forth?
Bel. Yes.
Cla. Shall none attend you?
Bel. No,
I shall be best alone; you know your chamber.
There's none so bold to rob me of my grief,
Yet he that's sad as I, bears his own thief. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hippolito's *Lodgings.*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and his* Page.

Hip. I know not what to resolve; this letter has distracted me. It is not wisdom to acquaint Eubella; let me peruse it again. [reads.]—*Sir, though I have repented my love, which drew my dishonour, I have not lost my charity, and therefore can take no pleasure in your ruin; meet me to-morrow early in the grove behind the palace, I will discover a plot against your life. I pity your danger, and will secure more joys to your bride; be secret yet, and trust her, that is no otherwise than nobly your's.* CLARIANA.
'Tis something Bellamente has design'd
For his revenge.—Did he speak strangely, say'st?
Page. Very strangely, sir; he said he would die shortly.
Hip. Thou didst mistake him; he meant I should die. He will not kill me at the altar?
Perhaps I shall be poisoned at dinner.
A thousand ways there are to let out life.—
I must be certain.—Eubella and her father!

Enter EUBELLA *and* SEBASTIAN.

Some truce with my affliction.

Seb. More welcome than my liberty, Eubella
Has made my heart glad with your new character,
And now my son, Hippolito.

Hip. That title
Will be above all honours the duke can
Let fall upon me: that I have been wild
I must with shame remember; but my study
Of after life to her, and all the world,
I hope shall purchase me a better name.

Seb. You will not leave us this morning?

Hip. I shall return; excuse me a few minutes.

Eub. Do what you please; but if it be a business
You may dispense with—

Hip. It concerns my honour;
But nothing shall detain me long: all places are
but darkness
Without thy eyes; I'll visit them again.

Eub. How soon?

Hip. You shall scarce think me absent.

Seb. We must expect you then.

Hip. May the day shine bright upon thee!

Eub. And all the blessings of it wait on you!
[*Exit Hip.*

Enter BOVALDO.

Seb. Signior, you are most welcome, I entreat
you
To call my girl your daughter.

Bov. My son has made his choice I hear, I'll call her any thing.

Eub. I shall express my duty, sir, in all things.

Bov. But where's Hippolito?—A buxom thing.
[*Aside.*

Seb. Sir, please you retire, he is new departed.

Bov. Whither?—A musical lip. [*Aside*

Seb. Nay, we did not examine his affair;
But we expect his quick return.
Eub. Wilt please you, sir—
Bov. I should be pleased with such another.—
A tight wench and a yare![1] [*aside.*]—I'll attend
you, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Bellamente's *House.*

Enter CLARIANA *and* MILENA.

Cla. Be just, Milena, to me, and endear
My love for ever.
Mil. Madam, you know my faith.
Cla. I promised to meet
Hippolito, this morning, in the grove
Behind the palace, to confer about
Some business that concerns [him;] thou shalt
presently
Excuse my travel, and entreat him hither:
He and my husband lately had some difference,
I know not why; in this convenient absence
Of Bellamente, he securely may
Speak with me here; yet I'll not willingly
Have him come hither by the public way,
The garden door shall be left open for him,
And a clear passage to this chamber.
Mil. Madam,
I understand.
Cla. Prevail with him to come,
Tell him all's safe.
Mil. I'll swear it, madam,
To do you service.
Cla. But use all haste.— [*Exit Milena.*

[1] *A* tight *wench and a yare!*] For *tight,* the old copy reads *light.*

Which way shall I begin? I shall want art,
I fear, to win upon him. Oh, for some
High and prevailing oratory, to
Express what my heart labours with! I could
Accuse my unkind destiny, declaim
Against the power of love, rail at the charms
Of language and proportion, that betray us
To hasty sorrow, and too late repentance;
But breath is this way lost: wounds that are made,
Require a balsam, and not empty curses,
To salve[a] our body. Should the mariner,
When a storm meets him, throw away his card,
Neglect himself, and vessel, and lie down
Cursing the winds and tempest? If he come;
As but to doubt doth make me miserable,
The genius of love assist my passion!
I must deliver something that doth make
My poor heart swell, and will, if I conceal it,
Like fire lock'd up in a thick cloud, destroy
The prison that contains [it]: she's return'd
Already.

Re-enter MILENA.

What says Hippolito?

Mil. Like an honest gentleman,
He's at the garden gate.
I told him how things were at home; I met him
Hard by, as if he meant, without inviting,
Having expected you so long, to come
Nearer, and wait some opportunity
To speak with you.

Cla. Thou'rt fortunate; admit him: it is not
Safe to expect there; but while we confer,
Use thy best diligence round about, to bring,
If there be such misfortune, the first news
Of Bellamente.

Mil. I'll be careful, madam. [*Exit.*

[a] *To* salve *our body.*] The old copy reads, "To *state* our body," of which I can make nothing.

Cla. I'm glad he's come. With what looks shall
I first
Salute him?

Re-enter MILENA *with* HIPPOLITO.

Mil. Pray excuse me, sir!
Hip. 'Twill purchase but a pair of gloves.
[*Gives her money.*
Mil. I have him at my fingers' ends; well, I can but think what serviceable creatures we chamber-maids are; sometimes we are the best cabinets for ladies, and they trust their jewels of honour with us: but I must look about me; I know my office. [*Exit.*
Cla. You have seen this face before, does it seem strange?
Hip. I have seen it, when it was less sad; but 'tis
The richer jewel set in black: you never
Wore garments did so well become you, lady.
Cla. I shall not love them worse because they please
Your eye; they fit the habit of my mind.
Hip. Your voice has better music too, it sounds
As some religious melancholy struck
Upon your heart; you've pray'd lately, I distinguish
A tear upon your cheek still; 'tis well done.
Cla. If there be any sign of sorrow here,
'Tis for your sake.
Hip. I cannot blame thy eyes,
If every time I am presented to them,
Th' unhappy object, thou dost weep, Clariana;
I have deserv'd to find the lowest place
Within thy charity, yet such is thy
Compassion, when my fate is cast, and my
Unworthy life mark'd for the sacrifice,
Thou art willing to preserve Hippolito,
And to that purpose sent'st to speak with me.
Cla. You read my letter?
Hip. Clariana, I
Shall not have time enough to thank thee, when

Thou hast discover'd what conspiracy
Threatens my head, unless you use some brevity:
There is a work this morning to be finish'd,
Requires my personal attendance.
Cla. I am
Not ignorant what business is design'd;
It was the reason of my zealous wishes
To change some words before.
Hip. I wait your purpose.
Cla. You are this morning to receive a wife.
Hip. And such [a] blessing, as the earth were poor
Without her.
Cla. 'Tis Eubella, I understand.
Hip. That most virtuous fair one.
Cla. I'll not take from her;
I have heard her much commended, but she is
No miracle.
Hip. How, Clariana?
Cla. Our sex were poor,
If she alone had all the grace of woman.
Though she be fair, the dukedom is not so
Barren but it may shew some parallel:
And let it not be thought a pride, if I
Affirm there have been those, have said as much
Of me; all beauty is not circumscrib'd
In one.
Hip. You point at that which takes the eye,
And is but half a handsomeness at best,
Unless the mind be furnish'd with those virtues
Which write a woman fair; but, Clariana,
There is no time for this dispute, and I
Am somewhat sorry you have fallen upon it,
When I but prais'd Eubella, modestly.
She is to me the best and fairest now
Of all the world; but turn to the occasion
That brought me hither; I would hear what practice
Is meant against my life, which I would now
Preserve for that dear virgin, more than love

To keep it for my use. I did imagine,
However Bellamente shew'd a formal
And calm release, yet he would meditate
Revenge at such a time he most should wound me;
And had not I a perfect confidence
Your thoughts meant simple pity to my danger,
I should not thus far have engaged myself;
Then, I beseech you, tell me.
Cla. Any thing.
Hip. Why do you thus delay me, Clariana?
Cla. Pardon, oh, pardon me, Hippolito,
Indeed I will discover all the plot.
Hip. I am prepar'd.
Cla. But there is no misfortune
Levell'd at you, the danger is all mine;
And I but use this policy, to take
My last farewell, for I must never see
You married.
Hip. You amaze me; what unhappiness?
Will Bellamente be so cruel to thee,
Having forgiven?
Cla. A hand more severe
Is arm'd against me.
Hip. Is there no prevention?
Cla. It is within your mercy to do much.
Hip. Pronounce then as much safety as my strength
Can give thee against any enemy
But Bellamente; I have wounded him
Too much already; may I credit then
There is [a] treachery aiming at my blood?
Declare what man I must oppose in thy
Protection.
Cla. No man.
Hip. You are mystical.
Cla. A woman is my enemy.
Hip. There will be
No use of valour then.

Cla. But much of love:
If you resolve to save bleeding Clariana,
You must oppose Eubella.
Hip. What was that?
Kill my Eubella?
Cla It stretches not so far; only I beg
You would not marry her—and I shall live.
Hip. Not marry her? why there's no steel can bring
So certain and so violent a death.
Forsake Eubella now, now when she's drest
My glorious bride, the nuptial ceremony
And priest expecting us! I know you speak not
In hope I should believe; you may as well
Bid me commit a murder on my life,
For this will kill her, and we both are one.
Who hath instructed you to this?
Cla. My love,
My love that will not suffer me to know
Thou must be given thus away for ever.
I could endure thy absence for whole years,
And not complain, repent my equal sorrow
We have so far offended, while you keep
Your present freedom; there were then some hope,
A possibility, at last, to meet
In new affections to redeem the old,
But thus my expectation is destroyed.
You understand?
Hip. Too much; be not deceived,
There is no love that is not virtuous,
And thy consenting thus far but in thought,
Is sacrilege, and thou dost rob the church
Twice, first in violation of thy vows,
Which there were registered, and then mine expected.
I dare not hear you talk thus.
Cla. Is this all?

All the reward for losing of myself
For thy sake?
Hip. You are not yet quite lost.
Cla. What curse
Made black the hour of my conception?
Farewell, Hippolito! when you hear I'm dead,
Come to my grave, and drop one tear upon me.
Hip. What means Clariana?

Enter MILENA, *hastily:*

Mil. Oh, madam, look behind me!
I saw my master coming in, and he,
Suspecting my haste this way, follows me
With his sword drawn.

Enter BELLAMENTE.

Bel. Are you so nimble?—Ha!
Hip. Woman, thou hast undone me.
Cla. Oh my fortune!
Again betray'd?
Bel. Nay then, I'll make sure work. [*Exit.*
Mil. Alas! what shall become of me?
The doors are lock'd.
Hip. Cruel dissembler!
Cla. Hippolito, the sequel shall acquit
My thoughts; I'm circled with more certain danger,
And cannot hope [for] life.
Hip. It is not that
I fear to die; thou know'st I am not guilty
Of any second shame; but my Eubella,
That every minute looks to be my bride,—
How the thought rends me!
Cla. I can prevent his fury
Against thee.
Hip. There is no way.
Cla. Yes, this. [*Draws a dagger and stabs him.*

Hip. Ha, devil!
What hast [thou] done?
[*Wounds her with his sword.*
Mil. Alas, what have you both done?
Cla. I thank thee;
Thou hast spared my execution on myself.
I'll tell thee now, Hippolito, by this,
This crimson, in whose ebb my life hastes from me,
I did not look for Bellamente; but,
Surpris'd, I thought it honour to begin
The tragedy. I know my fate was not
To be resisted, 'twas impossible
To find a second mercy from him, and
I would secure no woman after me
Should boast the conquest of Hippolito.
Thy sword was gentle to me; search't again,
And thou shalt see how my embracing blood
Will keep it warm, and kiss the kind destroyer.
[*Falls.*

Re-enter BELLAMENTE *with Servants;* MILENA *runs in.*

Bel. What! are you humbled? [it] must not serve your turn.
Cla. We have deceiv'd your triumph.
Hip. Bellamente—
Cla. Hear me first, and know this bold hand sav'd
Thy fury to Hippolito, whom, with
My last breath, I pronounce not in a thought
Guilty of new dishonour.
Bel. As soon persuade
It is not day.
Hip. This letter summon'd me.
[*Gives him the letter.*
Cla. I had no other means to speak with him,
And my unruly love did prompt me to it.

Hip. I tremble not in my innocence to think
Of death, but my Eubella, poor Eubella—
Cla. If she but lov'd thee as I did, she'll follow.
Furies will lend a torch to light her to
The shades we go to.
Bel. Is the wickedness
All thine?
Hip. Except the wound my hasty sword
Gave, as reward for this, too near my heart,
I fear.
Cla. Dost fear?
Hip For poor Eubella's sake.
Bel. Now thou hast met a justice in thy blood
For thy first sin; but I will have a surgeon.
Hip. Send for Eubella rather;
Oh, let me breathe my last upon her lips:
It will concern thee, Bellamente, somewhat,
The world will think this murder was thine else.
Bel. Make haste.— [*Exit Serv.*
O woman, thou didst weep once, when thy tears
Won my forgiveness; where are all the drops,
The penitent showers, in which thy stained soul
Should bathe itself, this minute launching forth
To thy eternity?
Cla. They are of another colour.—Oh! forgive me,
Good heaven! I have wrong'd thee, Bellamente.—
Oh wives, hereafter, mean your hearts to them
You give your holy vows: what mist weighs down
My eyes already! oh, 'tis death, I see,
In a long robe of darkness, is preparing
To seal them up for ever. 'Twere no death,
If we could lose our sins as we do breath. [*Dies.*
Bel. She's gone to a long silence; place her body
There, and then gently raise Hippolito,
To the other chair.
Hip. Haste, haste, my dear Eubella.

Enter Bovaldo.

Bov. How came this tragedy?
Hip. Give me your last blessing;
I'm going a long pilgrimage: you gave
Too great a license to my youth.
Bov. How's this?
Hip. My wanton blood now pays for't; Clariana
And I have chang'd a wound. Where is Eubella?
Bov. She is too near this grief. This punishment
Should have been mine long since; I was his father
In sin as well as years: she is dead already.
Thy glass had many sands till it was broken;
Then those few minutes that are left of mine,
I'll number with my prayers.

Enter Duke, Eubella, Sebastian, *and* Courtiers.

Eub. Hippolito!
Hip. My wound hath had a happy patience.
Farewell! [*Dies. Eubella swoons.*
Seb. Eubella!
Bov. He is departed.
Duke. Bellamente, who
Hath done all this?
Bel. I'll do my best to tell you:
Here's all that's left of them whom how I lov'd,
Heaven and my poor heart knows.
Eub. And is he slain?
But once more let me kiss him.
Bel. I did not kill them, sir, they were too willing
To leave the world together; but their wrongs
All, all the payment for my honest love,
Awak'd me to revenge, and had they been
The very strings that tie my life together,
It should have fallen to pieces; but their hands
Prevented mine
Duke. The cause? you rather lead me

To think you were their murderer; we must
Be better satisfied, or your blood must answer
For this effusion.

Bel. The cause, my lord?—'tis grown since it came hither.

Pray give me leave, because you shall not suffer
In the expectation, you shall have it all
Together; this Hippolito, and that Clariana—
Hark! there 'tis. [*Falls, and dies.*

Re-enter MILENA.

Seb. His grief has overcharged him.

Duke. None to decipher these sad characters?

Mil. With your pardon, I can.

Seb. Be comforted, Eubella; all thy tears
Will not recal his life.

Eub. Pray give me leave,
Since he is dead, to embalm him; had I died
Before him, he'd have wept as much for me.

Duke. We have heard too much, but moderate, Eubella,
Thy sorrows; he survives that will supply
A bridegroom, and thy virtue bids me tender
Myself a recompense for [all] thy sufferings.

Eub. I know you would not lead me to forget
Hippolito so soon; I dare not think
Of being a bride again.

Seb. Does your grace mean this honour?

Duke. By my dukedom.

Seb. After this shower is over, she will shine,
Doubt not, my lord, and bless her happy stars.

Duke. Lead from this charnel house. They shall be interr'd
With all solemnity becomes their birth;
And when their funeral rites and tears are done,
New joys shall rise with the next morning's sun.

[*Exeunt.*

CHANGES,

OR

LOVE IN A MAZE.

To you, great lady, then, in whom do meet
Candour and judgment, humble as your feet
I vow these papers, wishing you may see
Joys multiplied, to your eternity.

Your Honour's devoted Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

PROLOGUE.

That Muse whose song within another sphere[1]
Hath pleased some, and of the best, whose ear
Is able to distinguish strains that are
Clear, and Phœbean, from the popular,
And sinful dregs of the adulterate brain,
By me salutes your candour once again;
And begs this noble favour, that this place,
And weak performances, may not disgrace
His fresh Thalia; *'las, our poet knows*
We have no name; a torrent overflows
Our little island; miserable we
Do every day play our own Tragedy:
But 'tis more noble to create than kill,
He says, and if but with his flame, your will
Would join, we may obtain some warmth, and prove
Next them that now do surfeit with your love.
Encourage our beginning, nothing grew
Famous at first, and, gentlemen, if you
Smile on this barren mountain, soon it will
Become both fruitful and the Muse's hill.[2]

[1] *within another sphere*] This was the Cockpit in Drury-lane, which, as we find by a list of plays claimed by Beeston, the manager, as the property of that house in 1639, was in possession not only of all those which Shirley had yet written, with the exception of the *Brothers*, but of several of his subsequent productions, as late as 1637. See Malone, *Hist. of the Stage*, p. 138.

[2] The small theatre in Salisbury-court, at which this comedy was performed, was erected in 1629, only two years before it appeared. Mr. Malone quotes two lines from Nabbes's *Totenham Court*, to shew that it was a small house;—he would have found this prologue more to his purpose.

LOVE IN A MAZE.] This Comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels in January, 1631, and printed in the following year. It is in the list of plays revived at the Restoration. "The passage in the first act," Langbaine says, "where Goldsworth, examining his daughters, Chrysolina and Aurelia, finds them both in love with Gerard, is better managed in the *Maiden Queen:* tho this play has been received with success in our time; and as I remember, the deceased Mr. Lacy acted Johnny Thump, sir Gervase Simple's man, with general applause." What Langbaine means by "better arranged," it is difficult to say. In Dryden's plagiarism there is no "management" of any kind. The two sisters are introduced; they talk the nauseous love-slang of the time, and are then lost from the plot. Shirley is here as much superior to Dryden in character and contrivance, as he is in purity and language. That judicious person Mr. Stephen Jones, is also pleased to inform us that Dryden has "greatly improved" what he has taken from Shirley, in this play. How he discovered it, is a matter of guess, since he assures us that "*Love in a Maze*" was never printed! This Comedy was performed, in Langbaine's time, at the theatre in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

The title of the quarto, the only edition of this play, is, *Changes, or Love in a Maze, a Comedie, as it was presented at the Private House in Salisbury Court, by the Company of His Majesties Revels. Written by James Shirley, Gent.* With the motto,

——— *Deserta per avia dulcis*
Raptat Amor.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY DOROTHY SHIRLEY.[1]

MADAM, who make the glory of your blood
No privilege at all to be less good,
Pardon the rudeness of a comedy,
That (taught too great ambition) would fly
To kiss your white hand, and receive from thence
Both an authority, and innocence.
'Tis not this great man, nor that prince, whose fame
Can more advance a poem, than your name,
To whose clear virtue truth is bound, and we,
That there is so much left for history.
I do acknowledge custom, that to men
Such poems are presented; but my pen
Is not engag'd, nor can allow too far
A Salic law in poetry, to bar
Ladies th' inheritance of wit, whose soul
Is active, and as able to control,
As some t' usurp the chair, which write a style
To breathe the reader better than a mile.
But no such empty titles buy my flame;
Nor will I sin so much, to shew their name
In print; some servile muses be their drudge,
That sweat to find a patron, not a judge.

[1] LADY DOROTHY SHIRLEY] was the youngest of the two daughters of the unfortunate earl of Essex, and wife of sir Robert Shirley, Bart., to whom she was married in 1615. She was probably a widow when these verses were addressed to her, as sir Robert died in February, 1632, leaving by her two sons and a daughter. In 1634 she was married again to William Stafford, Esq. of Blatherwick, county of Northampton.

Lady Shirley was the grandmother of sir Robert Shirley, Knt., who, in consequence of the failure of male issue of the elder sister, was in 1677 created baron Ferrars of Chartley, &c. &c. which honour had been in abeyance between the two sisters since the death of their brother, the earl of Essex, without issue; and from her the present earl Ferrars is lineally descended.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Goldsworth, *father to* Chrysolina *and* Aurelia.
Sir John Woodhamore, *uncle to* Eugenia.
Thornay, Gerard, Yongrave, } *gentlemen, lovers of* Chrysolina, Aurelia, *and* Eugenia.
Caperwit, *a poetaster.*
Sir Gervase Simple.
Thumpe, *sir* Gervase's *man.*
Caperwit's *Page, disguised under the name of* Lady Bird.
Footman.
Servants.
Dancer.

Mistress Goldsworth.
Chrysolina, Aurelia, } *daughters of* Goldsworth.
Eugenia, *niece to* Woodhamore.
Maid.

SCENE, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, before Goldsworth's *House.*

Enter sir JOHN WOODHAMORE *and* GOLDSWORTH.

Golds. I heard your niece, sir, was not well; you should
Encourage her to take the air sometimes.
Wood. Indeed she's somewhat melancholy, and keeps
Her chamber.
Golds. 'T may prove inconvenient for
Her health; does she not languish for a husband?
Take heed o' the green disease.
Wood. I'll find a cure,
If that will do't. Your daughters are not yet
Dispos'd of?
Golds. No, but we have clients daily,
That visit their affections; and while we
Are speaking, here is one.

Enter behind, GERARD *and* YONGRAVE.

Wood. Ha! which of them? I hope not master Yongrave;
He would engage his service to my niece:

I shall not think him worthy, if he have
Two hares afoot.
Golds. He is a stranger to me;
But master Gerard, that holds conference with him,
Maintains some correspondence with my daughters:
Pray let's observe.
Ger. Prithee come, venture in.
Yon. No farther; you have obligation;
Excuse me, I have affairs; some other time
I'll wait on you.
Ger. What needs this ceremony?
The fair ones will not blast you.
Yon. 'Twere a sin
To think their beams could hurt.
Ger. 'Faith, I could wish
Thy affection not engag'd, there's so much beauty
And goodness in this pair of sisters.
Yon. Do not
Make me suspect your friendship; you would wish
Me miserable; not that I dispute
Their merit, but I must not yield to that
Will bring my faith and honour into question;
I have a mistress, be you happy, sir,
In your's.
Wood. I like this well; let's interrupt them.—
Good fortune, master Yongrave.
Yon. You are, sir,
Most opportunely met.
Golds. Kind master Gerard.
Yon. I had a present resolution,
To visit you at home, and your fair kinswoman.
Ger. I shall be bold.
Golds. Pray enter. [*Exit Gerard.*
Wood. We'll together.—
I take my leave.
Golds. I am your humble servant.
Wood. Come, master Yongrave.
[*Exeunt Wood. and Yon.*

Golds. This Gerard is a gentleman
Of handsome parts,
And, they say, fortun'd; diligent in's courtship:
But it concerns me to be careful in
Disposing of my children.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Gervase Simple, sir, is newly enter'd.
[*Exit.*

Golds. His wisdom must be welcome: there's a knight
With lordships, but no manors![1] one that has
But newly cast his country skin, came up
To see the fashions of the town, has crept
Into a knighthood, which he paid for heartily;
And, in his best clothes, is suspected for
A gentleman. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Goldsworth's *House.*

Enter sir GERVASE SIMPLE, *and* THUMP.

Sim. Thump, I have not yet the face to speak to her; but 'tis no matter, an I can get her father's and mother's good will.

Thump. You have her mother's already.

Sim. Ay, ay, she's a matron, as they say; I came over her with my knighthood, and begot a consent upon her quickly: I perceive 'tis an advantage for a man to wear spurs, the rowel of knighthood does [so] gingle[2] in the ear of their understanding.

[1] We have before had this play upon the word *manors*, for *manners*.

[2] *the rowel of knighthood does* [so] gingle] See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 49.

Thump. I do wonder, sir, that you speak so well now, and want the audacity, as they say, to talk to your mistress.

Sim. So do I too; but I cannot help it: I was a gentleman, thou knowest, but t'other day. I have yet but a few complements; within awhile I shall get more impudence, and then have at her.

Thump. The father.

Enter GOLDSWORTH.

Sim. Pray heaven you may be saved, sir.

Golds. You are charitable.

Sim. I am come, sir, to do my business.

Golds. How, sir?

Sim. You may imagine, as they say, and so forth: your daughter is a very fine gentlewoman, and may in due time be a lady, for I do love her, by this mullet;[3] there's a touch of my heraldry.

Golds. Have you acquainted her,
How much you mean to honour us? How far
Have you engaged her liking?

Sim. Nay, I ne'er spoke to her in my life, nor do not mean in haste.

Golds. How, sir?

Sim. Not in haste, sir; 'twere no good manners to speak hastily to a gentlewoman, to talk post (as they say) to his mistress; I am resolved to have your consent first, and then.

Golds. It argues your discretion.

Sim. I think so; some wiser than some, faith; how do you like my face?

Golds. I have seen worse in a beard.

Sim. Oh, ho; I took my choice of forty, this morning.

[3] *by this* mullet;] This he says, pointing to *his spurs*, the rowel of which, the old heraldic writers say, "a mullet doth properly represent, from molette, which in French signifieth a spur rowel." In the coat a *mullet* is the distinction of the third son.

Golds. Did you so?

Sim. My man knows I broke a looking-glass into forty pieces, I am sure, and this was the best face I could find among them all. Look in my forehead, have you any skill in palmistry?

Golds. Not I, sir.

Sim. But this is nothing to the purpose, as they say; where is my beautiful mistress, your daughter?

Golds. Which of them?

Sim. No matter which.

Golds. They are both within.

Sim. Oh, 'tis well: I will not speak with her, I told you before; but I hope I shall have your good will.

Golds. You mean to marry her?

Sim. My chaplain shall.

Golds. You are witty; I hope, sir, you will give me leave, (as they say,) to deliberate, for, after your example, I would do nothing rashly; I will not give you my consent in haste, sir.

Sim. 'Tis wisdom; I can tarry; 'tis fit I should. Commend me to the virgin. [*Going.*

Enter mistress GOLDSWORTH.

Mrs. G. What, leaving us already, noble sir?—Why, husband, what do you mean? no more respect
To a man honourable?—You are not going, sir?

Sim. Yes, faith, I love to be going, I cannot abide to stand still.—Thump, take off my cloak; does my rapier become me?

Thump. Excellent well.

Sim. This 'tis to be a complete gentleman. What a coxcomb was I before I came to town! the country breeds so many clowns! dost think my tenants will know me, now I am disguised?

Golds. But what assurance can he give me, wife,

that he is able to get children? for that's a thing material; I would not willingly sacrifice my daughter to an eunuch, and such a one may that knight be, for aught I know.

Mrs. G. What do you talk of children?
Is he not honourable? a proper knight?

Sim. She does commend me; do not put on my cloak yet; let her survey my person.

Mrs. G. Shall not our daughter be a lady, and I
A lady's mother? And the heralds know
That is some privilege; you have seen many eunuchs
With a black beard! he is a man, I warrant him,
He has the right hair, husband, for a woman,
I know it by experience: tell not me;
Suppose he were an eunuch, he, I say,
Is honourable, and any body can get children,
That is the least thing of a hundred,
An the woman be but fruitful.

Sim. Now I'll take my leave.

Mrs. G. Wilt please you, sir, to walk in, and speak to my daughter?

Sim. No, I think it not the best way to speak to her, as I said, in haste; what if I had an inventory of my good parts first drawn, to prepare her?

Golds. An his father had not left him more land than brain, his worship had been but a poor fool. [*Aside.*

Sim. Well, if she understand signs, have at her.

Mrs. G. Come, I will direct you. [*Exeunt.*

Golds. My wife is passionate, and affects this knight
For's title, but I hope my daughter will
Submit to my election.—

Enter Servant.

How now!

Serv. Here's a gentleman desires access to you.

Golds. A gentleman?

Serv. He may be a lord, by his train,
A page waits on him.

Golds. Some fresh innamorato.

Enter CAPERWIT, *and his* Page.

Cap. Save you, sir.

Golds. And you, sir.

Cap. You do not know me?

Golds. Not I, sir.

Cap 'Tis very likely; you have a daughter.

Golds I have two.

Cap. Two! the better, there is more choice; they want husbands?

Golds. 'Twill become my care to provide them good ones.

Cap. You say well; what do you think of me?

Golds. I know you not.

Cap. You told me that afore: may I see them?

Golds. They are not to be let out, sir, by lease, or yearly rent

Cap. You mistake me; I come not for a lodging.

Golds. Nor to lie with them?[4]

Cap. I come to take them, sir, another way: What portions have they?

Golds. You should be a purse-taker, by your enquiry after their money; they have a round portion, sir.

Cap. What's that?

[4] Golds. *Nor to* lie *with them?*] Shirley is punning here upon the ancient meaning of the word *lie*, which signified to *reside*. See Massinger, vol. ii. p. 125.

Golds. A cipher.

Cap. How?

Golds. Nothing; I hope you have no mind to marry.

Cap. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* I came to offer myself a servant in affection to one of your daughters, but nothing has converted me.

Golds. Do you hear, sir? a fine humorist! if they marry with my consent, I can make figures, which, added to their cyphers, may make up two thousand pound apiece. What is your name?

Cap. My name is Caperwit.

Golds. You have a dancing name; I do not think but you write all the corantos.

Cap. Wit! wit! by Mercury; I shall love thy daughters the better for that: do they affect poetry?

Golds. They read nothing else.

Cap. Then they are wise; 'tis a seraphic contemplation;
I'll furnish them with the most excellent poems—

Golds. Of your own composition?

Cap. That is intimated, when I say *excellent*;
Your daughters shall be judge; let them vouchsafe
A subject to my muse, and prove the height
Of my imaginations.

Golds. They are entering.

Enter GERARD, CHRYSOLINA, *and* AURELIA.

Cap. Thus breaks Aurora from the eastern hills,
And chaseth night away; let me salute
Your rosy cheek.—

Chry. Good morrow, to you, sir; there is but one Aurora; what do you make my sister, pray?

Cap. She is the sun itself—

Aur. No, sir, I am the daughter of that gentleman,
No sun, I'll assure you.

Cap. Whose golden beams do gild this lower
world,
Transfixing hearts, converting ribs of ice
Into a flame.
Golds. What buffoonery is this?
Chry. Let's hear his speech out.—An my sister
be the sun,
We shall have day enough: a pretty pageant!
Aur. Prithee do not mind him.
Cap. Virgins, that equal all the Graces, and
Only in this, that you are two, beneath them.
The miracles of beauty! for whose eyes
The Persians might forsake their god, and pay
Religious honour to this flame.—What's he?
Golds. A gentleman, that would endear himself.
Cap. Has he any fancies in him? Can he ravish
the ladies?
Golds. Ravish ladies, sir? that's a dangerous
matter.
Cap. How many raptures does he talk a day?
Is he transported with poetic rage?
When was he styled imperial wit? who are
The prince electors in his monarchy?
Can he, like Celtic Hercules, with chains[5]
Of his divine tongue, draw the gallant tribe
Through every street, whilst the grave senator
Points at him, as he walks in triumph, and
Doth wish, with half his wealth, he might be young,
To spend it all in sack, to hear him talk
Eternal sonnets to his mistress? ha?
Who loves not verse is damn'd—
Golds. How, sir? This gentleman dares fight.
Cap. Who will fight with him?

[5] —— *like Celtic Hercules, with chains,* &c.] So powerful, we are told, was the eloquence of this Celtic hero, that those who heard him were irresistibly drawn after him. Hence he was usually represented surrounded by persons attached to him by chains (of amber, it is said) issuing out of his mouth.

Golds. You do not know his disposition.

Cap. But I will.—Sir, I have a great ambition to be of your acquaintance. I hope you will excuse these fancies of mine; though I were born a poet, I will study to be your servant in prose: yet, if now and then my brains do sparkle, I cannot help it, raptures will out, my motto is, *Quicquid conabor*—the midwife wrapt my head up in a sheet of sir Philip Sidney; that inspired me: and my nurse descended from old Chaucer. My conversation has been among the Furies, and if I meet you in Apollo,[6] a pottle of the best ambrosia in the house shall wait upon you.

Enter SIMPLE, *mistress* GOLDSWORTH, *and* THUMP.

Mrs. G. They are here, sir, at full view.

Cap. What's he?

Mrs. G. A knight, I'll assure you.

Cap. Does he come
A wooing to the ladies?

Golds. After the Spanish fashion, afar off.

Mrs. G. [*coming forward.*]—Daughter, I must counsel you to respect
This honourable man; you do not know
What 'tis to be a lady, and take place:
Such titles come not every day; observe
With what a comely garb he walks, and how
He bends his subtle body; take him on my word,
A man of his complexion loves a woman naturally.

Cap. A pretty motion.[7]

[6] *if I meet you in* Apollo, &c.] See Jonson's Works, vol. ix. p. 84. The scrap of Latin is from Ovid:

Quicquid conabar scribere, versus erat.

[7] Cap. *A pretty* motion.] i. e. a puppet. Simple had not yet spoken.

Mrs. G. Pray come nearer, sir.

Sim. You shall pardon me for that, I know my distance.

Cap. Will he not speak to her?

Golds. You should do well to furnish him with an oration; a spoonful of Aganippe's well, and a little of your salt, would season, if not pickle him.

Cap. Should I so waste the bright Minerva's dew,
To pickle a mushroom!

Sim. Thump, she looks upon me; to say truth, I am but a bashful puppy.

Thump. Your worship is more than a puppy.

Sim. Ay, I know I am an old dog at her mother; but an I should be hang'd, I have not impudence enough to speak to her: does not that gentleman laugh at me?

Thump. He is very merry with her father.

Sim. 'Tis very suspicious; would I had a good jest to get off withal.

Aur. You shall command the duty of a daughter,
But I hope, mother, you will give me leave
To love before I marry. I have yet
No argument of his affection,
But what you please to bring me; it becomes not
My modesty to court him, and give up
My heart before I hear him say, he means
To meet and entertain it.

Mrs. G. 'Tis a fault,
And I must blame him, that he is no forwarder.

Cap. I will accost[8] him.—

Golds. Do so.

Aur. Love,
Forgive me this excuse, my heart is fix'd,
I find another written here. [*Aside.*

Cap. I do salute you, venerable sir.

[8] Cap. *I will* accost *him.*] The old copy reads, "I will *accuse* him."

Sim. You may salute me at your pleasures, but you are mistaken, I am no more venerable than yourself; my name is sir Gervase Simple.

Thump. And I am one of his gentlemen ushers, sir, that follow him.

Cap. Heroic sir, I do adore your physnomy. Now, by the dust of my progenitors—

Sim. There's a fine oath!

Cap. You look like the nine worthies.

Sim. I have been taken for them a hundred times.

Cap. Fairer than Pluto's self, king of the shades.

Sim. That king was a poor kinsman of mine, and indeed we had one complexion.

Cap. The devil you had?

Sim. Sir, I am sorry I cannot stay with you; but pray, if you meet any of the nine worthies, or my cousin Pluto, commend me to them, I shall be glad to meet you, or them, at any tavern, between Cheap and Charing-cross, and so I remain yours, or not his own, *sans complement.*

Mrs. G. When will you please, sir Gervase, to visit us again?
Nay, it shall be your's [*He complements.*

Sim. Now my foot's in!

[*Exeunt Mrs. G and Sim.*

Cap. But that I see't, I should not have believed there was such a fool in nature.

Ger. [*to Chrys.*]—In this
Variety of servants, I acknowledge
You greatly honour me; and in the presence
Of both your parents to vouchsafe this favour,
Doubly obliges me,

Chry. You are most welcome.

Aur. You may believe my sister, she ne'er speaks
But by direction of her heart.

Ger. I am confident;
Nor hath she any virtue, which you do not

Divide with her; you are twins in birth and goodness.

Aur. You are bountiful in character

Golds. I'll not oppose you, sir, an you can win their opinion.

Cap. It is enough, I shall be proud to serve you; But at this present, with your noble license, I take my leave; there is a lord expects To meet me at a tavern, that has come Fourscore and nineteen mile, to hear an elegy of My composition.

Golds. He deserves to enjoy you.

Cap. I'll attend the ladies, when my stars will be more propitious, in the interim, wearing your beautiful figures in my heart, I kiss your white hand— [*Exit.*

Ger. I think the stock of his discourse be wasted, And he returns to take up more on's credit, Until he break again; the town is full Of these vain-glorious flashes,

Golds. [*taking Chrys. aside.*]—Chrysolina, You see what store of servants you attract, Plenty of lovers, but I hope you will Be ruled, and take my counsel: which of all, And be plain with me, hold you best opinion of?

Chry. You will not, sir, be angry, if I answer You justly?

Golds. No, no; tell me.

Chry. I confess, I now do feel the power of love; until That gentleman—

Golds. Which, which gentleman?

Chry. By his fair merit, won my heart's consent, I had my freedom.

Golds. Master Gerard?

Chry. The same: oh, sir, there's no comparison With him and those that proffer us their service:

Sir Gervase is but title, t'other noise,
Empty of all reality and worth ;
There is my choice, more precious to my thoughts
[*Pointing to Ger.*
Than all mankind without him ; and I hope
You will be kind in your allowance, sir.
Golds. You might have us'd less haste in your election,
Or first acquainted me ; you shall do well
To keep possession of your heart awhile ;
But I'll consider. Send your sister to me :—
What say you, daughter, to sir Gervase ?
Aur. Nothing ; as much as he hath said to me.
I affect worth, not shew ; and in my choice
I hope your judgment, sir, will meet.
Golds. I like this well, be obedient.
Aur. What think you, sir, of master Gerard ?
Golds. You do not love him ?
Aur. I should then belie
My heart when I deny him my best love ;
He needs not boast his worth, like those whom nature
And art have left unfurnish'd ; he's a man,
For birth, for education, for his fortune,
Worthy a nobler wife than she that now
Commends him to you.
Golds. Would you marry him ?
Aur. I know not that man in the world beside,
I would call husband ; in my soul I am
Already his, and if you will not be
Held cruel to your daughter—
Golds. How's this ?
Both in love with the same man ? my care will be
To a great purpose ! this is very strange ;—[*Aside.*
Send your sister to me.—Come hither, come hither,
You are not yet contracted to that gentleman ?
Chry. No such thing has past.

Golds. But you are content to take him for your bridegroom? I mean master Gerard.

Chry. And call it happiness.

Golds. Your mother calls. [*Exit Chrysolina.*] So, so. Do you hear, Aurelia? do you love that gentleman?

Aur. Yes.

Golds. Very good; when your wedding clothes come home, pray give me leave to pay for them, and the dinner too. I say nothing of a portion; go after your sister. [*Exit Aurelia.*]—Hum; this is very pretty, faith. [*comes forward.*]—Let me be bold to ask you a question, sir.

Ger. My answer shall be just, and free.

Golds. Which of my daughters do you love best? As you are a gentleman, the truth: if you affect either, it is quickly answer'd.

Ger. The truth is, as you ask, I love neither—

Golds. How! do you love none of them both? they are very well rewarded.

Ger. Love neither of them best; they are so equal
In beauty, and desert, by both I swear,
I cannot prefer any.

Golds. You would not have
Two wives, against the statute?

Ger. When I have
The happiness to speak with one alone,
There's so much sweetness in her, such a troop
Of graces waiting on her words and actions,
I love her infinitely, and think it blessing
To see her smile; but, when the t'other comes
In presence, in her eye she brings a charm
To make me doat on her: I am divided,
And, like the trembling needle of a dial,[9]
My heart's afraid to fix; in such a plenty,
I have no star to sail by.

[9] —— *the trembling needle of a dial,*] I know not Shirley's authority for calling the sea-card a *dial.*

Golds. This is stranger
Than all the rest. [*Aside.*]—But do you love them both?

Ger. I dare not call it my misfortune, sir,
And yet I know not—

Golds. What will become of this?
Is't possible? My daughter will be mad if this humour hold, and I am little better while I think on't: I'll to them again. [*Aside, and exit.*

Ger. On whom shall I complain for my hard fate?
Love is not innocent enough to be
A child, yet poets give him deity;
Fond men! prove it in me, thou quiver'd boy,
That love with equal flame two mistresses;
I will believe thee a god, and kiss thy dart,
Furnish my bosom with another heart. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in sir JOHN WOODHAMORE'S *House.*

Enter WOODHAMORE *and* YONGRAVE.

Wood. I am her keeper; expect here awhile,
And I'll prepare her. [*Exit.*

Yon. I'll attend.—Poor gentlewoman,
Born with more freedom than thou livest; thy parents
Left thee not rich to be a prisoner,
Nay worse, a prey to this hard man, who hath
Sold thee already; for, if I obtain
Thy love—I hear them coming.

Re-enter WOODHAMORE *with* EUGENIA.

Wood. Gentle niece,
Misconster not my actions; 'tis my care
Of thee, [first,] and to satisfy the duty
I owe to my dead brother, thy kind parent,
I thus restrain thee; thou art young, and canst not,
Being so good thyself, suspect the world
Hath any false men in't; I know there are
Gallants, that study to undo such virgins
As thou art, that will flatter and betray
Thy fortunes to their riot; this unhappiness
I would prevent, and have now found a man,
Into whose arms I may deliver up
The wealth that I am trusted with.

Eug. He's welcome.—
Pray what's your business?

Yon. You may understand,
Partly by what your uncle hath deliver'd.

Eug. You come a wooing, do you not? Heigh ho!

Yon. How's this?

Wood. I'll leave you at opportunity. [*Exit.*

Eug. Troth, if you be a good man, be not tedious,
I do not love set speeches nor long praises;
I hope you have made no verses on my hair,
Acrostics on my name, I hate them worse
Than witchcraft, or the place I live in: if
You be a suitor, put me out of my pain,
Quickly, I beseech you.

Yon. I am one would be your servant.

Eug. My servant? what can you do?

Yon. I can love you.

Eug. I cannot help it, it is none of my fault.

Yon. Your beauty makes me,
Which cannot be without as fair a soul.
I dare believe my eyes, which, till this present,
Could never reach more than your face, and that

At too unkind a distance, from your window:
I have enquired your fortune,[1] and lamenting
With loving pity, such a noble creature
Should be confined to narrow limits, come
To bring you freedom, make you mistress of
Your liberty, and myself, if you can think
Me worthy of your love: I do not court
Your fortune, but yourself, and if I urge
With too much haste, what great ones might be proud
To expect, after much suit, and that you cannot
Find in your tongue consent, encourage me
But for the present with one smile.

Eug. I cannot,
Unless I counterfeit; I have not smiled
These ten months; if a sigh will pleasure you,
I can afford enough to break your heart,
And yet I live. Walk into the other room,
You'll find an alteration in the air,
And think you come into a mist, which I
Made all with my own sighs; but I would not
Infect you so—you seem an honest gentleman.

Yon. Her sorrows help the growth of my affection;
What will she be in peace, that is so lovely
In her distress! [*Aside.*]—I wish you would impose
Something on me, to settle your sad thoughts;
I would embrace a danger, to assure
The quiet of your mind.

Eug. 'Tis in the power
Of one that would be kind to help me, but—

Yon. Make me that friend.

Eug. You may love me too much,
To undertake that task.

Yon. Too much I cannot.

Eug. Oh, yes; for, though I should esteem him dear,
And call him my true friend, that, in this storm,

[1] *Fortune,*] Not wealth (as in the next lines,) but fate, story.

Would lend a cord to save me, yet such is
The misery of th' employment, he must not
Love me too well that does it.

Yon. Be more plain;
And let me never hope to be call'd your's,
If I refuse any command, that may
Or profit or delight you.

Eug. I release
These hasty protestations.

Yon. I pray trust me.

Eug. I will, though every syllable you speak
Makes me suspect you will repent this freedom.
If you will do a grateful office to me,
In person [2] give this paper to a gentleman.

[*Gives him a letter.*

Yon. His name?

Eug. In the direction
You'll find it, with all necessary circumstance
To meet with him.

Yon. This all? you do not well,
To mock my honest heart with this cheap service:
I was in earnest, when I promised more
Than carriage of a letter.

Eug. If you please
To make it then a perfect act of nobleness,
You may take notice, that I long have loved him;
And, if you find him cold in the perusal,
Tell him I had the promise of his faith,
When I gave up my heart, in the presence of
A thousand angels, that will witness it:
If yet he be not soft, to stir up his
Compassion, tell him how I live, and languish;
You may report you saw me weep: I have not
Much more to say; if you will do this favour,
'Twill be an argument of your respect;—
I see your resolution cools already.

[2] *In person,*] The quarto reads "*your* person:" and in the next line "*your* name," for "*His* name."

Yon. 'Tis a severe employment, but I'll do
Something; pray honour me to kiss your hand,
I have not yet deserved to reach your lip.
Content dwell in your bosom!

Re-enter WOODHAMORE.

Wood. What success?
Yon. I hope well; some affairs
Call me away. [*Exit.*
Wood. Good master Yongrave!—
How do you like this gentleman?
Eug. I shall desire to see him again; my heart
Is light upon [the] sudden; please you, uncle,
I'll in, and play a lesson on my lute. [*Exit.*
Wood. Do what you please; I relish not your air.
That's only sweet to me that profit brings,
There is no music without golden strings.

SCENE II.

A Room in Goldsworth's *House.*

Enter CHRYSOLINA *and* AURELIA.

Chry. Was ever maid so miserable
In her affection!
Aur. Is not my fate as cruel?
Cannot we love him still, and yet be sisters?
I hope we may; the love I bear to him
Shall not destroy my piety to you:
Nature hath fram'd us two in person, but
We are both one in heart.
Chry. Indeed we are;
We are too much one, and both love one too much,
For either to enjoy him.
Aur. Say not so;

Give me a little time, and I will try
How I can give him you; I will persuade
My heart to let him go.
Chry. Alas, poor sister!
Why should you give him me? it is no argument,
Because I came one minute into life
Before you, therefore you should render first
To me, what is so precious to yourself;
Rather let me begin, that was first made
Acquainted to the world, resign to thee,
And make thee happy, by enjoying him.
Aur. But do you know the miserable consequence?
For, if you love him with that truth, and fervour
You speak of, (as it were a sin in me
Not to believe it,) can you look for less
Than death, to see me mistress of his faith,
And led in nuptial triumph to the church?
Chry. I cannot tell—
Aur. Or, if it did not kill you
So soon, I know the sorrow would distract you.
How can I smile to see my sister weep
Away her eyes, and tell the jarring minutes,
With hasty sighs, to know herself forsaken?
Chry. And can it be, you could do less, that love him
As well as I, to see him made my husband?
Would it not make you melancholy, sister,
And oft retire into the dark to weep?
Could you behold us freely kiss, embrace
And go to bed together,
Remembering that you gave this friend to me
From your own heart, and live?
Aur. Why, let me die then,
Rather than you; I shall perhaps obtain
Some charitable epitaph, to tell
The world I died to save my sister's life:
'Tis no such thing to die.

Chry. This is again
Our misery; it is not in our power,
By resignation, to assure to either
His love; he only must determine it:
We cannot guide his passion.
Aur. Nor himself
Direct it, as he now appears divided;
May be, it would be fortunate for both,
Would he be more particular.
Chry. That makes
Our flame encrease, that he protests he loves
Us both so equally.
Aur. 'Tis very strange.
Chry. Let us then join our argument to persuade him,
To point out one of us to be his bride;
T'other, in time, may hope to gain her freedom;—
I know not what I say—we both must plead

Enter GERARD.

Against ourselves: see, he is come already.
Ger. The scales are even still; that one had less
Perfection, to make the doubtful balance
Give difference in their value! but I wrong
Their virtues to wish either any want,
That equally incline my soul to love them.—
Justice, I now consent thou shouldst be blind,
My eyes are but the cause I cannot see,
And will not give my judgment leave to make
Distinction of these two. Democritus,
I do allow thy rashness, and confess
Then thou didst rectify thy contemplation
When thou didst lose thy sight. Which of these two,
Instruct me, Love; that? t'other? both? what fate
Hovers about my choice? Were it not sin,
I would be blind, as poets fancy Love,

Into whom now I am transform'd, that then
My soul not looking through these glasses, might
With inward speculation aim at her,
That is the happiest, if one can be so. [*Aside.*

Chry. Sir, if we be not troublesome—

Ger. You cannot.

Aur. To interrupt your meditations,
We have a suit.

Ger. Both? it must needs be granted.

Chry. Nor let us suffer in our modesties,
If our request seem strange.

Ger. 'Tis a command,
And I must needs obey; you two divide
This empire.

Chry You prepare [us]; we dispute not
The strangeness of your love, but pity it,
And are so ready, in our own affection,
To answer your opinion of us both,
That, if you can collect, what [you] divide
On two, and place it fairly upon one,
Choose whom you will make happy.

Aur. We expect not
Your hasty answer, though we both desire
A swift end to your trouble.

[*Exeunt Chrys. and Aur.*

Ger I pray stay,—
I would determine now, but cannot.—Fair ones—
Was ever lover so perplex'd? I must
Resolve.

Enter THORNAY.

Thor. Why, how now Frank? what, melancholy?

Ger. How came you hither?

Thor. Why, upon my feet:
I was at your lodging, to enquire for you,
And here they told me I should find you.

Ger. Yes,

Here I am lost indeed ; prithee, excuse
My dulness.
Thor. What's the matter ? come, I guess
The cause ; which of these gentlewomen is it?
I saw them.
Ger. Didst ? and how dost like them, prithee ?
Thor. I do like them so well, that I could wish—
Ger. Which, which of them ?
Thor. Faith, I cannot tell,—
The worst of them both,—abed with me.
Ger. Thy wishes are not modest : couldst thou love
One of them nobly ? ha ? thou hast a person
And fortune to invite thy entertainment ;
Come, let me counsel you.
Thor. To what ?
Ger. To love, and to a blessing ; couldst thou see
So sweet a pair, and feel no burning shaft ?
Hast thou a soul about thee, that is capable
Of knowledge and delight ? didst ever love ?
Thor. Yes, once, and I think heartily, for the time ;
But I have drown'd her.
Ger. How ?
Thor. In sack, I think,
As gallants lose their mistresses, by drinking
Their health too often.
Ger. Prithee do not trifle.
Thor. What would'st thou have me answer ? I can love.
Ger. A woman ?
Thor. What dost make of me ?
Ger. With honour ?
Thor. And honesty, if I see cause.
Ger. Enough ; thou shalt have cause,
Within two minutes ; shalt but see again
These sisters, and be proud to be a servant,
I prophesy already ; oh, my friend ! [*Going.*

Thor. Pray take me with you.
Ger. Yes, thou shalt go with me,
And speak to them, and be amazed, as I am,
To know there are such creatures.
Thor. I have seen
A multitude of fair ones.
Ger. All other women
Are but like pictures in a gallery,
Set off to the eye, and have no excellency
But in their distance; but these two, far off,
Shall tempt thee to just wonder, and drawn near,
Can satisfy thy narrowest curiosity:
The stock of woman hath not two more left,
To rival them in graces.
Thor. You speak for them;
I may go farther, and fare worse.—I'll not
Consider more on't; let us to them; stay—
Which of these two's your mistress? let me know
Where to direct my service.
Ger. That question
Hath puzzled me already.
Thor. Say, which is't
You best affect?
Ger. I love them both so equally,
I know not which to name.
Thor. How, both? what, then,
Should I do with them? art thou mad?
Ger. A little,
Contain thyself, and call thy reason to thee;
Although it be the cruelty of my fate,
It can be no bar to thee; I can enjoy
But one, and yet thou shalt have choice of both:
Thou art not thus my rival, but my friend,
Relief of my distraction, for she
Whom thou refusest, if thou canst endear
Thyself to either, in my heart shall meet
A clear and perfect entertainment.
Thor. Hum!

Ger. Canst thou resolve? win either, and we both
Grow happy at once.
Thor. You say well; this is fair—
Ger. They are here.—

Enter sir GERVASE SIMPLE *and mistress* GOLDSWORTH, *at one door, and* THUMP, CHRYSOLINA, *and* AURELIA, *at the other.*

Mrs. G. With your favour, I must chide you, sir; not once speak to my daughter! she expects to be courted with kisses and embraces.
Sim Ay, ay, I could kiss her all over, and embrace her too, but I have an imperfediment; I cannot speak as I would do; but let me alone a little, I'll try; let me see, an I have not forgot my verses.
Mrs. G. Here they are; I'll not trouble you. [*Exit.*
Ger. I will leave this gentleman;
He is my best friend, ladies.
Chry. You oblige us
More to respect him.
Ger. I hope you will be just,
At my return, when I declare myself.
Aur. Sir, you shall not need to urge it.
Ger. I am your honourer. [*Exit.*
Sim. Now, Thump, I am resolv'd to speak to her whatsoever come on't; hum, hum!

Enter GOLDSWORTH.

Golds. What! another suitor? I were best lock up my daughters; they'll be smother'd with gentlemen. [*aside.*]—Sir Gervase, you are a welcome man.
Sim. You shall see if I do not speak to her, now now, and to the purpose, in spite of the devil.—Thump, stroke me o' the back. [*he plucks Aur. by*

the gown.]—There's something in my head, an 'twere out.

Aur. I hope you do not mean your brains?

Sim. Would somebody loved me but as well as I love somebody.

Aur. Now 'tis out.

Sim. La you there! I think I talked to her.

Golds. But, in my opinion, you were quickly daunted.

Sim. Was I so? well, mark me now, now, I will wink [*shuts his eyes.*]—as hard as I can, and then I'm sure she cannot put me out.

Enter CAPERWIT.

Sim. [*taking Caperwit's hand.*]—*Beauty*—

Cap. How now? what means this?

Sim. *Let me but kiss thy hand, and tell*
How much I love thee; I know very well
Thou art a Phœnix, beauteous and bright,
And dost burn every man for thy delight;
Thy eyes are sun and moon, not to be match'd.

Chry. This was intended for you, sister.

Sim. *Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd*[3]
With silver; needs must brazen be my face,
That cannot come into thee with a grace.

Cap. Before or after meat.

Sim. Sweet, hear me out.
But this I know, I am thy faithful lover,
Oh quench my fire—

Cap. *Or else the pot runs over.*

Sim You are in the right:
Accept me for thy servant, not thy foe,

[3] *Thy chin is hatch'd,* &c.] i. e. ornamented with a white, or silvery beard. This absurd stuff (which is worthy of the *School of Complements*, vol. i. p. 40) explains the passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, "The venerable Nestor, *hatch'd* in silver," on which the commentators have wasted so many words. Literally, to hatch is to inlay; metaphorically, it is to adorn, to beautify, with silver, gold, &c.

For I do love thee better than any man in the whole world can do.

Cap. Come, kiss me, then, and open thy fair eyne.

Sim. With all my heart. [*Kisses Cap.*

Omnes. Ha! ha! [*All laugh.*

Sim. [*opening his eyes.*]—Gentlemen, rest you merry.—Thump, by this hand I'll be drunk presently.

Thump. An you had taken my counsel, you had been so before you came hither. Wine is armour of proof. [*Exeunt Sim. and Thump.*

Cap. Ladies, I am sorry, this rude fellow has abus'd your ear with harsh and untuned numbers.

Golds. Your verses have a tune, belike?

Cap. I came o' purpose to present a copy
Of verses that should make your genius stand
O' the tiptoe; list to me, and grow immortal.

Chry. We shall be troubled, now.

Thor. If't please you, lady,
We'll walk aside; I have something of more weight
I would impart. [*Exeunt Thor. and Chrys.*

Aur. I'll leave him too. [*Exit.*

Golds. Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me, have your verses any adjectives?

Cap. Adjectives! would you have a poem without adjectives?
They are the flowers, the grace of all our language:
A well chose epithet doth give new soul
To fainting poesy; and makes every verse
A bride; with adjectives we bait our lines,
When we do fish for gentlewomen's loves,
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear
Of amorous ladies; with the music of
These ravishing nouns, we charm the silken tribe,
And make the gallant melt with apprehension
Of the rare word: I will maintain't against
A bundle of grammarians, in poetry

The substantive itself cannot subsist
Without an adjective.
Golds. But, for all that,
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are not
So larded, and if I might counsel you,
You should compose a sonnet clean without them:
A row of stately substantives would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the field before them;
Carry their weight, shew fair, like deeds enroll'd,
Not writs, that are first made, and after filed.
Thence first came up the title of blank verse;
You know, sir, what blank signifies? when the sense
First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
And could not hold together without wedges:
Hang't, 'tis pedantic, vulgar poetry;
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there these piddling words for want of matter.
Poets write masculine numbers.
Cap. You have given me
A pretty hint, 'tis new.
Golds. And will be grateful;
My daughter will affect it much the better,
And 'twill be honour, if she be the first
To whom so choice a poem is presented.
I wish you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Cap. You oblige my service.—
I will bestow these verses on my footman,
They'll serve a chambermaid; let me see;
I want a little quickening, two or three
Infusions of sack will heighten me,
And make my genius dance, then *Lady, lady*—
Gone?
She's hard of soul, but I must supple her,
And there's a conceit new struck upon my brain
Will do't, ἑυρηκα; forces united conquer.
Lady, grow soft; if merit cannot prove
Happy, we must use policy in love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter CHRYSOLINA, *followed by* THORNAY.

Chrys. No more; you do not well to wrong your friend,
That trusts you with his bosom.
Thor. Fair one, hear me.
Chrys. He gave you welcome hither, and you practise
Unworthily to supplant him.
Thor. You are too
Severe; I have no thought so wicked, lady:
Deny me not that liberty, which all
The creatures have, to wish their own felicity;
Which cannot be without you; he will not
Repine to see me happy in your love.
Chrys. In seeming to extenuate your error,
You thus enlarge it, and bring into question
The honour of your friend, for whom I must,
Though weak, rise up a champion for his virtue;
And to beat off all argument, on your part,
To move for my affection, know he is,
Next heaven, the only object of my heart,
Nor can it know a change.
Thor. And yet, if you collect yourself, you are not
The only mistress of his heart; your sister
He loves as well as you; your pardon, fairest,
'Tis possible he may prefer her too,
Since neither piety nor law allows,
He can be husband at one time, to both:
Then let discretion guide you first to freedom;
I love you not with half a heart, but all;
Heaven knows, with all; at every look you do

Transfix me, and can only cure the wound
With the same eyes, if they but smile upon it.
Chrys. I must not hear you plead thus; you appear
Nor friend to him, nor me: so fare you well. [*Exit.*
Thor. I am caught, by this good day I am, and know not
How now to help myself: a handsome thing!
What a blind buzzard is this jackanapes,
Cupid! Pox of his bird-bolt! I'll not leave her:
Yet I may be too forward; I am punish'd.—
Venus, thy pardon, I beseech thee, if thou
Beest not hard-hearted, as the poets feign,
Speak to thy boy to fetch his arrow back,
Or strike her with a sharp one, make her squeak,
And I'll allow thee a goddess.—Ha! 'tis he.

Enter GERARD.

Ger. Before thou speak'st to me, let me peruse
Thy face; I'll tell myself how thou hast sped:
Well; is't not so? Yet do not answer me,
That smile does not shew clear, there is some cloud
I' the corner of thy forehead, that would spread,
And darken all thy face.
Thor. Your physiognomy
Is quite discredited.
Ger. Hast [thou] prevail'd?
With which? why, now thou art too tedious.
Thor. With
The eldest, Chrysolina.
Ger. Ha! what sound
Was that? With Chrysolina?—
I prithee, what of her? I love her dearly;
Thou hast not filch'd away her heart? it grew
With mine.
Thor. How's this?

Ger. Hast thou not seen the woodbine,[1]
That honey dropping tree, and the loved brier,
Embrace with their chaste boughs, twisting themselves,
And weaving a green net to catch the birds,
Till it do seem one body, while the flowers
Wantonly run to meet and kiss each other?
So 'twas betwixt us two.
Thor. I mean the youngest.
Ger. What! my Aurelia?
Thou canst not rob me so: the amorous turtles
Have but their imitation from our love!
The pelican loves not her young so well,
That digs upon her breast an hundred springs,
When in her blood she bathes the innocent birds,
As I do my Aurelia.
Thor. God be wi' ye!—
I know not how to please you, nor to answer.
Ger. I prithee stay.
Thor. Engage me in a business,
Nay, thrust me on the lime-twigs, to set you
At liberty, when your own wings were glued
To the bush! and do you reward me in this fashion?
An I had known't, you should have fluttered.
Ger. I
Forgot myself, I prithee pardon me.
I will excuse thee when thou art in love.
Thor. Then do so now, and you'll be temperate,
And hear me.
Ger. Speak, I am re-collected.
Thor. And I am in love.
Ger. Thou didst name both; thou art [not] so unhappy!
Thor. Your humours lead me to't; but shall I tell you?

[1] Ger. *Hast thou not seen the woodbine,*
That honey-dropping tree, &c.] See p. 27.

Ger. Which, which of them did most encourage thee?

Thor. Be not you passionate still, but give me thanks,
And call me fortunate; she has half consented.

Ger. I shall be lost i' the dark: declare which.

Thor. Which?
Why, the eldest; which? [why,] Chrysolina. Now
Be you advised, and court the other.

Ger. Half consenting?

Thor. I may say
Three-quarters, and not lie.

Ger. 'Tis false;
And such a stain thou throw'st upon that virgin,
Thy blood deserves to purge.—[*Draws his sword.*

Thor. You do not mean
To play the fool thus?—Pox upon this madness!
I will not fight with you, and I will love
That gentlewoman.—I thought I had done you a courtesy.

Ger. So thou hast,
If it be true.

Thor. Have you a mind to be
The everlasting madcap? An you can couple
With both, I can resign: poor gentlewoman,
She'll have the worst on't.

Ger. But, I prithee, tell me,
With what art didst thou so soon win her to thee?
It was some months ere I prevail'd; and, were I
Not confident of thy honesty, I should
Suspect some witchcraft.

Thor. There is an art
In wooing, not reveal'd to every man,
Which he that knows,
Shall do more with a maid in some [brief] minute,
Than others in a twelvemonth.

Ger. It must be
A lucky minute.

Thor. Ay, he must take her i' the nick; and court her
In the precise minute: yet it may be, she,
In pity of my sufferings, or mistrusting
She might not be the first in your election,
Inclin'd the sooner. Now would I have you,
Without more ceremony, neglect the wench
That I have chosen; do you mark? neglect her,
And address all your courtship to the youngest;
Your meaning will be clearly understood
On both sides; so you shall with ease, enlarge
Your own heart, fix on one whose arms already
Are open to you, and make my path direct,
Without any rub, to the other. Is this sense?
Obey it then; set on afore with your mistress, a hand gallop, if I overtake you not, let me swing i' the bridle, and set a saddle o' my back, and let all the fools in the town ride me.

Ger. We must not be too rash, let's walk, and think on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Goldsworth's *House.*

Enter sir GERVASE SIMPLE *and* AURELIA.

Sim. Thou art a brave wench.

Aur. You are grown bold of late.

Sim. I think so; gramercy, sack! come, kiss me. Wilt thou be a lady?

Aur. I have no great ambition.

Sim. I'll buy thee a parrot to-morrow, and a monkey: here, take this ring.

Aur. Pray keep it, and let me tell you, sir, my mind.

Sim. And I'll tell thee mine, that's one for another.

Aur. Briefly then—

Sim. Be as brief as you please, I can be as brief as you, and tedious too; I know thou lovest me: sirrah, didst think I was such a fearful coxcomb as I made myself? No, I know when to be [a] lion, and when to be a hare. But prithee tell me plainly, when shall we matrimony it, ha? thou dotest upon my good parts; come, speak to me; prithee be not bashful.

Aur. I fear you will not understand me.

Sim. Speak no language, and I warrant; I know Greek and Latin, I learn'd my accidence.

Aur. Then know, I do not love you, sir.

Sim. You do not love me, sir! then I have lost my labour, sir.

Aur. I make no doubt it will appear so;
I could be of the humour of some mistresses,
By some slight favours to encourage you,
Accept your gifts, extol your wit, invent
New ways to melt your gold, beside the Exchange,
And petticoat embroideries.

Sim. Thou shalt have smock embroideries; nay, thy very skin shall be embroidered.

Aur. Have every day some progress for your coach,
And tire you worse than your four Flanders mares;
And then laugh at you too: but I am honest,
And will deserve your nobler character:
I tell you what you must expect; in truth,
I cannot love you; pray leave off in time,
And let this satisfy you.

Sim. This satisfy? why, this is even as good [as] nothing.

Aur. It is all that I can promise you.

Sim. Though you cannot love me, it shall be for your honour to marry me.

Aur. By no means.

Sim. What! not marry me neither? Then be no lady, that I first pronounce: secondly, know, I am resolved—your mother shall understand it, by these hilts.

Aur. I would advise you rather to be silent,
And take your leave like a good christian lover:
If you betray my honest meaning so,
And move her to impatience, I shall wish you
I' the West Indies.

Enter mistress GOLDSWORTH.

Sim. Here she comes.

Mrs. G. Sir, I hope you and my daughter are agreed.

Aur. And the conditions please me infinitely;
Mother you never plac'd your commendation
Upon a gentleman so noble; such
Plenty of honour dwells in him, I must
Be happy in his embraces.

Sim. Oh ho! is't come about again?

Mrs. G. Nay, nay, I told you, you should find him honourable.

Aur. We understand each other perfectly:
He has so sweet a soul, I may have any thing;
He has promised me the finest parrots.

Sim. Oh ay, and madge howlets that can speak all languages.

Mrs. G. Nay, and he'll perform:
Well, for this act of duty, I shall find
Some gold beside thy portion; i' the mean time,
I'll move thy father to conclude the marriage:
And here he is already.

Enter GOLDSWORTH, CAPERWIT, *and* CHRYSOLINA.

Aur. [*aside to Sim.*]—Look you, sir,
These turns you put me to; do not believe
I bear one thought more of good-will for this;
If you suspect it otherwise, because
I carry it sweet and pleasing to my mother,
Who is so zealous in your cause, I'll swear
Your worship is the most unwelcomest man
I' the world to me.

Sim. I'm glad she is not gone yet.

Aur. What need you distrust?
He'll know precisely when we must be married,
Is jealous of delays, will not believe
I love him, till the priest hath seal'd me his
I' the church, he says.

Sim. These are tricks, demurs, your daughter is not sober.

Aur. He means serious.

Sim. She doth but mock—

Aur. Who would think you could dissemble?

Mrs. G. Sir, have patience; I have not been so hasty,
To become tedious at last, refer that to my care;
Since you have made a marriage in your hearts,
The church shall soon confirm it. [*Exit.*

Aur. What do you think of this?
Faith, yet be wise, and leave this wooing.
I shall maintain this humour to my mother,
And find a crotchet to come off with honour;
You have not yet my hate, pray let's be friends,
And never meet again.

Sim. This is very fine, i' faith; if I do not study some mischief—

Aur. Conceal, for your own shame.

Cap. How do you like them, lady? it pleas'd your father

To impose somewhat severely on my muse,
But your divine acceptance shall declare it
A crowned poem.—Most illustrious Simple.

Sim. Simple me no more than I simple thee.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there is a lady enquires for master Caperwit.

Cap A lady, out of complement?—'Tis he. [*Aside.*

Ser. She seems of noble quality; she has coach and fair attendants, and calls herself the lady Bird.

Cap Good Cupid, is it she?
Who gave her direction to find me here?—
An honourable lady, I confess,
And hath a fortune noble like her birth;
'Tis the rich alderman's widow, the great Bird,
That died at's country-house, a kinsman to
The Ravens of the city. By no means
Admit her, she'll betray her foolish passion.

Golds. What is the matter?

Cap. Some few days ago
I did by chance but drop a complement,
How much I was her servant, and she took it
To th' heart, and ever since hath sought occasion
To express her love to me, poor gentlewoman.

Golds. You cannot help it.

Cap. 'Tis one but of the myriad of ladies
That have been taken—

Chrys. With your tropes and figures.

Golds No matter, let her come, it were not civil, Sir, to deny yourself.

Cap. She'll tire all patience:
But, lady, be assur'd my heart is dedicate
To you, and were all womenkind in balance
With your divinest person, their light scale
Would kick the firmament, or coming down,
Be lost in th' middle region of the air,

Or be converted to a cloud to weep
Upon the earth, for being so much excell'd.

Enter lady BIRD.

Lady B. Where's this footman?
Ser. Trot, my lady's footman! [*Exit.*

Enter Footman.

Lady B. Go pray my uncle, sir Walter Cormorant,
To dine with me to-morrow.—And, do you hear?
'Tis in your way, to ask if my cousin Bulfinch,
The steward of my land, be come to town,
He lies in Fleet-street between Hawk and Buzzard.
I' the afternoon, remember, sirrah, that
You go to master Kite, that lives i' the Poultry,
And say I shall expect the thousand pound
Was lent him upon mortgage.— [*Exit Footman.*
Sir, beseech your nobleness excuse me,
The affairs so nearly do concern me, with
A gentleman, (now your guest,) that I presumed
It should not be offence, if I took hold
Of this occasion, to speak with him.
Golds. Madam, you need plead no excuse for that,
Command your freedom here.—Daughters, my lady
Would have some private conference.
Lady B. By no means
Let me appear so troublesome; your presence
Will be no hurt to my design, you shall
Command a great deal more.
Cap. 'Twas cunningly prepared. [*Aside.*
Lady B. Sir, after all, let me obtain your privilege.
Cap. Proceed—

Lady B. I shall accuse myself of too much boldness,
If you neglect me, sir, before all these;
I come not to disturb you, nor to publish
What you have taken from me.
Golds. I hope she will lay some felony to his charge
Lady B. But, sir,
You might have been so kind, to have seen your friend
Once in three days.
Cap. I must be pardon'd, widow;
The glass that tells the hour hath not more sands,
Than there be ladies wait to catch me up
To spend my time with 'em? they break my dreams
With importunity, and allow me but
One minute in a week to say my prayers.
Lady B. Among them all, there is not one that more
Desires your happiness.
Cap. 'Tis more your goodness, lady, than desert,
Or provocation in me.
Lady B. You are modest,
And thus increase your value.
Cap. Your favours are acknowledg'd, and take up
Much of my studies, how I may be active
In service to reward 'em, still preserving
My liberty; I must not be confin'd
Or wedg'd in; all that's good in nature ought
To be communicable; if you have
Promis'd yourself more of me, than you are
Allow'd, as an excellent part o' the commonwealth,
'Tis justice you correct the imagination:
Perhaps you'll say, you love me.
Golds. A fine dialogue!
Lady B. My blushes speak me guilty, and I fear
Betray my frailty to these gentlewomen:
You'll sin against your knowledge, sir, to make

A question how much I esteem you; be not
A tyrant, if my opinion of your worth
Prevail against my modesty, to say
I cannot choose but love you; 'tis my fate;
My breeding never suffered, but in this,
That I should lose myself to court a man,
Ambitious of my favour; 'tis in vain
To tell you, with what art, my eyes have been
Courted by great ones for their smile, for you
Will turn them all to tears.

Chrys. Alas, poor lady!
I pity her; what doth she see in him,
To draw this passion?

Cap. May be, I am engag'd
To another beauty.

Lady B. That's my fear, indeed;
For who can look with eyes like mine upon you,
And not be tempted to the same desires?
But be not, sir, deceived; all foreheads are not
True glasses of the mind, and beauty alone
Deserves not such a blessing; young men do
Too hastily betray themselves to misery,
That think no heaven but in their mistress' face;
Look on my fortune, which doth spread more riches,
Than pleasure can instruct thee ways to spend.
Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom,
Honour and titles of the state shall woo
Thy name to put them on, and not be thine,
But thou their ornament.

Cap. Affection must
Flow uncompell'd; you may be pleas'd to take
Some other time to finish this discourse.

Lady B. I may suspect I have offended these;
But pray interpret fairly.—Noble sir, [*To Simple.*
I do beseech you, pardon
The errors that you find in us frail women;
Yet I believe you would not use me so
Neglectfully; 'tis time, I take my leave.

Golds. We are your humble servants.

Sim. Sir, if you will not affect this lady, I hope some other may.

Cap. And write himself the happiest man alive.
She is [a] widow for a lord; but I am fix'd;
I would you had her, sir, I say no more;
She has an estate of twenty exchequers, and
Is of so gentle soul.

Lady B I leave you to
Repent your cruelty.—My coach—

Sim. Please you, madam,
Do me the grace to let me wait upon you.

Cap. Now do I expect she'll doat upon me.—
[*Aside.—Exeunt Golds. lady B. and Sim.*
Ladies, you see what fortunes I neglect;
She is a pretty handsome creature, too.

Aur. In my opinion, sir, you have not been
So kind as she deserves, and, for my part,
I have so much compassion of her sufferings,
Were all the wit of younger brothers in you,
And could you make me jointure of a province,
I would rather marry my father's serving-man,
And stand at livery myself, than be
Wife to a man so ingrateful. [*Exit Aur.*

Cap. How, sweet lady?

Chrys. My sister, sir, is just; can you expect
An entertainment here after your scorn
Of one that nobly loves you? [*Exit Chrys.*

Cap. I have used
A precious policy to supplant myself!
She has a scruple in her conscience,
And will not wrong the lady Bird—A pox
Upon his rhetoric.

Enter GOLDSWORTH.

Golds. Your lady Bird is coach'd, and she hath took
Sir Gervase with her.

Cap. How?
Golds. Their legs do jostle
In the same boot.
Cap. Ha, ha, ha!
Golds. Why do you laugh? what humour's this?
Cap. Sir Gervase! ha, ha!—he thinks—ha, ha!
Golds. You have a merry spleen; I know not what
He thinks, but if he mean to retrieve the lady Bird—
Cap. Ha, ha!
Golds. Pray let me know whence springs this sudden mirth;
I will laugh with you.
Cap. Hold my sides, my buttons!
Golds. 'Tis well your doublet's slash'd.
Cap. Ha, ha! Next time I come, I'll discover—I shall not
Contain myself i' the street. Ha, ha! [*Exit.*
Golds. The poet's mad indeed: farewell, Democritus. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter THORNAY, *and* YONGRAVE.

Yon. By your favour, sir.
Thor. Your business?
Yon. I understand your name is Thornay.
Thor. It was my father's, and 'tis upon record, that I was christened Thomas; does that concern you, sir?
Yon. I bring commands from a friend of your's.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Thor. I crave you mercy, I am your servant.
[*Reads the letter.*

Re-enter GERARD, *with* AURELIA.

With him Aurelia.

Aur. I am ignorant
With what words I should meet this noble love.

Ger. I was created for this happiness,
To these embraces, which do more than twist
Our bodies, every circle of thy arms
Enchains my soul, that doth forget all freedom,
And willingly submit to be thy prisoner.

Chrys. It does not grieve me that he loves my sister.

Ger. I am too little to contain my joy,
It flows above the narrow banks, Aurelia:
What shall I say? let me bathe here eternally,
And study new arithmetic, to count
Our blessings.

Aur. Can you, sir, be constant?

Chrys. Ay, touch him there, Aurelia.

Ger. You do ill
To interrupt our joys. Upon this lip,
That deserves all should open to commend it,
I seal the contract of my heart for ever. [*Kisses her.*
I will be nothing when I am not thine:
Suspect the stars may lose themselves in heaven,
But never I this vow; thy sister has
No part in my affection; she usurp'd
Some title, but I now have cancell'd all
The thoughts of her, and offer thee myself,
Myself thy perfect honourer. [*Exe. Ger. and Aur.*

Chrys. Wherein have I deserv'd to be thus slighted?
Is there no conflict in my blood? Can love
I bear a sister take away all sense
Of this indignity? [*Walks aside.*

Enter THORNAY *and* YONGRAVE.

Thor. Look you, sir,

I promis'd you a reason, why I could
Not love Eugenia; there's my reason, I
Do love that gentlewoman.
Chrys. 'Tis master Thornay.
I am resolv'd[4] I have no other way
To punish his disdain, than to pretend
I love this gentleman; that he may see
I have the freedom of my soul, to mock
His triumph, and with as much facility
Meet his neglect. [*coming forward.*]—Oh, master Thornay,
You are very welcome, I was wishing for you.
Thor. Hum!
This entertainment is a little better
Than I expected.
Chrys. You absent yourself
Too much; believe, your visits shall not be
More frequent, than your person grateful hither.
Thor. Do you hear? you may return, and tell this story
Unto the lady i' the enchanted castle:
You see my fate, I cannot come; God be wi' ye.
Yon. You shall acquit yourself more nobly, sir,
And better satisfy her in your person.
Thor. I will not take the pains to see her, an
She were a dying.
Yon. How?
Thor. Not to recover her.
Chrys. Shall you and I, sir, walk a turn i' the garden?
Thor. Yes, lady. Heaven vouchsafe I grow not mad
With my good fortune!
Yon. With your pardon, mistress,
I must take privilege to tell this man
He is not worthy of your favours.

[4] *I am* resolved,] i. e. convinced.

Thor. How, sir?
You do not know my temper.
Yon. Nor regard it. [*Draws.*
Chrys. Hold, as you bear respect to me.
Thor. I am charm'd.
Yon. I should be guilty of some sin to you,
Not to reveal, this gentleman has made
A forfeit of his honour.
Thor. Will you hear him?—
Pox o' my dulness, what meant I to bring
Him hither? [*aside.*]—Do not credit any thing;
We are old enemies, and he has studied this
Device to poison your opinion of me,
A mere trick; do not believe a word, sweet lady.
Chrys. I am not easy, sir, to entertain
Malicious accusation of your fame,
Your virtue, in my thoughts, is not so soon
Shaken with one report.
Thor. That's comfort yet.
Yon. Then you provoke me to be plain; know, lady,
You are in the way to be most miserable,
Abus'd by this false man, that will betray
Your innocent beauty to so great a shame,
Repentance is not able to restore you:
He has a wife already.
Chrys. How! a wife?
Yon. A wife, if holy vows have power to bind him.[5]
Thor. Do you believe this? were you by when I
Was married?
Yon. No, but heaven and angels
Are witnesses you did exchange a faith
With one that mourns a virgin, and a widow:
Have you no earthquake in you? does thy soul
Itself not feel an an ague, to remember

[5] For *him*, the old copy has *you*.

How many kisses seal'd the amorous contract?
She meant it so, and every day her eyes
Weep in the memory of herself forsaken:
And cause her grief will not at once destroy her,
Despairing of your love, to shew how willing
She is to die, doth every hour distil
Part of her soul in tears.

Chrys. This cannot be.

Thor. Be! no, no, 'tis impossible; shall we walk,
Sweet lady?

Yon. Will not this excite your pity?
Mercy shines bright in women.

Chrys. I have heard
You, sir, and doubt not, when he comes to answer
These imputations, he may quit himself.

Thor. Would we were both on us but to skirmish in
A saw-pit! I must cut his throat.

Chrys. Admit he promis'd love,
Oblig'd himself by oath to her you plead for,
This binds him not to undo himself for ever.

Yon. Undo himself!

Chrys. Yes, marriage is an act,
That doth concern his whole life, and in something
May mar, or profit his eternity;
Perhaps the gentlewoman, since he gave
His faith, is fallen from virtue.

Thor. I have heard so.

Chrys. May be turn'd prostitute.

Thor. Ay, who'll swear for her?

Yon. I must not hear her nam'd with the suspicion
Of such a stain.

Chrys. We do not, sir, accuse her.

Thor. Not absolutely.

Yon. Did you but know the creature, it would call
A blush into your face, for talking thus;
She has purity enough for all her sex,

And this attended with so many virtues,
As but to wish her more, itself were sin.
Chrys. This gentleman pleads for her.
Thor. Will you please
To walk?
Chrys. Dismiss him first.
Thor. Do you hear? this lady
Is weary of your company.—[*Aside to Yon.*] You have
Not us'd me like a gentleman, indeed
Scurvily, 'tis no time nor place to expostulate,
But we shall meet again; in the mean time,
Return, and tell the virgin you so magnify,
I do not find myself in any humour
To see her again; pray her neglect no fortune,
For my sake; there be many younger brothers
I' the town, will be content to marry her:
You may resolve her what's become of me;
There is no wrestling with our fate.
Yon. Thou art
Not worth my answer. [*Exit.*
Chrys. I'll not question, sir,
This gentleman's relation.
Thor. You are wise.
Chrys. But, in my confidence he hath spoke all truth,
I must desire you visit me no more.
Thor. You do but jest, I hope?
Chrys. Ingrateful man!
How are poor women cozen'd? with what impudence
Couldst thou desire my favour? Go, and make
A satisfaction to the injur'd maid;
Born the dishonour of a man! [*Exit.*
Thor. Am I awake?
Or do I dream I am made a coxcomb thus?
I am a rascal, and deserve no mercy,
For abusing that poor gentlewoman, that sent

So kindly to me; would the messenger
Were here again!

Re-enter GERARD *and* AURELIA.

'Tis master Gerard, how hath he sped?
Ger. You are sad, Aurelia;
What on the sudden can beget this change?
Are you in health?
Aur. Yes, sir.
Ger. Your blood, methinks,
Is wandering from your cheek, your eyes have lost
Their lightning too; call back your smiles, and bless
Him that is now your creature.
Aur. Mine? excuse me
If I suspect.
Ger. Ha!
Aur. I have heard you, sir,
And have considered all that you have said
To make me think you are now wholly mine:
I must confess you have express'd a lover,
Wanted no art to flourish your warm passion;
But language is no clue to guide us to
The knowlege of your heart.
Ger. Nor is suspicion
A cause enough in justice to condemn.
Aur. It is not; but where circumstances meet,
They may be thought on.
Ger. By your beauty,
By those fair eyes, that never kill'd till now,
Make me so happy, but to know what cause
Inclines you to suspect, and I will take it
The greatest argument of love, that ever
A virgin shew'd to man; then I'll be bold,
And with the whiteness of my soul make such
Assurance of you, that not malice, aided
With all the devil's cunning, shall be able
To interpose one scruple more against me.

Aur. You lov'd my sister.
Ger. I did once, Aurelia.
Aur. And you declare you can neglect her now,
Look on her like a stranger.
Ger. 'Tis most true.
Aur. She lov'd you well, most nobly, with as much
Fervour as ever I did or can love;
Should I think to be more secure than she?
Promise that firm to me, which in so fresh
A sight and memory you have violated
To her, that placed you in as dear a bosom?
Discretion bids me pause, I may be rash;
Either you lov'd her not at all, and so
You may play false with both, or loving her
With as much levity, I suppose you may
Forsake me too; therefore I bid you first
Farewell. [*Exit.*
Ger. I am blasted.
Thor. We are both undone;
I dare not see him. [*Exit.*
Ger. Was ever man so miserably lost?
Is there a balm can cure me? Oh, I bleed:
The sword wounds gently, but love kills indeed.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Woodhamore's *House.*

Enter EUGENIA.

Eug. Has truth forsook mankind? or is it my
Fate only to converse with those that are
So cruel and neglectful of our sex?
Unhappy maid!—Is he not yet return'd?

Maid. [*within.*]—None yet appears.
Eug. Then I despair to see him:
And when I think indeed of the employment,
That 'tis against himself, I may with justice
Accuse my want of judgment, to expect
He should perform so hard an imposition:
I would I could not think of any man!
They rob me of my peace; I prithee try
Thy voice, to put my heart in better tune;
There is a power in harmony, some say,
To charm the unruly motions of the brain:
Love is itself a melancholy madness;
Why should not music cure the wound of love?

[*Maid sings within.*

Melancholy, hence! go get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the air and nimble fire,
Would shoot up to meet desire:
Sullen humour, leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling there,
Make a spring tide all the year.

Enter CHRYSOLINA.

Chrys. How does my dear Eugenia?
Eug. As well
As this restraint will give me leave, and yet
It does appear a part of my enlargement
To have your company; I hope your sister
Enjoys her health?
Chrys. And more felicity
Than I can boast mine own; she's half a bride,
Happy in the embraces of her wished servant.
You know our story; he has chosen her,
And most uncivilly neglected me.
Thus laden with his scorn, I come to practise
A scene of sorrow with you; sure thy fate

Hath spun a thread for me, we are so like
In our misfortunes.—Have you heard no news
Of your ingrateful servant? for I know
No other name, and he indeed deserves
To have no other memory, that takes
A pride in his disdain.

Eug. Nothing as yet.
But I have met occasion to convey
A letter to him, yet I cannot promise :—

Enter YONGRAVE, *at a distance.*

But here's the messenger.

Chrys. That gentleman?
I know the man you love then, is't not Thornay?

Eug. The same; I did conceal him for his shame.

Chrys. Why, he's a zealous suitor for my love.

Yon. It makes for me that he continues cruel;
I was not able to command his passion.
But will she not mistrust I have not been
So careful in advancing her desires;
But satisfied myself with any answer,
As knowing what must bring comfort to her,
Must needs be killing to my hopes? In what
A narrow path I tread! her spring must be
My frost, and when her tree carries the pride
And bloom of summer, I retain no sap,
But wither, and creep backward into earth,
Like a forsaken plant.

Chrys. Here I'll obscure. [*Chrys. withdraws.*

Eug. You are welcome, sir.

Yon. I would I were.

Eug. Shall I believe you have been faithful to
My grief's request?

Yon. Yes, and bring comfort back.

Chrys. [*aside.*] How's that?

Eug. Pronounce those words again.

Yon. I bring
You comfort.

Eug. He did say so: what meant she
To mock me with another sad relation?
Was't a device in her to encrease my joy
At meeting? he did talk of comfort; is it
A thing restor'd in nature? [*aside.*]—Oh, before
You bless my ear again with that wish'd sound,
Excuse my modesty, if my heart present
A kiss to thank you. [*Kisses him.*

Yon. I drink in my poison.

Eug. Now let your comforts flow.

Yon. I have return'd you
As true a lover as yet ever mistress
Could boast possession of, one so resolved
To honour you.

Eug. Can this be possible?

Yon. I have examined every secret thought
Within his soul, concerning you, and dare
Thus boldly justify, he is your own.

Eug. Let me but live to see him, and I write
My ambition satisfied.

Yon. He's here.

Eug. Where?

Yon. Here.
In me your truest servant is return'd.

Chrys. Does he affect her?

Yon. I call all that's good
To witness with me, I discharg'd with zeal
The unkind office to myself, but could not
Incline him to return to any softness:
In brief, he has unworthily engag'd
That heart belonging to you, and would not be
Provoked to see you again. [*Eugenia faints.*

Chrys. [*coming forward.*] Eugenia!
[*Leads her in.*

Yon. Is all this waking? Have I seen her faint,
And did not she, that cherishes her enemy,
Haste to her relief, and seem to suffer with her?
While I, as one had grown here, did not move?

I did not well to exalt her with a hope
To meet a blessing, and then ruin her.
If death hath whisper'd her aside, I shall
Be accused, and I will take['t as] my preferment
To be sent after her, to tell her ghost
I lov'd her best; when we are both immortal
She'll understand me better.—

Re-enter CHRYSOLINA.

Is Eugenia
Alive again?

Chrys. There is no danger to be fear'd; a qualm.—
Pray let me ask you, sir, one question,
Do you affect this virgin really?
I move it not for any harm.

Yon. Would she had sent you hither,
But with desire to be resolved.

Chrys. May be she has.

Yon. Then tell her I do love her better than
I can express, but when she has numbered
All things are excellent on earth, she is
To me above them infinitely.

Chrys. This carries
No probability.

Yon. Would thou wert a man,
Then I durst tell thee, I do love her so
I durst be wicked for her, and kill thee.

Chrys. With all this, it does not appear—
You love her so, and be an instrument,
Nay plead, to put another in possession
Of your lov'd treasure! for, if I mistake not,
You late did urge a man, whom she esteem'd
[Much] better, to return and marry her:
Can any man that loves a woman truly,
Strive to supplant himself, and give away
His comfort?

Yon. There's the honour of my service.

When I am dead, the story shall remember
I lov'd a maid so well that I preferr'd
Whatever she desired, above myself;
And 'cause she lov'd one better, was content
To serve her wishes with my banishment:
He does not love a virgin nobly, whose
Affection walks not just to her desires,
To like 'em 'bove his own.

Chrys. If this can be,
Thou art the noblest lover in the world.
With what affection shall she be blest
That loves him, when the mistress that esteems
Him not is thus rewarded! [*Aside.*

Re-enter EUGENIA.

Eug. Indeed I love him still, and shall do ever,
Nor had I now return'd to life, but that
I had not took my leave of him.

Yon. More corrosive!

Eug. If you'll oblige a virgin
For ever to you, once more visit him,
Tell him I lie like one that's desperate sick,
Opprest with grief of body, and of mind,
But cannot be so fortunate to quit
The world till he vouchsafe to visit me.
Bid him not fear I will detain him long
With idle talk, six words and I am dead.
Although he love me not, he may do this:
If you will add this to your other work,
I will impose no more, indeed I will not;
So farewell, noble sir. [*Exit.*

Chrys. If you will please to join with me, I doubt not
To affect her wishes.

Yon. No.

Chrys. You do not know
What power I have with him.

Yon. You have too much.

Chrys. I'll undertake—
Yon. You shall not rob me of the reward.
Chrys. What reward?
Yon. Perhaps another kiss; pray tell her, I
Went cheerfully to finish her command. [*Exit.*
Chrys. I do admire and love this noble temper.
What flames are these? Suppress them, they grow high;
If he affect her so, what hope have I? [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter GERARD *and* THORNAY.

Thor. Mad? why, you still enjoy discourse.
Ger. What then?
May not a man be mad, and yet talk wisely?
Thor. But few in my experience.
Ger. Do not abuse thy knowledge; at the worst,
Thou canst but say, our senses are deprav'd,
Thrown off o' th' hinge; the tongue is none, I hope,
Though some would have the titillation join'd
To make up a sixth [sense] in the grave synod:
Believe then I am mad; I'll prove't by reason.
Thor. By reason! that is a new way to prove it;
But I'll hear no reason.
Ger. Then thou art mad thyself.
Thor. Nay, I think I am madder o' the two,
And have as much reason, if there be reason
Able to make one mad;—but let's be wise:
Or, if it must be that you've lost your wits,
Let's see an we can recover 'em by drinking;
For he that is not sober after drunkenness,
Is no man of this world.
Ger. Now thou talkest wildly.
Thor. I talk wildly, that would justify myself

to be in my wits, and you that talk reason and sense will not believe you have any,

Ger. If it be so, that may conclude I have lost 'em,

And do not understand myself.

Thor. So, so.

I should believe another in that argument,
But not you, for in knowing that, you prove
You are no madman.

Ger. Prithee tell me, thou art a piece of a philosopher,

And knowest the natural causes—

Thor. Hold;

In that, I must confess, you are [a] little
Beside yourself: I a philosopher?
I studied Titelman[6] sometimes i' the college,
As others did; and wanting Epictetus'
Lantern, slept always with a watching candle
In my study-window, and might very well
Dream over learning on my desk, or so:
What Aristotle might infuse into
My sleeps I know not, but, waking, I ne'er troubled
Myself to understand him; true, I lov'd
His book De Cœlo, for the heavenly title,
And made my father buy it, for my study
Of divinity; told him I would be a bishop;
That brought me threescore pound a year for sack:
I prithee, do not talk of learning.

Ger. Why then

Acknowledge, I am mad, and I have done.

Thor. Well, for this once I will allow it, thou'rt mad.

Ger. But wherefore do you allow it? what's the cause?

Thor. Nay, nay, I know not that.

Ger. I'll tell thee then.

[6] *I studied* Titelman] Franciscus Titelmannus was an ecclesiastical writer of the 16th century; one of his compositions si an Apology for the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures.

Thor. 'Tis come about again.
Ger. And let thy judgment censure me, if I
Produce not able reasons—
Thor. To prove madness!
He makes me mad to hear him.—
Now I consider better on't, I confess
You have some cause to be a little mad,
The loss of such a mistress.
Ger. But of one?
Did they not both affect me; and I them
With such equality of honour?—
Thor. Grant it.
Ger. And I to lose 'em both? faith, speak but honestly;
Is't not a wonder that I do not rave,
And kill myself? how many have run mad
For one that never lov'd them? and shall I
Be so unmannerly not to lose my wits
For two, and two such creatures? 'twere a solecism
In love: I prithee do not flatter me
With an opinion that I have my reason;
It cannot be, it is against all sense
I should have any; such an expectation
Lost, is enough to make the genius
Of all the world run mad; and I will straight—
Thor. Whither?
Ger. To Bedlam, whither should I go?
I must not live in this community
Of fools and wise men.
Thor. There be knaves among us.
Ger. Here all are happy, there I shall not meet
With lovers that are fortunate; but with men
Of my complexion, that look twenty ways
At once, that sigh and curse, and sing mad carols:
If I can get to be their prince, I'll make
A law it shall be death to smile, or kiss
A woman.
Thor. Now I fear him. [*Aside.*
Ger. Nay, we'll have

An excellent well-govern'd commonwealth,
A delicate Utopia; there shall be
Lectures and public readings shall put down
Gresham's foundation[7] for the liberal arts,
And make the citizens bring their shopbooks hither
To take fine notes, how to be paid their debts,
And yet trust none but younger brothers: then
We will have penal statutes against eating,
Live all by the air of commendations.
No idle man shall live within our state:
Do you mark? they are the mouths of the republic:
And therefore he that has no other work
To prevent slothfulness, may employ his time
In picking straws; there will be a great plenty.
Here will we live together, and be mad
Perpetually; we will not be recovered;
For if at any time we incline to be
Sober, and coming to our wits again,
The lash will whip us into new distempers
And mad figaries.

Thor. Do you know all this while
What you have said? you correct me for speaking
Extravagantly, and yet talk wild yourself.

Ger. I prithee pardon, and instruct me better;
I am not well.

Thor. Will you walk to your chamber?
I'll bear you company.

[7] Gresham's *foundation*, &c.] The wealthy and munificent sir Thomas Gresham bequeathed, at his death in 1579, his spacious mansion in Winchester-street, endowed out of the rents of the Royal Exchange, as a college for the promotion of learning and the liberal arts. In it were maintained four professors, who began to deliver lectures in 1597. In 1601 the house was rebuilt; but the incorporation of the Royal Society, which held its meetings here from 1658 to 1711, having contributed greatly to "put down Gresham's foundation," and the delivery of lectures there being altogether discontinued, the college was razed in the early part of the last century, and the present Excise-office erected on its site. The professors now deliver their lectures in the rooms above the Royal Exchange.

Ger. No, I am well again,
Upon condition you will tell Aurelia
She did not use me kindly.
Thor. I will.
Ger. She did not use me kindly; nothing else.
Farewell. [*Exit.*
Thor. I know not what to think of him,
The unhappiness was so sudden, and unlook'd for,
It might disturb his fancy, but I hope
The worst is past, a little rest will settle him.
But which way shall I recompense the injury
I have done him? an I had not been ungrateful
To Eugenia, we might have both been happy.

Enter YONGRAVE.

Ha! 'tis he.—Save you, most noble sir;
If't please you now, I'll go along with you
To th' gentlewoman.
Yon. What gentlewoman?
Thor. Eugenia,
That wrote the letter to me, I mean her.
Yon. For what?
Thor. I have considered better, and do mean
To make her satisfaction.
Yon. 'Tis too late;
You might have done this earlier, your love
Will appear now unseasonable, I assure you.
Thor. Pray give me a reason.
Yon. Do you not blush to ask it?
I told her what you said, and now we are
Resolv'd; you cannot blame her, she was covetous
To embrace you; but your answer being return'd
So peremptorily in her neglect,
We both agreed—
Thor. You both? Why, what was that to you?
Yon. That doubt will clear itself when we are married.
Thor. Why, did you love her?

Yon. And deserve her best
Of all the world: and yet she'd give me no
Assurance till she knew your resolution,
Which I was able to inform her, and
'Tis now a bargain; upon Monday next—
Thor. Your wedding day.
Yon. Right.
Thor. In very good time.
You wear a sword.
Yon. What then?
Thor. I'll only try
How you can fence; I must not lose her so.
Yon. You lose her? you despised her, would not see her,
Not to recover her from death. Do you not
Remember such a saying: *In the town*
Were many younger brothers, that might be
Content to marry her; let her use her fortune,
For your own part, you were engag'd; there was
No wrestling with your fate. Was it not so?
Thor. It is all one for that; my mind is alter'd,
I'm of another humour now, and will
Maintain I love her better than you dare.
Yon. Then I must tell you—
Thor. Tell me no tellings;
Either resign her to me again, or—
[*Draws his sword.*
Yon. Resolve me, pray; can you affect her heartily?
Thor. Else let me perish on your sword.
Yon. I heard
You court another mistress, that did answer it
With entertainment.
Thor. She was a very gipsy.
You were no sooner parted, but she us'd me
Basely; 'tis true, I did sufficiently
Deserve it, for my breach of vow to her
I now alone do honour, and for whom,

(Chang'd into honesty) I will rather die
Than live without her.

Yon. Heaven does hear all this.

Thor. I make no doubt, and while my heart to her
Is reconcil'd, cannot despair of mercy.

Yon. You shall have her.

Thor. Shall I? then I'll love thee too.

Yon. And know, she has no thought but to be your's,
There has no obligation pass'd betwixt us:
I came for this: yet I must tell you, sir,
I love her too, and shall do ever.

Thor. How!
Not when she is my wife, I hope?

Yon. Yes, then.

Thor. If you have cut her up, and left her cold meat,
I shall lose my stomach.

Yon. With a holy flame,
Her virtue keeps a vestal fire within me,
But she affects not me; yet I might challenge her:
Nor can you ever, but in right of me,
Glory yourself possest; I have bought her.

Thor. I hope she has not sold her maidenhead.

Yon. Her uncle
(Whose aim is only profit) hath concluded
With me a price for her, and therefore gives
Access to none, till I have proved my fortune;
But I find her devoted to you only,
And have conform'd my wishes unto hers;
She loves you best, and I prefer you too;
Return, and be her husband, I'll direct you.

Enter behind, CAPERWIT *and a* Dancer.

Cap. You understand my purpose? you shall make
The dance, let me alone to write the songs.

Dan. A masque will be delightful to the ladies.
Cap. Oh, sir, what plays are taking without these
Pretty devices? Many gentlemen
Are not, as in the days of understanding,
Now satisfied without a jig, which since
They cannot, with their honour, call for after
The play, they look to be serv'd up in the middle:
Your dance is the best language of some comedies,
And footing runs away with all; a scene
Express'd with life of art, and squared to nature,
Is dull and phlegmatic poetry.
Thor. Enough;
I am bound to honour thee; command my life,
Thou excellent young man.
Yon. I wish you happiness,
And never after her will love a woman.
[*Exit Thornay.*
Cap. You know my lodging?
Dan. I'll attend you, sir. [*Exit.*
Cap. I wonder what's become of my hermaphrodite?—
[*Coming forward.*]—Yongrave, how is't, man? what! art melancholy?
What hath hung plummets on thy nimble soul,
What sleepy rod hath charm'd thy mounting spirit?
Yon. Prithee enjoy thyself.
Cap. By Parnassus,
You must not be so head-hung: why dost peep
Under thy cloak as thou didst fear a serjeant?—

SIMPLE *and lady* BIRD *pass over the stage.*

Who are these? my wish! fortune hath sent thee a cure,
The rarest mirth! you shall not lose it; ha! ha!
Lady B. You have strangely won me to obey you, sir,
I refuse nothing you command.

Sim. Shalt go,
And hear how I will talk and baffle 'em:
But what if we meet Caperwit?
Lady B. No matter.
Sim. No! why, then let him go hang himself in his own verses if the lines be strong enough. Come, my nightingale, my bird of paradise.
Cap. If ever thou didst love me,
Let's follow them; feed not this sullen humour,
I'll promise excellent sport.
Yon. You shall prevail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Goldsworth's *House*

Enter CHRYSOLINA *and* AURELIA.

Chrys. It was not kindly done, believe me, sister,
He did perform but our request.
Aur. 'Tis granted;
But his neglect of you afflicted me.
Chrys. He could not make you happy, and remain
Servant to me.
Aur. Nor make me blest, while you
Seem'd discontented.
Chrys. Do not think I was,
I did but carry trouble in my face,
When he declared himself; withdrew my smiles,
For your sake, to make you appear most lovely,
And worthy of his choice; and could you be
So cruel to reject him, when he came
To be confirm'd your own without a rival?
It seems he did not know who lov'd him best.
Aur. Best!

Chrys. Yes, and I in this will make't appear,
That, now you have exil'd him from your love,
I'll sue for his affection.
Aur. He is mine.
Chrys. But you, Aurelia, are not his; I will
Appeal to his modest reason, that shall guide
His eye to look on both again; I do not
See what in me should not invite him hither,
With as much ardour, rather more, since he
Hath prov'd already your too much unkindness;
What if this noble gentleman should lose
His wits upon't! will all your beauty call
His straggling senses to their seat again?
I'll seek him out betimes, and comfort him.
Aur. 'Tis more than will become you, sister.
Chrys. How?
Aur. And it must bring your modesty in question,
To follow one that cares not for you.
Chrys. Thus
I may awake his noble flame, nor is it
Any dishonour when the world shall know
How you have us'd him, if I make return
To what I loved so dearly.
Aur. Not while I
May challenge interest; here are company,

Enter SIMPLE *and lady* BIRD, *followed at a distance by* YONGRAVE *and* CAPERWIT.

let us withdraw, I have something more to tell you.
Chrys. Defer it rather now; here comes my hope.
Aur. How's this? nay then, I'll stay a little longer.
Sim. By your leave, gentlewomen—I should mock you,
To call you ladies—perhaps you may wonder at me.
Chrys. I see no cause.

Sim. Have you no eyes?

Aur Such as you see.

Sim. *Oh eyes, no eyes*[1] *but mountains fraught with tears!*

Chrys He's turn'd Jeronymo.

Sim. *Go by, Jeronymo, go by, go by!*

[*He passeth by them with disdain.*

Chrys. Do you know where you are?

Sim. Yes, and to whom I speak, I hope.

Aur Noble sir, I hope you do not scorn us.

Sim. Scorn you! no; but I do not care a rush for you; you might have had me when I was offered; 'tis none of my fault an you do fall to eating of chalk, and die o' the black jaundice; I cannot help it now, for I proclaim, here is the what-do-you-call it, of my heart. [*pointing to lady B.*

Aur. Has he won this lady? I suspect her:—
I hope you have not quite forsaken me;
Virgins, for custom sake, sometimes deny.
Believe me, sir, when you did plead for love,
My heart did not so much as think on it.

Sim. Nay, 'tis no matter, I have took my course, yet I have a suit to you, that you would not break your heart; nor you, to see us kiss. [*he kisses lady Bird.*]—Nectar! immortal nectar!
Oh let this diamond purchase such another,
'Tis pity that my lips should ever open,
To let the breath she gave me out again.

Chrys. Do you pay so much for every kiss? a diamond!

Sim. I never offer less to touch her lip; marry, her hand, or her a—, or foot, or so, I may salute for a ruby, or an emerod or a satire,[2] or so, but I

[1] *Oh eyes, no eyes,* &c.] A blundering quotation from *the Spanish Tragedy.*

[2] *an emerod or a satire,*] Meaning probably, an emerald, or a sapphire.

have stones—now do thou speak a little, for their further mortification.

Lady B. I did not think to have return'd so soon,
A trouble to you, but the importunity
Of this most worthy gentleman prevail'd;
I think there was some magic in his tongue.

Sim. Nay, you may swear that; the wisest in the country thought my mother a witch.

Lady B. He did no sooner open his desires,
But he did wound my heart; you see his bounty,
What jewels he has given me.

Sim. All thine own; somebody else might have been wise, and had them.

Cap. Somebody else might have been wise, and kept them. [*Aside.*

Lady B. I must confess, I loved another lately,
But his affection's frozen up.

Cap. [*coming forward.*]—Bless you, bevy of ladies!

Lady B. Sir, you are come most seasonably; before
These gentlewomen, I release your promise,
My thoughts are fix'd upon this noble knight,
Affect now where you please; here is my husband.

Cap. You are not married?

Sim. No, but I came to bid you all to my wedding; I have bespoke gloves, and points, and knacks, and knaveries.

Cap. I will die Hymen's saffron robe in blood,
Put out the torches with the tears of virgins,
And make the temple quake.

Sim. Will you so, sir?

Cap. Excellent rascal! [*Aside.*

Lady B. There is no way but to acknowledge it,
It is no shame in love, there's no disgrace,
For else by law he may recover me.

Sim. Do you hear, sir, you may take her if you

please, but if she be troubled with a tympany, there is a man within a mile of an oak, I name nobody, that has had—some earnest of her body.

Cap. I hope you do but jest.

Sim. I'll make all sure; what a loving lady is this!

Cap. Then I require you give me back this diamond,
The token once I gave of my devotion.

Sim. Why, that's mine, I gave it her but now before all this company.

Lady B. Be wise, and let him have it, 'tis like his within my cabinet; let's be quit on him, this will secure our marriage.

Sim. Let him have it, there be more in Cheapside; but let's not tarry any longer, Bird, he'll challenge all the rest of thy feathers.

Lady B. I will obey you, sir.

Sim. Farewell, beauties, and kind gentlemen; if you come to my wedding, I name no time, nor place, we'll be very merry, excellent cheer, I'll promise you your bellyfull of fiddlers.

Cap. Ha! ha! [*Exeunt Sim. and lady B.*

Aur. What did you mean? that ring was his.

Cap. The boy shall have't again: ha! ha! you do not know the mystery, this lady is a boy, a very crackrope boy.

Aur. Is't possible?

Cap. I made him first disguise himself.

Aur. Indeed!

Cap. Yes, faith, to come to you.

Aur. Then I must tell you, sir,
You have not us'd us civilly, to make our conversation ridiculous, to talk and complement with a boy.

Cap. Sweet lady, by Hippocrene—

Aur. Do you not think your wit found out a precious device to make me love you by a precedent? is this your great lady?

Cap. Do but hear me speak.

Aur. Not now, I know you have art enough to excuse it,
Yet I am not merciless; let me entreat
Your absence, without ceremony; when
You come again, your talk will be more musical.

Cap. Does she not prophesy the conceit? I go,
The masque will do't. *More musical!* 'tis so.
[*Exit.*

Chrys. Then he's gone to her?

Yon. He did promise me.

Chrys. Let other virgins, when they hear this story,
Wonder, but give me leave to love you for it,
Indeed I do; look not so strange, your virtue
Compels me to reveal it; 'tis no shame
To own a passion, kindled by such goodness.

Yon. If I do understand you, give me pardon,
To think you are not perfectly advis'd;
I am a prisoner still to my Eugenia.

Chrys. She is satisfied, and you are disengaged.

Yon. But she has not yet resign'd the heart I gave,
Nor can I think of any other mistress;
Choose in a plenty of more happy men,
I gave too much away to love again. [*Exit.*

Chrys. I will retire to blush and weep.

Aur. Not so.
Alas, poor sister! now I fear you not,
I see your purpose was to make me kind:
I would he were my brother; but let's in
And join our heads, some counsel would do well;
'Tis pity we two should lead apes in hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Woodhamore's *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *and* THORNAY *embracing.*

Eug. May I believe myself so fortunate?
Art thou return'd, or do I dream thus happily?
Are these my Thornay's arms? are those his lips?
Can he repent his cruelty, and love?
How soon are all my tears dried up! I do
Forgive my griefs, and think they have been modest,
And gentle sufferings. Who can merit such
A joy, that has not felt a world of sorrow?
Let us embrace again, and, if thou canst,
Confirm me yet more that I am awake,
And taste my true delight.

Thor. By this, and this: [*Kisses her.*
Through which, if it were possible, I durst
Convey my soul, I am for ever thine,
Created new to be made worthy of thee;
I have been dead too long to thee and virtue,
Committed sin enough, in my neglect
Of thee, to plant a fierce and deep antipathy
In every woman's heart against mankind;
But you are merciful, and imitate
The eternal nature. [*Kisses her.*

Enter WOODHAMORE.

Wood. Ha! how is this? a kissing?

Eug. We are betray'd!

Thor. So, now 'tis done; I would not
Be engag'd to kiss you again, for all the estate
Your father left you.

Eug. I hope my breath has not offended you.

Thor. I cannot tell, I have not kiss'd a woman this twelvemonth, and had not done this, but that he had my oath to perform it; well, you have the lip-labour he sent you; master Yongrave is well, will see you again shortly.—God be wi' ye.

Eug. Pray stay a little.

Thor. You'll send him such another token; employ your waiting woman, I am no common kiss-carrier.

Wood. Oh ho! is't not otherwise; he is a messenger from master Yongrave.—You are welcome, sir.

Thor. An I be not, I am going, sir, to the place from whence I came, sir.

Wood. How does master Yongrave?

Thor. As foolish as ever; he is still in love.

Wood. I pray commend me to him.

Enter YONGRAVE.

Thor. You may now commend yourself; he is here.

Eug. Oh let me fly into his arms, and boast
Never had woman such a noble servant;
Blest was that minute, uncle, in which you
First knew this gentleman; more blessed I,
That do enjoy by him, that which my heart,
Next heaven, affecteth most; 'twill be an age
Till holy church confirms our vows: I cannot
Manage the comforts you have given me.
I did not think I should so soon have met
A husband, uncle.

Wood. I am glad to hear it.

Thor. [*aside to Yon.*]—Command thy truest servant; nothing wants
But how to get her forth, 'twere soon dispatch'd.

Yon. Sir, we resolve not to lose any time,
We'll marry instantly.

Wood. With all my heart.

Yon. The license will be at church as soon as we,
Then I shall quickly make you perfect owner
Of all those lands, that lie so near your lordship;
You have security, I shall perform
When we are man and wife.
Wood Right, master Yongrave!
You are an honest gentleman, my niece
May glory in such a choice. I have some business,
Excuse three minutes, I'll despatch, and go
Along with you myself. [*Exit.*
Thor. How's that? he go!
We must prevent that mischief.
Eug. Noble sir,
What service can reward this goodness in you?
Yon. If you acknowledge any benefit
From me, in that I am enough rewarded,
I wish you what I cannot hope for, joy;
But yet we have not finish'd.
Thor. What do you think?
If—it is gone again—we must have some trick
To get off without him.

Enter Servant with a letter.

Eug. From mistress Chrysolina?
Thor. What an we should set some one's house a-fire,
Do you think he would stay to quench it? how has he
Liv'd all this while, and has no more diseases?
No honest gout to keep him warm at home,
In furs; no charitable ague fall
Into his legs to stay him? no sciatica?
He is no gentleman, he 'scapes so well.
Eug. [reads.] *I love him above my life, but you have only his heart, he says; for which I languish; if you have power to dispose it, I will cherish some hope he will love me, at least for your sake.—*

Thor. If he should with us, is't not possible
he may have a fall, and break a leg?—an 'twere
but his neck—why may not some 'prentice throw a
stone, and put an eye out, that he may go to the
surgeons? or some horse, or cartwheel, squeeze his
toe, and stay his journey?

Eug. [reads.]—*His noble carriage to you, made me first affect him; then since you are happy in another, let me owe to your virtue for his affection, without whom I am the most miserable.*—

CHRYSOLINA.

Let me entreat you, sir, peruse that paper.—

[*Gives the letter to Yongrave.*

Sir, you know Chrysolina?

Thor. I do know her.

Eug. Poor gentlewoman! is in love with Yongrave.
We have arriv'd at our desires already,
And want but the church scaling, she is lost,
Unless he meet her wishes; 'twill become
Our piety to advance, in what we may,
The common cause of love, then briefly thus—

[*Whispers Thor.*

Yon. Can any virgin affect me so much?
She did prepare this argument before.

Eug. As you are charitable, go presently.

Thor. And leave you thus?

Eug. We'll get off well enough:
Pray her to meet us.

Yon. I do pity her,
And I have learn'd it from my sufferings;
But I must keep my word; Eugenia
Hath still my heart, and only can dispose it.

Eug. Then I resign to her; in this alone,
I will deserve these noble offices.—
You know the place.

Thor. I'm perfect. [*Exit.*

Eug. Love her, and let us all be happy.

Re-enter WOODHAMORE.

Wood. Sir, I must desire
You would excuse me ; I would go with you,
But that I have considered, 'twill be better
That I should not appear, since you intend
To have it private ; there will be less notice
If I be absent, and it may be thought
You by some trick stole her away. Do you mark ?
Yon. Well thought on.
Wood. Then, sir, that opinion
Will save our credit, and excuse the want
Of ceremony, and the fruitless charge,
Which is expected at her marriage :
Is it not best ?
Yon. You shew your providence.
Eug. Though I could wish your presence.
Wood. You're not wise,
Eugenia ; go to the church, and let me
Salute you quickly happy bride and bridegroom .
Away, I say.
Eug. He has prevented us. [*Aside*
Wood. The land's my own ; you wrong your joys to tarry, [*Exeunt Eug. and Yon.*
I would I had more nieces thus to marry. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Goldsworth's *House.*

Enter THORNAY *and* CHRYSOLINA.

Thor. Nay, never blush, but haste and meet the gentleman.
You have no reason to distrust me, lady,
After this circumstance.

Chrys. Can I be so happy?
Thor. Have a strong faith, and find it so,
Though once I was guilty of some wrong to thee.
Chrys. Never to me: or if you had, this news
Is recompense enough.
Thor. I'll tell thee now:
I was the cause that Gerard did neglect thee,
In hope to gain thee for myself; I told him
Thou hadst half consented to be mine.
Chrys. This truth?
Thor Bade him direct his courtship to Aurelia,
And so be sure of one; poor gentleman
Believ'd, and after lost thy sister too:
But if no cure be seasonably applied,
Gerard, I fear, will sink beneath his loss.
Chrys. Was this the cause?
Thor. I must accuse myself.
Chrys. I'll tell Aurelia this.
Thor. Do so.
Chrys. She meant
To visit him, but this will give her wings.
Thor. I will entreat her pardon; but make haste,
I would not willingly be seen.
Chrys. I feel
Another soul; what raptures are distill'd
Upon my heart!

Enter CAPERWIT.

Cap. She cannot choose but take it.
Thor. You know how to direct her; but be swift
In your return.—Master Caperwit!
Cap. Your servant;
Sir, if my sight be not unfaithful, I
Have seen you.
Thor. I owe much to your eyes,
It was my happiness to see you here.
Cap. I do remember.

Thor. I observ'd your courtship
To fair Aurelia.
Cap. Pray, sir, can you dance?
Thor. Dance?
Cap. I presume you are a friend to her
Whose name made sweet your breath so late.
Thor. It did not stink before.
Cap. Excuse my poetry.
Thor. Cry you mercy.
Cap. I know you've heard wherein consists my excellence.
Thor. You are a prince in poetry, and please your excellence.
Cap. The phrase in Latin's modest, use no reverence.
To tell you true,—you are a friend,—I am upon a masque.—
Thor. That made you ask if I could dance.
Cap. 'Tis right, and you should do me honour
To lend your person to it; but I would
Have it this night, before my mistress, whose
Mention perfum'd your lips so late.
Thor. Sweet language! With your favour, master Caperwit,
Who are the principal maskers?
Cap. Faith, I have none yet,
Beside myself, but a foolish knight, one sir Gervase.
And his lady; I want persons.
Thor. Let me furnish you.
Cap. And tie my everlasting friendship to you.
Thor. They shall be of quality, most of your acquaintance.
What if Aurelia be one? she loves you,
I have discovered that; I know she'll do't;
Her sister for another, and myself,
Frank Gerard, and Jack Yongrave, with his mistress.
Cap. The number I desire.

Thor. I know your lodging, say no more, I'll bring them
This afternoon to practise, we may soon
Perfect a dance.
Cap. Shall I trust to you?
Thor. Here's my hand.
Cap. I kiss it.
Thor. I may give you a hint perhaps for the device too.
Cap. I have no other gratitude but this,
Live but a week, I'll send you an ode; or die,
I'll write your epitaph. [*Exit.*
Thor. I have no purpose
To put your muse to such expense. Farewell,
Phantasma.

Re-enter CHRYSOLINA.

Chrys. Have I not been tedious?
I told my sister all, and she is gone
To master Gerard; if their meeting prosper,
I have directed where to find us.
Thor. Excellent!
Come, let's away, a thousand joys expect us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Gerard's *Lodgings.*

Enter GERARD *in his gown and cap.*

Ger. I once believ'd women were full of pity,
Of soft and gentle constitutions,
But I have found them cruel; for Aurelia,
One of the best of all her sex, doth own
A hard and tyrannous nature.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, 'tis done.
Ger. I prithee let it be undone, as I am.
Ser. The song—
Ger. I gave to be taught music? I'll hear't anon: I prithee go—
Ser. Whither?
Ger. To prison.
Ser. How, sir?
Ger. Yes, and ask when are the sessions.
Ser. They are every month.
Ger. I would 'twere execution-day to morrow!
Ser. Why, with your pardon, do you wish it, sir?
Ger. I would entreat the surgeons to beg
Some woman for anatomy, nothing else:
I have heard their lectures very much commended,
And I'd be present when they read upon
Her heart; for sure there is much difference
Between a woman and a man, in that
Same thing we call a heart: they do not love
As we do; we are fools, indeed we are,
To doat so much upon them, and betray
The glory of our creation, to serve
A female pride; we were born free, and had
From the great Maker royal privilege,
Most brave immunities; but since have made
Tame forfeit of our charter. Let me see't,
It is the same; first read it; reach the chair:
'Tis yet no song, infuse a soul into it. [*Ser. sings.*

SONG.

If Love his arrows shoot so fast,
Soon his feather'd stock will waste:
But I mistake in thinking so,
Love's arrows in his quiver grow;

How can he want artillery?
That appears too true in me:
Two shafts feed upon my breast,
Oh, make it quiver for the rest,
Kill me with love, thou angry son
Of Cytherea, or let one,
One sharp golden arrow fly,[1]
To wound her heart for whom I die.
Cupid, if thou beest a child,
Be no god, or be more mild.

[Ger. sleeps. Exit Ser. and returns with AURELIA.

Ser. I have not, since I serv'd him, known him so
Oppress'd with melancholy; he's asleep,
I dare not wake him.

Aur. I'll expect awhile.

Ser. This quiet will much benefit him, he began to talk idly.

Aur. Heaven preserve
The temper of his brain!

Ser. He wakes.

Ger. Ha! 'tis not she; do I dream still? Come hither,
Dost thou see nothing?

Ser. Yes, a gentlewoman
That came to visit you.

Ger. Do not abuse
Thy master, 'tis not possible Aurelia
Will do me so much honour; in my sleep
Methought I parlied with her, and my fancy
Hath not yet lost her shape.—Oh, my Aurelia

Aur. I come to ask thy pardon.

Ger. Do not mock me.
Thou wilt be cruel when I wake again;
And then I shall repent I dream'd so sweetly.

[1] *One sharp* golden arrow.] See Massinger, vol. i. p. 19.

Aur. You are now awake, and I am your Aurelia,
That, if you can forgive her past neglect,
Will give you proof of her repentance, by
These tears—

Ger. Let not the ground be hallow'd with
Such water, I have a heart to drink this balsam :—
Enough, Aurelia, do not make thy eyes
Poor, to enrich thy bosom, where the drops
Shew like a carkanet of pearl upon it ;
Thou hast enough restored me.

Aur. Oh my Gerard !
Thou art too merciful, and dost forgive
Too soon the injury I did thy love ;
But I am come to make thee satisfaction ;
And this is but a shadow of those joys
We must divide, if you vouchsafe to follow,
As I direct.

Ger. 'Tis sin not to obey.

Aur. You must walk then.

Ger. It is to heaven thou goest.
Convey me swiftly thither.

Aur. Nay, 'tis haste
Is now required.

Ger. What bliss can be denied,
A man that follows such an angel-guide? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter THUMP.

Thump. Where, in the name of simplicity, should my master be all this while? I have been at six ordinaries, twelve taverns, and I think four-and-twenty bawdy-houses, places that gentlemen use to frequent, and yet cannot find him: well, I

am resolv'd to ask every man I meet; and if I cannot hear of him the sooner, I'll have him cried.—

Enter YONGRAVE *and* EUGENIA.

Pray did you see my master?

Yon. Thy master? I know him not.

Thump. Nay, sir, did you see him? for if you see him, you cannot choose but know him; for he had a hundred marks, brought him warm out of the country this morning.

Yon. Much good do it him next his heart, I saw him not. [*Exe.*

Thump. No, no; there is no hope: 'tis but an unmannerly trick of any master, to leave his man o' this fashion; 'tis well there is no press abroad, no disguis'd constable; twelvepence, and the King's name, would put me into a pitiful fever, and I should curse sir Gervase in another country, as often as I heard the report of a musket, for bringing me up no better, that might have lived quietly at home, and gone a feasting with the train'd-band, without any danger.

Enter THORNAY *and* CHRYSOLINA.

Here is another youth, and his commodity, I'll enquire of him.—Pray, did you see my master?

Thor. Thy master? what's he?

Thump. A knight, sir, I'll assure you, of the last edition; that was my foolish master, for want of a better.

Thor. His name?

Thump. Sir Gervase Simple.

Thor. Something of a black complexion, with a weazel face?

Thump. The same, sir.

Thor. In a doublet of orange-tawny satin, richly laced? and blue trunk hose very suitable?

Thump. Very right, sir.

Thor. A long Italian cloak came down to his elbows a Spanish ruff, and long French stockings?

Thump Just the same; how happy was I to meet with this gentleman!

Thor. Faith, honest friend, I saw none such.

Thump. Pox o' these questions!

Thor. But if thou'lt go with me, I may chance help to a sight of this pageant.

Thump Heaven bless your worship, and the sweet-faced modicum in your company! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Goldsworth's *House.*

Enter GOLDSWORTH *and mistress* GOLDSWORTH.

Mrs. G. To prison with your servants, husband! hang
Them all, unless they find our daughters.

Golds. And I have sent to sir John Woodhamore's,
They may be with his niece.

Mrs. G. They never us'd
Thus to absent themselves; oh me unhappy!

Golds. We have been too indulgent.

Mrs. G. I would have had them more restrain'd, young wenches
That have so many suitors, grow soon wanton,
And throw off their obedience; had you been
Forward as I, they had been married;
And then we had not suffer'd this perplexity.
I did commend an honourable man,

But your deliberation hath marr'd all.
An they were here again—
Golds. Have patience, wife,
They are not lost for ever.
Mrs. G. No, no; lost!
They'll come again double, I warrant you,
And perhaps treble, with some unthrift husbands,
Of their own choosing.
Golds. It does trouble me.
They were not us'd to walk abroad without
A servant, to wait on them.
Mrs. G. You must think
They have servants of their own, for such a business;
Young maids have plenty of such waiting men,
And this has been a long conspiracy,
I'll lay my life.

Enter Servant.

Golds. What, hast found them yet?
Ser. I can hear no news,
And sir John Woodhamore is much troubled, sir,
His niece is gone too.
Golds. Hey day!
Ser. She has been absent
Ever since morning.
Golds. Precious, precious thieves!
Eugenia's gone, let's have them cried together.
Mrs. G. They that have found them, will too soon, I fear,
Alter the property.
Golds. We shall keep no virgins in the town shortly.—

Enter WOODHAMORE.

Welcome, sir John.
Wood. Is not my niece Eugenia here?

Golds. Not here.
Mrs. G. We have lost our daughters, and that's two for one.
Golds. Our's have been absent ever since the morning:
Nor can we study what's become of them.
Wood. Is't possible? is there no plot in this?
Golds. Our servants have enquired in every place
Of our acquaintance.
Wood. I will tell you, sir,
You do remember master Yongrave?
Golds. A servant of your niece's.
Wood. The same, sir;
With my consent, he took her forth this morning,
To marry her; I do believe he has done it,
But it doth rack my brain, why they should stay thus,
They might have married forty times by this.
Golds. You did perhaps desire it private?
Wood. And he too.
Golds. I will engage my life they are all together
Wood. Do you think so?
Golds. I am confident.
Let's in to supper, and expect the best.—

Enter Servant, *and whispers mistress* GOLDSWORTH.

What news with him?
Mrs. G. 'Tis something that he says.
Ser. I cannot find them.
Golds. How?
Ser. But I have met a gentleman, that can
Tell you some news.
Golds. That does concern my daughters?
Ser. So he reports;
He is a cunning man, I think a conjuror,
He talks of art, and spirits.

Enter CAPERWIT *disguised like a Conjuror*

This is he, sir.

Cap. *Gentles, in your troubled brow,*
I read what you desire to know,
Let no fear invade your heart;
I will tell, by powerful art,
Your children's fate, and where they are;
Know then, they are wander'd far,
Led by Cupid, God of loves,
They have now arriv'd those groves,
Where no happy soul can sleep,
Venus doth there revels keep;
Consecrating day and night
To song, to kisses, and delight:
They in Elysium breathe; choose whether
They shall move thence, or you go thither.

Wood. This is some poetical business.

Mrs. G. Sweet husband, let us go to them; I have heard poets talk much of Elysium, I would fain see whether they be honest of their words or no.

Golds. No, it will befit them to come to us.

Cap. *It shall be so; harmonious strains,*
That do bless those happy plains,
Usher them forth, and shame the spheres,
Charm with heavenlier notes our ears,
[Recorders within.
That when we see the lovers come,
We may believe Elysium
Itself come hither, all those bowers,
And the shades of pleasure our's.

Enter masked, YONGRAVE, CHRYSOLINA, GERARD, AURELIA, THORNAY, EUGENIA, SIMPLE, *and lady* BIRD; *between every couple a torch carried; they march over the stage, and exeunt.*

Golds. Who are all these?

Mrs. G. I guess some of them; oh that I were in Elysium!

Wood. What! are they vanish'd? Another turn of your art, good sir.

Cap. Chime other music. [*Music within.*

Re-enter the Maskers, and dance.

Wood. Now they will discover. [*Yon. unmasks.*] —Master Yongrave! I rejoice to see you here. —This is the gentleman I prais'd so much, he has married now my niece.

Chrys. [*unveils.*]—But I must ask your blessing; we are married.

Wood. Ha! another sweetheart? I am abus'd, he is a very knave; where is my nicce?

Golds. Is he worse for marrying of my child? nay, then my blessing on you both, my son and daughter.

Mrs. G. Where's Aurelia?

Aur. [*unveils.*]—Here, mother; I have met a husband too, let us divide your prayers.—Soft, master Caperwit, we are married, sir, already.

Cap. How! married? did not you promise me? [*Gerard unmasks.*

Golds. Master Gerard! nay, an it be no worse I care not.
Rise to my heart.

Ger. My duty shall deserve it: 'tis e'en so, good master Caperwit, you must dance without her.

Cap. Have I made verses and studied speeches for this?

Mrs. G. Since there is no remedy, I bless you both, but I did wish —

Eug. [*unveils.*]—Sir, if you will acknowledge your niece, you must accept a nephew too; we are as fast as they.— [*Thornay unmasks.*

Wood. Death! I am cozen'd, cheated; there is law.

Yon. And there is conscience.

Wood. I'll not give you a penny.

Yon. I will not publish, sir, your avarice. Wish them good joy.

Wood. Well, 'tis done.

Thor. Yes, faith, uncle, we are coupled, man and wife.

Wood. I'll enquire how this came about hereafter; look you love her, sir.

Thor. As I will do my soul.

Sim. Gentlemen, all is not yet discover'd; there are a pair behind, worth taking notice of; do you know sir Gervase Simple? I am the man. [*Unmasks.*

Thump. Simple as he stands there.

Sim. And this is my lady.—What! does thy hair come off already?

[*Page takes off his mask, and head dress.*

Page. Your worship is a most egregious coxcomb.

Sim. A boy! Gentlemen, have I married a boy, or is she metamorphos'd?

Yon. Ha! ha! master Caperwit's page.

Omnes. Give you joy, sir.

Page. The Bird is flown indeed, la!

Sim. Bird! they make a coxcomb of me.

Cap. I am glad somebody else is cozen'd beside myself;

Nay, nay, take her, *there is a man within a mile of an oak, I name nobody, has had earnest of her body.*

Sim. Bawdy, quotha.—Thump, I will sell thee my knighthood for half the money it cost me, and turn yeoman in the country again; why, there is neither wit nor honesty in this.

Thump. Be rul'd by me; let's to some tavern, and drink away melancholy.

Sim. Ay, and then we may steal away disguis'd; a match!

Thor. Nay, nay, let's all together, and make a merry night on't.

Sim. Why, how now Thump, are you sneaking away?

Golds. Let's all together.

Ger. But first we must [ask] the license of these gentlemen. [*Coming forward.*

Our poet knows you will be just, but we
Appeal to mercy; he desires that ye
Would not distaste his muse, because of late
Transplanted, which would grow here, if no fate
Have an unlucky bode. Opinion
Comes hither but on crutches yet; the sun
Hath lent no beam to warm us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, we shall bless the day,
And love that brought you hither: 'tis in you
To make a little sprig of laurel grow,
And spread into a grove, where you may sit,
And hear soft stories, when, by blasting it,
You gain no honour, though our ruins lie,
To tell the spoils of your offended eye:
If not for what we are, for, alas! here
No Roscius moves, to charm your eyes, or ear,
Yet as you hope hereafter to see plays,
Encourage us, and give our poet bays. [Exeunt.

THE

BIRD IN A CAGE.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.] This play is not registered in the office-book of the Master of the Revels; it is however clear, from the circumstances alluded to in the Dedication, that it could not have appeared earlier than 1632. The date of the quarto is 1633: its title is, *The Bird in a Cage. A Comedie, As it hath been presented at the Phœnix in Drury Lane. The Author James Shirley, Servant to her Majesty;* with this motto from Juvenal:

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.

At the end of the quarto, there is a short address from the '*Printer to the Reader,*' in which a few errata are corrected, a thing very unusual in the early editions of our old dramas: "Many other errors," it adds, "(though for the most part literal,) thou shalt meet, which thou canst not, with safety of thy own, interpret a defect in the author's judgment, since all books are subject to these misfortunes.

Vale, et mitius interpretare."

This Comedy was reprinted by Dodsley in his Collection of Old Plays.

TO

MASTER WILLIAM PRYNNE,

UTTER-BARRISTER OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

SIR,

THE fame of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of humane knowledge, Poetry, and in particular to that which concerns the stage and scene, (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a

[1] Prynne was in confinement at the time this Dedication was addressed to him. A slight glance at his life will best explain the allusions made in it. In 1632 Prynne published a virulent attack on Play-houses and Players, under the title of *Histriomastix*, which, on account of some personalities said to be directed against the queen and her ladies, gave great offence to Charles and his court; the author was in consequence committed to prison, and, in the early part of 1633, sentenced, by the star-chamber, to pay a fine of 5000*l.*, to be expelled the University of Oxford, and the Society of Lincoln's-Inn, degraded, and disabled from his profession of the law, to stand in the pillory, to lose his ears, his book to be publicly burnt, and himself to remain in prison for life. The Poets and Players no doubt exulted in this heavy visitation; although the ignominy of the punishment, and the extreme severity with which a part of it was inflicted, ought to have inspired them, if not with compassion, at least with forbearance. After suffering from another prosecution in 1637, Prynne finally obtained his liberty in 1640, became a member of parliament, and when his old persecutor Laud fell under the hand of the law, was, not much to the credit of his feelings, one of the managers of his trial. Shirley speaks of his writings in contemptuous terms, and not without reason, for excepting his *Records* and other law collections, his publications are for the most part mere rhapsodies, breathing all the virulence, bigotry, and fanaticism of the Puritans of the time, in language at once inaccurate, coarse, and obscure.

Tragedy)[2] *doth justly challenge from me this Dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself) who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions as* Health's Sickness, the Unloveliness of Love-locks, *&c.)*[3] *how aptly I may present you at this time, with the* Bird in a Cage, *a comedy, which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament, which the stage and action lent it, for it comprehending also another play or interlude, personated by ladies,*[4] *I must refer to your imagination, the music, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleas'd you infinitely in the presentment. I was the rather inclined to make this oblation, that posterity might read you a patron to the muses, and one that durst in such a critical age, bind up the wounds which ignorance had printed upon wit and the professors: proceed (inimitable Mecenas) and having such convenient leisure, and an indefatigable Pegasus, I mean your prose (which scorneth the road of common sense, and despiseth any style in his way) travel still in the pursuit of new discoveries, which you may publish if you please, in your next book of Digressions. If you do not happen presently to convert the organs, you may in time confute the steeple, and bring every parish to one bell.*

This is all I have to say at this time, and my own occasions not permitting my personal attendance, I have entreated a gentleman to deliver this testimony of my service; many faults have escaped the press, which your judgment will no sooner find, than your mercy correct, by which you shall teach others a charity to your own volumes, though they be all errata. If you continue where

[2] *yourself, as I hear, having lately written a Tragedy*] This alludes to the *Histrio-mastix*, the second title of which was "*the Actors'* Tragedie." It proved, indeed, to be the writer's tragedy; and when we consider the indiscriminate and overwhelming asperity of the attack, we cannot be greatly surprised that one of the sufferers should have so little generosity as to remind him of it.

[3] See p. 372.

[4] Female actors are strongly reprobated in the *Histrio-mastix*.

you are, you will every day enlarge your fame, and beside the engagement of other poets to celebrate your Roman constancy, in particular oblige the tongue and pen of your devout honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Mantua.
Perenotto, *captain of his guard.*
Philenzo, *lover of* Eugenia, *under the disguise and name of* Rolliardo.
Fulvio, Orpiano, } *noblemen.*
Morello, Dondolo, Grutti, } *courtiers.*
Embassador of Florence.
Bonamico, *a decayed artist (as* Altomaro, *a mountebank.)*
Carlo, *servant to* Bonamico.
Gentlemen Ushers.
Guard.
Attendants.

Eugenia, *the duke's daughter.*
Donella, Catherina, Mardona, Fidelia, Cassiana, } *ladies attendant on* Eugenia.

SCENE, Mantua.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter FULVIO *and* ORPIANO.

Orp. He does not mean this building[1] for a college, I hope?

Fulv. That were an ill foundation; there are more scholars than can live, one by another, already; 'tis pity we should have more plenty of learned beggars.

Orp. 'Tis past all my conjecture, why he built it.

Fulv. Signior Perenotto, captain of the guard, is of counsel only with the duke in't.

Enter MORELLO.

Mor. Signior Orpiano, and Fulvio.

Fulv. My spark! whither in such haste? let us change air a little.

Mor. You are travelling to your mistress.

Orp. Madam Donella is newly return'd to court.

Fulv. With the princess?

Orp. She was but late retired into the country: What's the matter?

Mor. Your lordships, I hope, have heard, the

[1] *this building*] i. e. the palace of his daughter; the New Prison, as it is afterwards called.

duke sent post for them, as they say: there is something in't.

Fulv. What?

Mor. Does not your lordship know?

Fulv. Not I.

Mor. Your lordship's wisdom and mine is much about a scantling, then; yet, for aught I hear, there be others of the court as ignorant as we.—Your honour's pardon, I beseech you; I must in all haste to the princess's lodging.

Orp. Farewell, signior.
Your amorous lock has a hair out of order.[2]

Mor. Umph! what an oversight was this of my barber! I must return now and have it corrected, dear signior. [*Exit.*

Fulv. Here's a courtier that will not miss a hair of his complement, when he is to appear before his mistress: every morning does this fellow put himself upon the rack, with putting on his apparel, and manfully endures his tailor, when he screws and wrests his body into the fashion of his doublet —but that the court cannot subsist without a fool, I should marvel what this fellow does to follow it.

Orp. There are more have much about his parcel of brains; the benefit of youth and good clothes procured their places, and ignorance and impudence have since maintain'd them.

Fulv. Two great helps, as the world goes.

Enter Gentlemen Ushers, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

Gent. Clear the presence, the duke is entering.

[2] *Your* amorous lock *has a hair out of order.*] This was worn on the left side, and was considerably longer than the rest of the front hair. Charles himself wore an "amorous lock," and was, of course, imitated by his courtiers. It was in reprobation of this fashionable appendage, which gave great offence to the Puritans, that Prynne wrote his well known book on the *Unloveliness of Love-locks.*

Enter Duke, Eugenia, Perenotto, and *Attendants.*

Eug. I ever was obedient—
Duke. 'Tis for thy honour, which, I know,
Is to thyself a precious sound—that building
I late erected, then, shall be thy palace.
Eug. Or my prison, sir,
If I do rightly understand.
Duke. That name
Is too unworthy of it, my Eugenia;
Nor will it seem restraint to my lov'd daughter,
Since, free to all delights, thy mind shall be
Its own commander; every day shall strive
To bring thee in fresh rarities; Time shall be
Delighted with thy pleasures, and stay with thee.
Eug. Indeed I shall think Time has lost his wings,
When I am thus caged up.
Duke. Thou shalt give
To him feathers when thou pleasest. Mantua
Shall pour her raptures on thee—Why have I
A crown, but to command what thou canst wish for,
My dear Eugenia?
Eug. A deer, it seems!
For, as you had suspicion of my wildness,
You'll measure out my walk.
Duke. I am thy father,
Who, by example of the wisest kings,
But build a place to lay my treasure in,
Safe from the robber, where I'll place a guard—
Eug. Do you suspect I shall break prison, [sir?]
Duke. To keep off violence, and soliciting,
Which may disturb thy pleasures; until we
Shall find out one to match thy birth and virtues,
(My dukedom is too poor that way,) maintain
Thy father's soul: thou hast no blood to mix

With any beneath prince.—Forget, as I shall,
Thy love was ever falling from thy greatness,
Into the arms of one carries but style
Of honour.

Eug Sir, I am your daughter.

Duke. Thou hast
Deserv'd my blessing, and thy obedience
In this, new crowns thy father: I see I need not
Urge what I am to move thee, and lay force;
Thy understanding does appear convinced,
And loving duty teaches thee to more
Than the command.—Perenotto!

Eug. What narrow ground I tread! I know he is
Too passionate to be denied his will,
And yet to yield will make me miserable;
'Tis my misfortune to be born so great.
Each common man, and woman can enjoy
The air, when the condition of a princess
Makes me a prisoner. But I must obey,
In hope it will not last. [*Aside.*]—I have a soul
Is full of grateful duty, nor will suffer me
Further dispute your precept: you have power
To steer me as you please.

Duke. All the graces
Speak in my girl.—Each syllable doth carry
A volume of thy goodness; all my cares
So well rewarded, do convert to sweetness:
I thank thy filial piety. Know, my girl,
That place wherein I lock so rich a jewel,
I do pronounce again, shall be thy paradise;
Thy paradise, my Eugenia, saving that
In this man only finds no being;—other
Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom,
And those that pass, shall flow again to invite
Thy sense to tasting.—Perenotto!

Per. Your grace's pleasure?

Duke. Admit those ladies that attend.

[*Exit Perenotto.*

Fulv. The duke shews much indulgence.
Orp. Observe the issue.
Duke. We will not limit thy companions;
Elect what Mantuan beauties thou canst best
Delight in, they shall serve thee: or, if some
Of your own train, whom we have thought most proper
To be your personal guard, affect you, they
Attend our pleasures:

Re-enter PERENOTTO, *with* DONELLA, CATHERINA, MARDONA, *and* FIDELIA.

See, they are ignorant
Yet of our purpose; if to any thy
Affection be not free, thy breath discharge them,
And point thy own attendants.
Eug. I shall be pleas'd with your appointment.
Ladies, I know you love me.
[*She goes to the ladies.*
Donel. Doth your grace hold suspicion, any of us
Serve you not with our heart?
Eug. I do not doubt,
Or if I did, you now approach a trial;
For my sake can you be content to be
All prisoners?
Ladies. Prisoners?
Eug. Yes; shut up close prisoners, and be barr'd
The conversation, nay, the sight, of men?
Cath. Marry, heaven defend; wherein have we offended,
That we must lose the sweet society
Of men?
Mard. How have we forfeited our freedom!
Duke. No man argue,[3]—'tis our pleasure.

[3] Duke. *No* man *argue.*—] Dodsley reads, "No *one* argue," apparently from a suspicion of incongruity in the language.

Donel. 'Las, madam,
I am new contracted to a handsome signior.

Cath. I have but newly entertain'd a servant, that gave me these gloves, they smell of him still, a sweet courtier!

Donel. Not one man among so many ladies? not a gentleman-usher, nor a page? How shall we do, madam?

Mard. I beseech your grace let me be exempted; if I have committed an offence deserves your anger, let one of your lords cut off my head rather, signior Dondolo.

Fid. Shall we express
So cold a duty to her highness? Fie, ladies!

Eug. You shall but suffer with me: I partake
As much severity as any of you shall.

Duke. I will expect your duties, lords, in silence.
Orpiano, you shall to Florence, with
Our daughter's picture; your commission's seal'd.—
Now, fair ladies,
I hope you are fix'd to wait upon Eugenia.
If your restraint be a burthen, it shall be
In her power to enlarge you, and elect
New friends into your places.

Ladies. 'Tis our duties
To obey your grace and her.

Duke. Perenotto, are all things prepar'd?

Per. They are, my lord.

Duke. For once, then, let us usher you.
[*Exit with Eug.*

Cath. Whither do we go?

Per. I'll tell you.

Donel. Whither?

But he mistakes; the Duke is not addressing the ladies, but the gentlemen, who are endeavouring to dissuade him from his purpose; he does not turn to the ladies till some lines below.

Per. To take physic, madam. The duke has prepar'd to stay all looseness in your bodies; you must be all fast: stone walls and mortar will bind.

Fid. Come, follow with a courage.

Donel. I hope we shall be allowed our little dogs and monkeys. [*Exeunt ladies.*

Dond. Sweet madam—

Grut. Madam Catherina:—they are gone, signior.

Dond. Would I had known this afore!

Fulv. The duke will be censur'd for this act.

Orp. 'Tis very strange: good lady,
I read a forced obedience in her eye,
Which hardly held up rain.

Enter MORELLO.

Mor. Save you, dear signiors; which way went the ladies?

Grut News, signior, news!

Mor. I beseech you I may partake.

Fulv. Have you forgot there was suspicion she affected signior Philenzo, the cardinal's nephew?

Orp. Alas, poor gentleman, he suffers for't.

Fulv. By this restraint he would make her sure; his jealousy is not yet over.—Signior Morello, is your lock rectified? you have miss'd your lady but a hair's breadth.

Mor. Nay; but, my lords and gentlemen, where are the ladies gone, indeed?

Grut. We have told you.

Mor. What! committed to New Prison?

Fulv. Very true, signior.

Dond. Our dancing days are done:—shut up close, not a man must enter.

Mor. Would I were a mouse then!—why, but is the duke mad?

Orp. Take heed what you say, signior: though we be no informers, yet walls have ears.

Mor. Ears! would I had left mine behind me! here's news indeed!

Fulv. An you had come a little sooner, you might have taken your leave; but 'twas your barber's fault

Mor. Would he had left me in the suds an hour ago! What shall we do, gentlemen? 'tis a hard case, when a man that has an intention to marry and live honest—

Enter ROLLIARDO.

How now! what art thou?

Rol. Any thing, nothing; yet a man, yet no man, for I want—

Mor. What? Thou art no capon, I hope.

Rol. Money, sir; will you spare any from your precious sins?

Grut. Thou art very free.

Rol. Yet, sir, I am in debt.

Dond. What dost owe?

Rol. No body harm.

Fulv. Whence cam'st?—

Rol. I dropt from the moon.

Orp. So methinks; thou talk'st very madly; thou hast much humour in thee.

Rol. Have you any thing to do that you account impossible, gentlemen?

Fulv. Why, wilt thou do it?

Rol. An you'll pay for it. Let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

Orp. Hold, hold.

Rol. Yes, I will hold.

Mor. I'll lay with thee; what wilt hold?

Rol. Why, paradoxes.

Grut. Dond. Paradoxes!

Mor. I hold you a paradox.

Fulv. Let's hear some.

Rol. There are no beasts but cuckolds and flatterers; no cold weather but in the dog-days; no physic to a whore, no fool to an alderman, no scholar to a justice of peace, nor no soldier to a belt and buff jerkin.

Orp. A smart fellow.

Re-enter the Duke.

Mor. The duke.

Duke. So, my fears are over; in her restraint I bury all my jealousies.—How now? what fellow's this?

Fulv. Such an humourist as I never before convers'd withal: it seems he makes himself free of all places.

Duke. What would he have?

Rol. Thy pardon, mighty man; if it be no treason to pray for thee, save thee! wilt employ me? 'tis vacation, and I want work; ask me not what I can do, let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

Duke. You have your senses?

Rol. Five, I take it.* I can see greatness big with an imposthume, yet towering in the air like a falcon, the small birds dare not peep for him. I can hear a man swear, *I am thy eternal slave, and will serve thee;* when, if opportunity were offered, for [the] price of a plush cloak, he will be the first shall strip thee to the very soul: I can taste wine

* Rol. *Five, I take it,* &c.] The quarto reads, "Five, the small birds dare not peep for him, I take it; I can see greatness big with an imposthume, towering in the air like a falcon." Dodsley could make nothing of this, and therefore omitted the first section. I believe that it now stands as the author meant it to stand. To *peep* is to *chirp.*

that another man pays for, and relish any thing that comes of free cost: I can smell a knave through a barr'd gown,[5] a politician through a surplice; a fool through a scarlet outside: I can touch a wench better than a lute, and tell money with a secretary, to shew I have [not] lost my feeling: tush! all's nothing. I have a humour to do something to be talked on; nothing can come amiss to me; let me have money enough, and my life to a cheese-paring, I'll do any thing.

Duke. You'll except somewhat.

Rol. Not to do o'er the seven wonders of the world, and demolish them when I have done, let me have money enough. What star so high, but I will measure by this Jacob's staff, divine money, the soul of all things sublunary? What lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with silver? and will not money with a judge make it a plain case? Does not gouty greatness find ease with *aurum palpabile?* and he's a slight physician cannot give a golden glister at a dead lift.—Money, I adore thee; it comes near the nature of a spirit, and is so subtle it can creep in at a cranny, be present at the most inward councils, and betray them. Money! it opens locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty, keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches, and builds almshouses.

Duke. A wild fellow.

Fulv. Will your grace have him punish'd for this insolence?

Duke. No, his humour is good mirth to us.—Whence art?

Rol. I am of no country.

Duke. How?

[5] barr'd gown,] The gowns of the judges, and other officers of the law, had broad stripes or bars of gold lace in front. It is singular that Dodsley should not be aware of this:—he reads, *furred gown*, which confounds the author's meaning.

Rol. I was born upon the sea.
Duke. When?
Rol. In a tempest, I was tod.
Mor. A blustering fellow.
Duke. Thy name?
Rol. Rolliardo.
Duke. And how long hast thou been mad thus?
Rol. Your highness may be merry; and if you have no employment for me, I am gone.
Duke. Stay, we command you, and bethink again,
What to except in your bold undertaking.
Rol. I except nothing, nothing, duke; it were no glory not to be general, active in all; let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.
Duke. You shall.
Fulv. Will your grace set him awork?[6]
Rol. Name the action.
Duke. What say you to a lady?
Rol. I will fall upon her, as Jupiter on Danaë; let me have a shower of gold, Acrisius' brazen tower shall melt again; were there an army about it, I would compass her in a month, or die for it.
Duke. Ha?—A lady without guard would try your wit and money, to get her love.
Rol. A toy, a toy.
Duke. Through a credulity, you may too much
Traduce the sex, and merit such a justice
No money will buy off:—admit some branches
Grow not so straight and beautiful, as nature
Intended them, will you disgrace the stem,
Or for some woman's levity,[7] accuse

[6] *set him* awork.] i. e. set him to work. I know not why Dodsley reads, "set him a work."

[7] For *levity*, the old copy reads *lenity*, a slight mistake of one letter for another: there is an obscurity in the following lines, which seems to arise from the lax manner in which Shirley uses *salary*. He evidently gives it the sense of *sale*. "Promise

That fair creation? Money buy their love!—
Promise a salary of that sacred flame
Themselves cannot direct, as guided by
Divine intelligence!

Rol. Your highness' pardon; if you prohibit, I must not undertake; but let me have freedom, and money enough, (for that's the circle I walk in,) and if I do not conjure up a spirit hot enough to inflame a frozen Lucrece' bosom, make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries: try me with some masterpiece; a woman's love is as easy as to eat dinner without saying grace, getting of children, or going to bed drunk. Let me have money enough, and tax me to the purpose.

Fulv. Orp. He's constant.

Duke. Admit there be a lady, whom a prince
Might court for her affection; of a beauty
Great as her virtue; add unto them, birth
Equal to both, and all three, but in her,
Not to be match'd.—Suppose this miracle
(Too precious for man's eye) were shut up, where
A guard, more watchful than the dragon's, did
Forbid access to mankind:—men pick'd out,
Between whose souls and money were antipathy
Beyond that which we know; and you as soon
Might bribe[8] * * * * * * *
* * * * to be a saint; what would you do
With your *enough of money*, were your life
Engag'd to win her love?

Rol. The sky may fall,
And aldermen cry larks about the city.

Duke. The fellow's impudent.—Sirrah, thou hast landed thyself upon a rock; you shall have

a salary, &c." i. e. do you venture to promise, or assert, that sacred flame to be saleable, which is independent of the will, &c.?

[8] *Might bribe*] Here is an apparent confusion of the sense: a line was probably dropped at the press.

sense of what you would contemn, a life: put on a most fortified resolution, you shall need it; we have a daughter thus lock'd up—

Fulv What does the duke mean?

Duke. A virgin.

Orp. He is in passion.

Duke. Shalt not engage thee on a work so much
Impossible as procurement of her love;
Make it appear with all thy art, thou canst
Get but access to her; a month we limit—
But take heed, boaster; if you fail, your life
Shall only satisfy our charge, and teach
All other mountebanks to be at distance
With such bold undertakings: you shall expect
A severe justice.—By this, I shall
Try the fidelity[9] of those are trusted. [*Aside.*

Rol. 'Tis a match; I shall have money enough?

Duke. You shall. What do you call enough?

Rol. I will not be particular, and agree on the sum; you look I should die if I perform not, and I'll look to be merry and want nothing while I live; I'll not take the advantage on you, because I hope to receive credit by it: if I use now and then a round sum, set me up on the ticket for it.[1]—But who shall pass his word, if I do this feat, you'll let me keep my head on my shoulders?

Duke. Our royal word secure thee.

Rol. 'Tis enough.

Fulv. What security can your grace expect for his forthcoming, if he fail?

[9] Try *the fidelity*] Dodsley reads *know*. These, and a hundred other petty observations of the same kind, are only made to obviate any doubts of the accuracy of the present text.

[1] *set me up on the* ticket *for it;*] i. e. write me your debtor on the card for it, (see p. 385.) In both places Dodsley adopts the modern vulgarism *tick*, though, in the latter instance, it spoils the verse:—but Dodsley had little feeling of metre.

Duke. We have studied that;
'Tis but the loss of some superfluous crowns;
Let the end carry what success fate please,
All the expense will not be lost, to try
The faith of those we shall employ in this:
Our city's strong, the river that environs
On three parts, shall be carefully attended,
A wall makes safe the fourth, which shall be guarded,
Our vigils shall be so exact, he shall
Deserve his liberty, if he escape us.—
We are constant, sir.

Fulv. Would he might pay for his curiosity! [*Aside.*

Rol. I'll wait upon your highness for some earnest: I have a month good; let me have fair play and my bargain, *money enough*, if I do come short, let my head be too heavy for my shoulders: if I do more than is expected, you'll believe it possible hereafter, when a man has money enough he may do any thing.

Duke. Maintain your humour still.—Attend us.

[*Exeunt Duke, Rolliardo, Fulvio, and Orp.*

Mor. Here's a mad fellow; does he mean to get in to the ladies?

Dond. It seems so.

Grut. I would not be in his taking when the moon changes.

Mor. Our best course then is to observe and humour him; he may have a trick more than we know; he seems to be a good fellow, let's be drunk together, and get him to confess it, ha?

Dond. Grut. A match.

Mor. Like errant knights, our valiant wits must wrastle,
To free our ladies from the enchanted castle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street, before Bonamico's *House, with a painted sign over the door.*

Enter from the house Bonamico, *disguised as a mountebank, and* Carlo.

Car. Do you think this hair
And habit will sufficiently disguise you,
From your inquiring creditors?
Bon. No question.
Have you dispers'd my bills about the city?
Does every public place carry the scroll,
As I commanded?
Car. I have been careful.
Bon. What do they say abroad? do they not wonder?
Car. They are strucken dumb at reading; he that has
The use of tongue, employs it to express
His admiration of your art, your deep,
Invisible art.
Bon. There's hope, then, we shall prosper
In this believing age; Italy is full
Of juggling mountebanks, that shew tricks with oils,
And powders; here an empiric dares boast
Himself a Paracelsian, and daub
Each post with printed follies, when he went
On the ticket with some midwife, or old woman
For his whole stock of physic: here a fellow
Only has skill to make a handsome periwig,
Or to sow teeth in the gums of some state madam,
Which she coughs out again, when so much phlegm

As would not strangle a poor flea, provokes her;
Proclaims himself a rectifier of nature,
And is believ'd, so getteth[a] more by keeping
Mouths in their quarterly reparations,
Than knowing men for all their art, and pains
In the cure of the whole body:—Shall we doubt
To be made rich, rich, Carlo, by our art,
Whereof I am the first and bold professor
In Italy? we shall grow fat and purchase,
Dost not think so?

Car. To go invisible
Who will not learn at any rate?

Bon. True, Carlo.
There may be in the throng of our admirers,
Some will presume't above the power of art
To make men walk and talk invisible;
But we can clear the mystery, and make
Mantua, in the proof, acknowledge it
A matter feasible.—Here's some customer.

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Ha! 'tis the humourist, the undertaker,
The bird I spread my art for; he has money
Enough, and is apt to prove a fortune to me.

Rol. So! the covenants are seal'd: I am like a famous cathedral with two ring of bells, a sweet chime on both sides. Now 'tis nois'd I have money enough, how many gallants of all sorts and sexes court me! here's a gentleman ready to run himself in the kennel, for haste to give me the wall; this cavalier will kiss my hand, while the other signior crinkles in the hams, as he were studying new postures against his turn comes to salute me. As I walk, every window is glaz'd with eyes, as some triumph were in the street; this madonna invites

[a] *getteth*] Dodsley, *getting*.

me to a banquet for my discourse, t'other *bona roba* sends me a spark,[1] a third a ruby, a fourth an emerald, and all but in hope to put their jewels to usury, that they may return again with precious interest.—Thus far it goes well, very well; what's next?

Bon. [*coming forward.*]—Save you, signior.

Rol. What art thou?

Bon. One appointed by fate to do you service, sir.

Rol. But I gave fate no commission to take you up for me; I have more followers than the duke already; prithee have me commended to the lady Destinies, and tell them I am provided.

Bon. Mistake me not; he speaks to you has power
To make you happy.

Rol. Prithee make thyself happy with a warm suit first; thy house is but poorly thatched. An thou beest so good at making happy, why hast no better clothes?

Bon. 'Tis no felicity; or admit, the sun
Dispensenth a rich warmth about the world,
Yet hath no heat itself.

Rol. Philosophy!

Bon. To omit circumstance, I know what you
Have undertaken, to the general
Amazement: upon penalty of death,
You must procure access to the fair princess,
'Tis in my art to help—to perfect—what
The duke holds so impossible.

Rol. How canst thou assist me?

Bon. Although my outside promise not, my brain
Is better furnish'd; I have gain'd by study
A secret, will advance the work you labour with;
I'll teach you, sir, to go invisible.

[1] *sends me a* spark] i. e. a *diamond.* In this sense the word frequently occurs in our old dramatists.

Rol. How? thou hast no cloven foot; I scent [no] brimstone; an thou beest a devil, tell me.

Bon. I trifle not; I am a man, whose fame
Shall outlive time, in teaching you this mystery,
For which I must expect reward:—you are,
(Loud noise proclaims it) able, and can pay me
Out of the duke's exchequer, being yourself
His walking treasury.

Rol. You'll teach me to go invisible, you say?

Bon. I can, and with your safety, for I deal not
With magic, to betray you to a faith
Black and satanical; I abhor the devil.

Rol. Very like so.

Bon. Which some have conjured into a ring;
To effect the wonder, I admit of no
Suffumigation, incense offer'd to
Infernal spirits; but by art, whose rules
Are lawful and demonstrative—

Rol. You think I admire you all this while.—Hark, when did you eat? or do you hope again, that you are put to this pitiful and desperate exigent? I see you, my would-be-invisible, fine knave.

Bon. Do you mock me, sir?

Rol. I'll tell you a better project, wherein no courtier has prefool'd you. Stick your skin with feathers, and draw the rabble of the city, for pence apiece, to see a monstrous bird brought from Peru; baboons have pass'd for men already, been taken for usurers, in their furr'd gowns and night-caps: keep a fool in pay, to tell the multitude of a gentle faith, that you were caught in a wilderness, and thou may'st be taken for some far-country howlet.

Bon. Do you despise my art?

Rol. Art? but such another word, and I shall mar the whole expectation of your invisible traffic. In, to your nest, and leave me; distinguish men before you practise on them, 'tis wholesome caution.

Bon. I leave you to the misery of your unbelief; when you hear of me hereafter, you will curse your fortune to have thus neglected me; fare you well, sir. [*Exeunt Bonamico and Carlo.*

Enter PERENOTTO, *with some of the* Guard.

Rol. This is Perenotto, captain of the guard.

Per. Not yet attempted you?

1 *G.* We have not seen him, my lord.

Per. He's here.

2 *G.* Is that he that has gold enough? would I had some of his yellow-hammers!

Rol. Do you hear? you are one of the list.

1 *G.* A poor halberdman, sir.

Rol. Poor? hold thee, there's gold for thee:—[*offers to give him money.*]—thou wilt be honest now?

1 *G.* O yes, sir.

Rol Not a penny; an thou hadst not been a fool, thou wouldst have been a knave, and so thou might'st have got by me:—yet by those scurvy legs there's some hope thou wilt be converted; at all adventures, take it. [*Gives him money.*

1 *G.* I will be what you please, sir.

Rol. Tell me, what condition is that signior of? is he rich?

1 *G.* He loves money.

Rol. Come; shalt be my pensioner—here's more gold for thee;—and will he take a bribe?

1 *G.* Do you make question of that, sir? He bought his office, and therefore may sell his conscience; he has sold two hundred of us twice over; he was brought up at court, and knows what belongs to his place, I warrant you.

Rol. Good.

1 *G.* Am I not a knave now, sir?

Rol. I like thee.

1 *G.* To your cost. [*aside.*]—I hope you will not

tell him what I say: but if you do, and he chance to turn me out of my office, your gold is restorative.

Per. To your stations, and be circumspect.

[*Exeunt Guard.*

Rol. Noble sir, you are the only man I have ambition to honour.

Per. I should be proud to merit such a phrase.

Rol. 'Tis in your power to oblige my soul—we are private,
I am jealous of the wind, lest it convey
Our noise too far: this morn I had some traffic
With a jeweller, and, if my judgment err not,
He has richly furnish'd me. What says your lordship
To this diamond?

Per. It is a glorious one.

Rol. Does it not sparkle most divinely, signior?
A row of these stuck in a lady's forehead,
Would make a Persian stagger in his faith,
And give more adoration to this light,
Than to the sun-beam: I have fellows to them,
A nest of bright ones.

Per. This box
Is studded, like a frosty night, with stars.

Rol. You have outbid their value; make me a gainer
In changing them for your commends.

Per. How, sir?

Rol. I'm serious.

Per. I never shall deserve this bounty: if
You'd point me out some service to begin
My gratitude—

Rol. You have a noble soul;
I'll teach you how to merit more.

Per. I am covetous of such a knowledge.

Rol. Make but my path
A smooth one to the princess;—I am brief,
You know my undertaking.

Per. So I should be a traitor.

Rol. It comes not near the question of a life:
Do it, I will enable you to buy
Another dukedom, state, and title.

Per. Although 'twere necessary in affairs
Of such high consequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once, I'll be as brief as you,
I will not do it.

Rol. How?

Per. No, indeed, signior, you shall pardon me
At this time, and I'll keep your jewels too,
For they are gifts: hereafter you will know me;
So fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Rol. Was I not told this officer was corrupt?
I want faith to believe the miracle.
Sure he does but jest with me.—Ha!

Enter MORELLO, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

Mor. The guard will accept no money.

Dond. What an age do we live in, when officers will take no bribes!

Grut. Not the golden one.

Dond. Here's Rolliardo.

Rol. I'm quite lost.

Grut. 'Tis he.

Rol. Yet he keeps my jewels; there may be some hope.
I'll to him again, 'tis but his modesty
At first, not to seem easy; he must be courted.
Statesmen, like virgins, first should give denial,
Experience and opportunity make the trial.—
Save you, gallants!

Mor. An you go there too, save yourself: you are in a worse pickle than we are.

Dond. And how is't with you, signior?

Grut. Do you thrive in your hopes?

Rol. I do not despair, gentlemen; you see I do

not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms, or entreat your lordship's brain to melt in a petition for me.

Mor. I did but jest; I know you have a way to the wood in your pericranium; what is't? we are honest simple-minded lords.

Rol. I think so.

Grut Nay, nay, impart.

Dond. We'll tell no tales.

Mor. Would we were whipp'd an we do.

Rol Why, shall I tell you? you are three—

Mor. Very secret—

Rol Coxcombs.

All. How?

Rol A miserable leash of court mimics.

Mor. Mimics! what's that?

Rol You perfumed goats!

Mor. Oh, is that it? I never heard what a mimic was before.

Rol. Do you think I am so wretched in a point that concerns my life and honour, to trust my ways and purposes to you, that have no souls?

Dond. No souls!

Mor Peace, how comes he to know that?

Grut. Why, hast thou none?

Mor. 'Twas more than ever I could see in myself yet.

Rol, Things that have forfeited their creation, and had not your tailors took compassion on you, you had died to all men's thoughts, who long since would have forgotten that ever there were such things in nature.

Dond Shall we suffer this?

Rol Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankfulness If I were at leisure, I would make you shew tricks now. [*Seizes Morello.*

Dond. Do I look like a Johnanapes?

Rol. But I will not.

Mor It were not your best course.

Rol. How?

Mor. Alas, sir, I should but shame myself, and be laughed at afore all this company

Rol. When you see me next, avoid me, as you would do your poor kindred when they come to court. Get you home, say your prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my miracles. [*Exit.*

Mor. Had we not better have gone to [a] tavern, as I plotted at first? he could not have been more valiant in his drink.

Grut. I'm glad he's gone.

Dond. I know not what to make on him.

Mor. Make on him, quotha? he made little reckoning of us; but an he had not gone as he did, I should have made—

Dond. What?

Mor. Urine in my breeches—he squeezed me, I think I was ready to melt on both sides.

Grut. But hark you, signior, we forget the ladies still.

Mor. Well remember'd.

Dond. Let us consult to purpose about that—shall we?

Mor. No, every one think what he can by himself; my thoughts shall be private, and not free at this time; every one scratch his own head.

Grut. And he that gets the first hint, communicate—

Dond. A match.

Mor. Let me see—umph.

Dond. What if I did—nothing; my brains are dull.

Grut. Ten to one, but if I did—let it alone, a pox on't; I were best drink some sack, they say it helps invention.

Mor. O rare!

Both. Rub, rub; out with it.

Mor No, 'tis gone back again, I drank buttered sack this morning, and it slipp'd back when 'twas almost at my tongue's end—but it was a delicate project, whatsoever it was.

Grut. Recover it with thy finger.

Dond. Follow it, Morello.

Mor. Now, now, now! let me alone—make no noise, 'tis coming again, I have it! I have it!—

Dond. Hold it fast, now.

Grut. Lose it not; thou art great with wit, let us deliver thee; what is it?

Mor. Some wiser than some.

[*They follow him up and down for discovery.*

Dond. Wilt not tell us?

Grut. Didst not promise?

Mor. No haste—as occasion serves—it cost more than so; yet you may know it.

Dond. Well said.

Mor. Hereafter, but not now—away, do not tempt me; I will eat the sweat of my own brain.—O rare! never was such a strain of wit invented.—Do you hear, gentlemen? if you will command me any service to the ladies, I do purpose to visit them, with a quirk—hey!

Grut. How?

Mor. Marry do I.

Dond. Nay, Morello.

Mor. Gentlemen, as I told you, if you have any thing to the ladies, before I go, I am the messenger; there is a crotchet, and so forth; a carwhichet is found out—your ears—I will do such a stratagem as never the like was heard of in the world.—Oh rare!— [*Exit.*

Dond. He's mad.

Grut. So am I, that he is so reserv'd. What shall we do?

Enter BONAMICO, *in another habit.*

Bon. Save you, signiors; pray, where abouts is the sign of the invisible man?

Don. Grut. The invisible man?

Bon. Cry you mercy, now I see it.

[*Enters the house.*

Dond. See it; he does more than we can; the gentleman's mistaken, here's no such sign, yet he went in there.

Grut. He has better eyes than we, to distinguish it.

Enter Carlo.

Car. This, ay, this is it.

Dond. What is it, pray?

Car. What's that to you.

Grut. In courtesy we ask.

Car. Then, by the sign, this is the house whither I am going to enquire for a gentleman that teaches men to walk invisible.

Grut. That would be seen; this is news.

Car. News! either you have slept long, or you are gentlemen of very small intelligence; examine the next paper you see advanced, and inform yourselves. Farewell, gallants. [*Enters the house.*

Dond. He's entered there too

Grut. Teach men to walk invisible! a very fine trade.

Dond. Would 'twere true, we should desire no other device to get in to the ladies.

BONAMICO *and* CARLO *pass over the stage, in other dresses, and enter the house.*

Grut. 'Tis impossible.—See, see, more gentle-

men; prithee let's to him; this will be a trick worth our learning.

Dond. Stay, we are not acquainted; let's knock first. [*Knocks.*

Re-enter CARLO, *disguised.*

Car. Your pleasures, gentlemen.

Dond Pray, sir, what sign is this?

Car. The invisible man, sir.

Grut. Man? I see no man.

Dond. Here's nothing but a cloud.

Car. Right, sir, and he is behind it; the man's invisible.

Dond. Pretty, faith; it may be the man in the moon, for aught we know.

Car. Would you any thing with my master?

Grut. He does teach to walk invisible, they say.

Car. He is the only professor of the miraculous invisible art.

Dond. May we change a little discourse with him?

Car. There are some gentlemen with him, but I'll tell him.—I am prevented, he's coming forth himself.

Re-enter BONAMICO, *in his mountebank disguise.*

Dond. Signior Altomaro, I take it?

Bon. 'Tis my name, sir, a poor artist, not warm in these parts of Italy.

Grut. An you were not too busy, sir—

Bon. Please you walk in; I am now alone, your persons will grace my poor habitation.

Dond. We saw four or five enter but now.

Bon. I have dispatch'd them, they are fresh departed.

Dond. Which way?

Grut. Here's not a man; are they not sunk? came they out here?

Bon. Upon my credit, sir, no other way.

Dond. Then they went invisible.

Bon. Right, sir; they came hither to that purpose; their designs required haste.

Grut. This man can do it, I see, already.

Dond. Sir, if you can assure us this invisible walking,—for we are not so ignorant as we seem, we have seen the play of *the Invisible Knight*,[4] and—

Bon. That of *the Ring*, too, have ye not?

Dond. Yes.

Bon. The one was magic, and t'other an imposture? what I do is by art, fair and natural. Are you in debt, and fear arresting? you shall save your money in protections, come up to the face of a serjeant, nay, walk by a shoal of these mankind horse-leeches, and be mace-proof.[5] If you have a mind to rail at them, or kick some of their loose flesh out, they shall not say *black's your eye*, nor with all their lynxes eyes discover you. Would you see, when the mercer's abroad, how his man plays the merchant at home with his mistress' Silkworm, and deals underhand for commodity? Would yourself talk with a lady in secret, sit down, play with her, ravish a diamond from her finger, and bind her soft wrist with a bracelet, kiss her abroad, at home, before her servants, in the presence of her jealous husband, nay, truss her up, when the tame lord is a-bed with her, and to his eyes be undiscovered as the wind, signior?—Do you suspect your mistress

[4] *the play of* the Invisible Knight,] I know nothing of this play; that of *the Ring* is, according to Dodsley, the comedy of *the Two Merry Milkmaids*, 4to. 1620.

[5] *and be mace-proof.*] i. e. exempt from all fear of bailiffs. The city-serjeants carried a mace (a short gilded or painted staff) as a badge of office. See Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 142.

plays double? would you hear how she entertains t' other's love, and know what she does in the closet with the smooth page?—Would you be present at secret counsels, betray letters, see how such a lord paints his thighs, this perfume his breath, t' other marshal his fine French teeth; see this statesman's eyes put out with a bribe; how that officer cozens the duke, and his secretary abuses them both; this lawyer takes fees a-both sides; while the judge examines the fertility, and price of the manor, before the witnesses, and then decrees who shall have the land? Would you see justice employ her scales to weigh light gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flourish with her sword like a fencer, to make more room for causes in the court?

Dond. All this and more may be done, if we can but go invisible; but how can you assure us of that? I would fain see any man go invisible once.

Bon. See him, sir?

Grut. *Video pro intelligo*, I mean, sir.

Bon. Nay, sir, you need not distinguish, for it is possible to see a man invisible. Observe me, you see me now perfectly in every part: if I should walk before you without a body—

Grut. How?

Bon. My head only visible, and hanging in the air like a comet.

Dond. That were a strange sight!

Bon. Sometimes nothing shall be seen but my arm, another while one of my legs, hopping without a body.

Grut. This is admirable.

Bon. When I please, I will have nothing conspicuous but my hand; nay, perhaps my little finger.

Dond. Do not you conjure then?

Grut. Come, you will cast a mist before our eyes.

Bon. 'Tis a mistery indeed, but a safe one, signiors.

Dond. Why, look you, sir, if you will be pleased that we may see you first walk invisible, we shall not only credit your art, but at any rate be ambitious to be your disciples.

Bon. Why, gentlemen, you speak but justice, you shall have experiment. I will be invisible first, but as t' other in this kind, I will not demonstrate without half in hand; let me have fifty crowns apiece, I'll 'point you a day when I will be invisible.

Grut. Can you not do it presently?

Bon. I can be invisible in a twinkling; but what assurance can you have, that I am here at the same instant, when you see no part of me? I may deceive you.

Dond. He says true

Bon. I do purpose, therefore, to give you reality and proof, for I will walk invisible, all but—my hand.

Both. Your hand?

Bon. Only my hand; you shall touch it, see every line in it, and the rest of my body be to you invisible; this will require a little time for preparation, and when, with the consent of your eyes, and understandings, I keep my promise in this point, you will think your monies well expended to be taught the mystery.

Dond. This is very fair.

Grut. The crowns are ready, sir.

Dond. Expect them within this hour.

Re-enter ROLLIARDO

Bon. At your own pleasures.—Ha, Rolliardo!—[*aside.*]—I must not be seen, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Both. Farewell, incomparable signior!—What luck had we to light upon this artist! he shall not publish it, we'll buy the whole secret at any value, and then get him remove into some other province. —Who's this?

Rol Am not I mad? sure I am, though I do not know it, and all the world is but a bedlam, a house of correction to whip us into our senses. I have known the time when jewels and gold had some virtue in them; the generation of men now are not subject to corruption; Democritus, the world's refin'd.

Dond. 'Tis Rolliardo; he looks melancholy: let's have a fling at him.—Give you joy of the great lady, sir! which is the next way to the moon, pray?

Rol. Bolt upright, musk-cat, and if you make haste you may be one of her calves; next time she appears, you shall see her beckon to you, with a pair of horns, just of the size of those are preparing for your forehead, my precious animal.

Dond. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's mad.

Grut. Can you tell, sir, what became of all the swallows, cuckoos, and small birds, we had here last summer!

Rol. Marry, sir, they went to sea, to aid the cranes, and there have been mustering ever since, but for want of a woodcock[6] they have left behind them, they dare not venture upon the pigmies; you may do well to overtake the buzzard, and relieve the army, sir.

Grut. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt Dond. and Grut.*

Rol. I shall be grinn'd to death as I walk the streets; 'tis no policy to be dull and modest.—But let me see, which way to compass my work, and

[6] *but for want of a* woodcock, &c.] i. e. of a *fool*, such as he insinuates Grutti to be. Woodcock is one of the most popular synonyms for a fool with all our old writers.

put myself out of the common laughter? the very children will jeer me shortly, I think, and point me out with stones, "the precious undertaker," I might have had more wit than to run myself into this calamity. Whom have we next?

Enter Duke, Ambassador, Fulvio, Dondolo, Grutti, *Attendants, and* Courtiers.

The duke? what stranger's that? I must not seem dejected.

Amb. Is this he your highness discoursed of?

Duke. This is the piece made up of all performance,
The man of any thing, without exception;
Give him but gold, kings' daughters and their heirs,
Though lock'd in towers of brass, are not safe from him.
Nay, though I play the chemist with my trust,
And from a million of sure confidences
I draw the spirit of honesty into a few,
He can corrupt them.

Rol. You are my prince, great sir, and you have spoke
Not much unlike a brave one.

Dond. He'll jeer the duke, too.

Rol. If my head
Come to be paid to you, before sun-set
That day when it is forfeit, I have clear'd with you,
And shall depart out of your royal debt:
There's all you can demand; a good sharp sword
Will make an even reckoning.

Amb. He seems confident.

1 *Cour.* With your grace's leave, let me come to him.

Rol. Now, a fierce dog.

1 *Cour.* What came into thy mind, thou daring madman—
Fool is a word of favour to thee—
Rol. So, sir.
1 *Cour.* To undertake such an impossible task?
Rol. Mushroom, I'll cast away a few words on thee.
Had I another life, I'd undertake yet,
Though I be low in all opinion,
To venture it, with the riches I have spread
To corrupt others, to make thee my parasite;
I would engage my life to wear no steps
To thy white daughter, thou and thy grave matron
Most humbly should present her, when I was pleased too,
For fear I should refuse the sport you brought me.
Duke. I never knew a man bear his scorn so high.
To him some other.
Grut. Not I, sir, you shall excuse me; 'twas the last thing I did.
2 *Cour.* In the position general, I'll not touch him,
For money may be said to purchase all things;
But to aspire to my good sovereign's daughter
Of blessed memory—
Rol. She's not dead, I hope?
2 *Cour.* There gold and trash was impudently inferr'd,
And 'twas a task too insolent; in that point
You'd willingly give a pound of your proud flesh,
To be releas'd.
Rol. Releas'd!—
I heard a pound of flesh, a Jew's demand once—
'Twas gravely now remember'd of your lordship.
—Fortune, and courtesy of opinion
Gives many men nobility of birth,

That never durst do nobly, nor attempt
Any design, but fell below their honours.
Cased up in chambers, scarcely air themselves
But at a horse-race, or in the Park with puppets.
That for which I'm your laughter, (I speak to
You, flattering tribe of courtiers, to you, glow-worms,)
Is my chief glory, that, perhaps, being sprung
From humble parentage, dare yet attempt
A deed so far above me, that sets all
Your wisdoms in combustion. You may think
I've made a sorry bargain for my life:
Let scorners know, in aiming at her only,
My memory after death receives more honour
Than all your marble pinnacles can raise you,
Or alabaster figures, whiter far
Than e'er your souls were; and that hour I die,
If you dare look upon me, without fainting,
(Which I much fear,) you shall see death so scorn'd.
I mean for any terror, you shall think him
My slave to take my upper garment off.

Dond. I told your highness how you should find him.

Amb. A brave resolution!

Duke. Be this the prologue to the mirth, my lord,
Attends to entertain you.—Set on, we'll leave him.
Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but Rolliardo, who pulls Fulvio back.*

Rol. Sir, I observ'd you noble, and not apt
To throw derision on me with the rest,
Which does encourage me to ask you a question.

Fulv. Name it, sir.

Rol. Pray what stranger's that walk'd with the duke?

Fulv. 'Tis an ambassador from Florence, sir.

Rol. An ambassador? his design, I pray?

Fulv. To treat of marriage betwixt our princess
And the great duke's son, desired much by our master,
Who has some hope it will be effected too:
He has brought rich presents to her.

Rol. This is all.

Fulv. You have it freely. [*Exit.*

Rol. You have honoured me.—Married to Tuscany? so! if my ambition had been fortunate, I might have been his taster; but my stars want influence, they are too dull, and weary of my fate. Rolliardo then must forfeit; why, that's the worst on't; I will make a glorious blaze in death, and while I live, make the duke's treasure pay for it, nor shall he accuse me, I exhaust him poorly; I'll study out some noble way to build me a remembrance. Ha! a church or college? Tedious; my glass has but few sands, I must do something I may live to finish: I have it, I will send to all the prisons in the city, and pay the poor men's debts for them; the world wants such a precedent. I have money enough; since I fail in my other ends, I will do some good deeds before I die, so shall I be more sure of prayers, than if I built a church, for they are not certain to continue their foundation. Fate, I despise thee; I sink under no cheap and common action, but sell my life to fame, in catching my death by so brave an aspiring.
If I obtain a monument, be this all
Writ on my grave: *This man climb'd high to fall.*
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter Guard.

1 *G.* Come, gentlemen, we must watch still, that none run away with the princess.

2 *G.* He must have an excellent stomach, that can break these stone walls, to come to her.

3 *G.* Beside this moveable wall of flesh which we carry.

2 *G.* One makes towards us,—'tis a lady.

Enter MORELLO, *disguised like a lady.*

Mor. So, now am I as valiant as Hercules, when he turned spinster; great Jupiter, the patron of scapes, assist my petticoat, and at my return, I will sacrifice my linen-breeches to thee.—Here be the men, the men of mettle; now, Venus, I beseech thee; an they be men, they will let a lady enter without many questions.

1 *G.* Save you, sweet lady! your affairs this way?

Mor. I go but in to the princess.

1 *G.* From whom?

Mor. From the duke's grace.

1 *G.* What may be your ladyship's name?

Mor. I never thought to give myself a name—my name is madam—umph. My name is something, an odd name, but—I do not stand upon it—my name's Thorn.

1 *G.* Indeed, madam Thorn, if his grace have

sent you to such a purpose, you must shew something for our discharge.

Mor. Why, hark you, it was but forgotten of the duke, to send his signet; but I have brought some of his highness' deputies with me, I hope that will satisfy.

[*As he takes out money, he discovers his breeches.*

2 *G.* By this gold, breeches!

3 *G.* No; they are but silk.—Here will be sport, I have a hint already.

1 *G.* Say you so? 'Tis very well; but, madam, we are many, and we would be loth to venture: deal ingenuously, sweet lady, have you no more gold in your breeches?

Mor. Not a doit, as I am virtuous and sinful.

1 *G.* Pass—but, do you hear? an you should not be secret now!—

Mor. As I am a gentleman.

3 *G.* A gentleman? dost hear him? I'll put him to't.

Mor. I have left some crowns with your fellow.

2 *G.* Tush, that will not satisfy me.

Mor. Indeed, I have no more money.

2 *G.* You have commodity; hang this transitory gold! give me—what's this?

[*Feeling his hand.*

Mor. Nothing but a wart on my little finger.

2 *G.* A wart! let me see't. [*Pulls off his glove.*

Mor. 'Tis a diamond, 'twas my mother's legacy, or else—

2 *G.* Is it your will I should have it?

Mor. It was my mother's will I should wear it, her ghost will haunt me, an I should give it away.

2 *G.* You know the way back, lady.

Mor. You will give me my gold again?

1 *G.* Not a doit, as *I am virtuous and sinful.*—Stand with him for a toy, and know you have no warrant from the duke! 'tis in our power—

Mor. Do you hear, sir, an it were a diamond of gold you should have it.

2 *G.* Lady, I kiss your hand,

Mor. You have kiss'd the ring off my finger, I'm sure.

2 *G.* Use your fortune, pass.

Mor. If I get to the ladies, somebody shall pay for this, that's my comfort.

3 *G.* Can you wrestle, madam?

[*Takes him by the shoulders.*

Mor. Ah!—wrestle, sir? ladies do not use to wrestle.

3 *G.* They are thrown down with their good wills, then; come, you and I will have a bout, I must hug your little body.

1 *G.* Humour him, and you are past danger.

Mor Would you have me tear my clothes?

1 *G.* I'll persuade him.

2 *G.* To tell you true, madam, this fellow is an abominable lecher, there is no 'scaping him without a fall; a very satyr, he leaps all comes near him: if your ladyship's modesty can dispense with a private favour—you understand; for our parts, we are satisfied otherwise, and our lips are sew'd up: take him o' one side, and see how you can mollify him; he's a cock of the game, and will tread you, an you were ten Thorns.

Mor. Mollify him! doth he use ladies so? he will mollify me.

2 *G.* An you were his sister, all's one to him; the devil is not more hot and robustious, where he finds opposition to the sport: therefore the duke made choice of him, as suspecting some lord might come disguis'd in this fashion, to prevent dishonour to the princess and ladies—use your own discretion.

Mor. What will become of me? if he be such a wencher, he'll ravish me, and discover all. What

a rascal was I to venture thus! [*aside.*]—I'll give thee my fan to persuade him. [3 *G. seizes him.*]—Help, help!

3 *G.* Nay, then.—

[*He throws him down, and discovers his breeches.* Why, how now? breeches!

1 *G.* This is a man.

2 *G.* Sure, 'tis a woman.

Mor. To tell you true, gentlemen, I am neither a man nor a woman, I am an hermaphrodite.

1 *G.* How? an hermaphrodite? What would you do among the ladies, then?

2 *G.* An hermaphrodite?

3 *G.* Let's search him.

Mor. Ah!

1 *G.* Stay, let's be advis'd; if he be such a monster, our best way is to carry him to the duke.

2 *G.* 3 *G.* Agreed.

Mor. I shall be undone.—Do you hear, noble friends? 'tis but a folly to dissemble, I am no such thing, I am no hermaphrodite, I am a friend of your's.

All. Of our's?

2 *G.* Your name, I beseech you?

Mor. I did but jest all this while; the duke himself put me upon't, to see whether I could cozen you; my name's Morello.

1 *G.* Signior Morello? 'tis not possible.

Mor. As I am virtuous, I am; I am no hermaphrodite: no matter for the gold or diamonds, 'tis your own. I'll acquaint his grace how careful I found you, and if he do not reward you beside, I'll say he's the poorest duke in christendom. I'll tell him presently.

3 *G.* Noble signior, we'll wait upon you to him.

Mor. No, no, 'tis better for me to go alone.

1 *G.* Your pardon; you shall tell him how

careful you found us, we'll relate to him how cunningly you carried the business.

Mor. Nay, do you hear, gentlemen?

All. It must be so, sir; come, sweet, effeminate signior. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Part of the Palace.

Enter FULVIO, *and* Ambassador.

Amb. You have done me a noble office, signior, in this discovery. Where now lives her banished lover?

Fulv. My kinsman lives in Florence; but two days since
I received letters from him.

Amb. In Florence too?

Fulv. Sir, you may censure me;
But my affection to the injur'd lord,
And not without respect unto the honour
Of your master too, hath been the cause of my
Free language.

Amb. Trust me, signior,
We are all engag'd to study you a recompense;
But Mantua was unjust to banish him,
For being too much a servant.

Fulv. Sir, when princes
Resolve to punish—

Amb. Virtue shall be treason;
'Twas tyranny.—Why now is she thus caged?

Fulv. I can conjecture nothing but his jealousy,
Which will be ever active. By that love
We interchang'd at Pisa, when we grew

Together in our studies, I conjure
Your nobleness to silence me.[1]
Amb You will
Dishonour me by suspicion: I am charm'd.

Enter PERENOTTO, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

Per. My honour'd lord.
Amb. Signior Perenotto.
Fulv. My gentle sparks.
Dond. Grut. Your servants.
Fulv. You are all courtship.
Per. Is your lordship for this wonder?
Amb. What wonder, my lord?
Per. These pair of gentlemen have discours'd me into admiration; there's one has undertaken to go invisible.
Amb. Invisible?
Per. This hour expected, and in this place.
Fulv. How?
Dond. With a trick that he has.
Fulv. Do you believe him, gentlemen?
Grut. You shall see it.
Dond. We were heretics in that point, but our understandings are convinced; he did demonstrate.
Grut. And because you shall know the truth of his art, he will be invisible all but his hand; what think you of that? the rarest fellow in christendom.
Amb. Nothing visible but his hand?
Dond. As sure as we have given him one hundred crowns in hand.
Amb. Why is not the duke presented with this novelty?

[1] —— *to silence me.*] i. e. to suppress all mention of my name. Dodsley omits the last word.

Dond. He's travelling to the emperor first; only, as he goes, for our sake, he will shew us a figary of his art.—

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Here's Rolliardo; he's somewhat costive on t'other side, wants faith.

Rol. Save you, nest of courtiers! smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime complements, make you amorous in sight of your ladies! *Donzel del Phebo*, and *Rosicleer*,[2] are you there? what pestilent diseases have you got, that you wear so much musk and civet about you? Oh for a priest of Cupid to sacrifice you now! how your breeches would burn like incense, and your hair, disguised in sweet powder, leave your bodies in a mist, while your bones were inwardly consuming with the fire of dame Venus' altar!

Dond. The same humorist still.

Rol. I heard say, we shall have strange apparitions in the air, and yet invisible wonders; a hand must appear, as fatal to some as that hung over the Capitol; for there is a suspicion some purses will be juggled empty, and as silent as the moon, no bright sol appearing; nor a piece of pale-faced silver in your silken hemispheres.

Grut. He is an infidel.

Rol. Right, Jehochanan, right, my precious Jew, we are all infidel that will not believe the court catechism.—My lord ambassador, you are welcome from Florence; does the great duke pick salads still, I mean, continue his assize, return into his exchequer once in seven years the wealth of Tuscany? Vespasian was held covetous for ordaining vessels to receive the beneficial public

[2] Heroes of Romance. See *the Mirror of Knighthood.*—DODS.

urine, but 'tis heathenism among Christians not to hold *Dulcis odor lucri è re qualibet.*

Amb. He's mad.

Rol. Signior Perenotto, it has puzzled my understanding, how you can subsist at court without making use of the common sins, flattery and corruption; take heed, you are a great man, and 'tis ominous to die in your bed; a sign your children are like to inherit but weak brains: thou mayst go to heaven, but thy heir had rather thou shouldst make a journey to Erebus, for the proverb sake,—*Happy is that son, whose father goes to the devil.*—Why, when comes out my don invisible? may be, he's here already, for we cannot see him what says my squirrel? thou look'st dull and physical, methinks; the crowns will return again invisibly, never fear it: and how does my grave gymnosopist, whose ambition is to be registered an honest, lord? though thou beest buried upon alms, carried to church with four torches, and have an inscription on thy marble worse than the ballad of *the Devil and the Baker*, and might be sung to as vile a tune too —Gentlemen, I'll invite you shortly to see my head cut off, and do only entreat, you would not laugh at me when I am dead; 'twill shew but poorly in you, and I shall revenge it with my ghost walking.

Fulv. Either he is very confident to achieve his design, or late grown desperate, he talks so wildly.

Enter CARLO.

Dond. I wonder signior Altomaro forgets us.—Now, now, you shall hear; this is his servant, I know he is not far off.—Where is thy master?

Car. He is invisible: this letter is directed to you. [*Gives Dondolo a letter.*

Dond. [reads.]—*Gentlemen, that you may perceive*

I deal plainly with you, I am now invisible—all but my hand, and here it is; you may with ease read every line, as I promised upon the receipt of your crowns.—His hand!

Car. Ay, sir, 'tis his own hand, I can assure you.

Omnes Ha, ha, ha!

Dond. He does not mean to serve us so; thou dost but jest; where is he invisible?

Car. Here, I think, for I cannot see him; nor do I know when I shall, or where he will be visible again: upon diligent search I found this paper, but my master is not to be found.

Fulv. Then he is invisible indeed.

Rol. All but his hand. Ha! ha!

Grut. I do incline to believe, that we are cheated.

Per. With a trick that he has. Ha, ha, ha!

Amb. You were heretics in that point, till he did demonstrate. Ha, ha, ha!

Rol. I cannot contain my merry spleen. Ha, ha!

Fulv. Come, my lord, let us leave them now, to be their own derision. [*Exeunt Amb. and Fulv.*

Enter Guard *with* Morello *disguised as before.*

Dond. Signior Morello? ha, ha, ha! How came he in a petticoat?

Mor. Carry me away quickly, they will laugh me out of my little wit.

Rol. No, no; do not, gentlemen, remember yourselves.

Grut. We will not, then.

Per. Morello! I'll wait upon him to the duke myself.

Mor. What wise man in Italy would be in my coat now? [*Exeunt Per. and Guard with Mor.*

Rol. I was costive, and an infidel, you are chris-

tian coxcombs; and so, while I see what will become of the mirth that is gone before, I leave your wise signiorships to the mercy of your garters, which is a speedy way, after a little time, to make yourselves invisible indeed. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Dond. Signior Grutti, we are gull'd.

Grut. I always thought he would cheat us. What shall we do, to prevent more laughter?

Car. I am resolved.—I shall get no more money by him. [*aside*]—Gentlemen, be not head-hung, droop not, 'tis in this sconce to revenge yourselves, and, it may be, recover your crowns too.

Dond. How, prithee?

Car My master—

Dond Is invisible, we know it too well.

Car. What will you give me, if I discover him to your eyes again, nay, give him to your possession?

Dond. This.

Grut. And this. [*they give him money.*]—Oh, quickly.

Car. Then, first, know, my master is not that man you took him for; no Altomaro he, but Bonamico the decayed artist, he that made properties,[3] and grew poor for want of pictures; who for fear of his creditors, left his dwelling, and in this quaint disguise, set up the trade of cozening such wise gentlemen as you are.

Grut. Dond. Bonamico!

Car. The same.

Dond. Oh that we could reach him again!

Car. Follow me close, and I will bring you

[3] *he that made* properties,] i. e. such rude machinery, paintings, &c. as the stage required. Carlo seems to play on the word pictures. Bonamico grew poor for want of portraits (to paint) or money, in which sense Shirley often uses the word.

within an hair's breadth of his false beard immediately.

Grut. That will be excellent.

Dond. Nimbly, good Mercury, nimbly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Castle.—Eugenia's *Apartments.*

Enter EUGENIA, FIDELIA, MARDONA, DONELLA, CATHERINA, *and* CASSIANA.

Fid. Madam, you are too passive; if you be dejected, what must we, whose hopes and blisses depend upon your fortune?

Donel. Oh, liberty, liberty; are all the Roman spirits extinct? Never a Brutus in nature, to deliver poor ladies from this captivity?

Cas. Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and despise our sufferings; laugh, tell tales, sing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy.

Eug. There are some thoughts that stick upon my memory, I would fain discharge.

Cath. Shall we try our lutes, madam?

Eug. And voices, if you please.

Donel. Yes, you may try; they say music built the walls of Thebes, it were a miracle if you could charm these to fall: I shall never endure to live an anchorite thus. An it were not for the happiness that I do sometimes dream of a man, I should leap the battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the sight of a pair of breeches though there were nothing in them. [*A Song by the ladies.*

Donel. This but feeds our dulness. Shall we dance, madam, and stir our selves?

Cas. I am for that music; we shall grow to the ground an we use no more activity.

Eug. With all my heart.

Donel. None of your dull measures, there's no sport but in your country figaries; a nimble dance will heat, and make us merry,

[*They dance; a bell rings.*

Eug. Hark, the bell.

[*Exit Donella, and re-enters with a letter.*

Donel. Some news from the duke.
A letter, madam, and these jewels.

Eug. Ha! whence?—*from Florence.* [*Reads.*
This is my father's practice. I'll peruse the paper.

[*Exit.*

Donel. I have an excellent hint, ladies, of a mirth cannot but please the princess.

Fid. What is't?

Donel. It will require every one's endeavour. What if we play some pretty comic story?

Cath. A play?

Cas. Shall we?

Donel. [*Shall*] *we!* do not distrust your own performance I have known men have been insufficient; but women can [always] play their parts.

Mard. I like it, 'twill be new.

Donel We will not present it to the princess, but engage her person in the action; we shall be too few else; some pretty interlude, to square with our number.—Do you allow it?

All. Willingly.

Donel. Come, I'll acquaint you with a plot, then, instantly: refer yourselves to me for your parts, we can receive no disparagement, our spectators cannot jeer us, for we'll speak but to the people in the hangings, and they have as much judgment as some men that are but clothes; at most, but walking pictures.

Fid. I shall be of it.[3]

Cas. What part will you give me? I'll be a king.

Cath. Thou'lt play a tyrant bravely.

Donel. Let me alone, I'll fit you all, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter DONDOLO *and* GRUTTI.

Dond. Now our invisible merchant is caged, we may redeem our opinion, and pass again in the rank of discreet courtiers.

Grut. I think, now, to most of the beholders, he is invisible all but his head, for he has but a small grate to look out at.

Dond. He shall gull no more with his art, I warrant him.

Grut. Nay, he is like to lie by it, for I hear since, all his creditors, like so many crows, have lit upon him, and they'll leave him but a thin carcase.

Dond. Let them pick out his eyes, what care we?

Grut. He sent me an epistle, to take pity on him.

Dond. But I hope thou hast more wit, than to shew thyself a christian to such a rascal as he is.

Grut. I returned him my court complement, that I was sorry I could not serve him: I would do him any office that stretch'd not to mine own prejudice; that we had taken order with his keeper,

[3] *of it.*] The quarto reads *on't*, which Dodsley has mistaken for *out*. Fidelia was anxious, like Nic Bottom, to have a part.

upon payment of our sums disburs'd, he might be enlarged.

Dond. Which is impossible.

Enter behind, BONAMICO, *brave.*[4]

Prithee let me see his letter, in what submissive language the rogue does beseech us.—[reads.] *Most heroic signiors,*—Good—*I throw myself at the feet of your mercy, for to your justice, I beg I may not be made a sacrifice*—nay, we'll make him beg ere we have done.

Grut. At the grate.

Dond. *I confess I have done you wrong;*—does he so? it shall not serve the turn—*there is no hope I shall ever satisfy you*—all the better; lie and rot—*if I be known a prisoner to my creditors, I am irrecoverably lost; oh, compassionate a miserable man, who otherwise must soon forfeit his day-light, and die in a dungeon.*—Ha, ha, ha!

Bon. [*coming forward.*]—Save you, noble signiors!

Grut. Ha!

Dond. 'Tis he!

Grut. Did he not die in prison, and his ghost haunts us? brave!—'Tis not he.

Bon. *When this eternal substance of my soul,*
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh.[5]
And so forth? And how do you like don Andrea, gentlemen? poor snake! but he has cast his skin, and recovered a new coat of the Destinies spinning. The bird is flown again

Dond. How the devil came he at liberty?

Grut. And thus gallant?

Bon. The slave does not beg of your heroic

[4] *brave*] i. e. richly apparelled.

[5] *When this*, &c.] Lines taken from *the Spanish Tragedy*: the everlasting but of ridicule. The speaker is the Ghost of don Andrea.

signiorship a court compassion; debts must be paid; there is no danger of *the grate*, as the case goes, nor of *forfeiting his day-light in a dungeon*, if I mistake not, my illustrious pair of widgeons, my serene, smooth-faced coxcombs, whose brains are curdled this hot weather: will your neat worship sell your cloke, ha? or you that superfluous double-hatch'd rapier?[6] there be sums in nature to lend you, upon security that I shall like of.

Dond. He jeers us.

Grut. Would we durst beat him!

Bon. You see me now, gentlemen, perfectly; what if I should *walk before you without a body, my head hanging in the air like a comet?*

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Grut. Would thou wert hang'd any way!

Dond. Here's Rolliardo too. Let's be gone.

Bon. Or shall I appoint you a day, *when I will be invisible all but—my hand?*

Dond. No, I thank you, sir; we have some business at this present.

Grut. Let's to the prison, and know the wonder better—noble signior—

Bon. For your crowns—

Dond. We are glad we had them for you, dear signior, talk no more of them.

[*Exeunt Dond. and Grut.*

Bon. Farewell, phantasmas, then.—Ha! 'tis he.—Sir—

Rol. Keep your way.

Bon. You do not know me,
But I have brought a life, which by your means
Has been preserv'd from wretchedness; your bounty
Deserves you should dispose it.

Rol. What are you?

[6] *double-hatch'd rapier?*] i. e. doubly gilt; see p. 301.

Bon. I was the object of a charity
We seldom meet in mankind; from a prison
You sent a sum to free me.
Rol. Prithee, friend,
If thou hast receiv'd a benefit, go home,
And say thy prayers: I would forget it.
Bon. 'Mong many whom your nobleness enlarg'd,
I came to make you tender of my service;
Despise not, sir, my gratitude.
Rol. Do you mock me?
Bon. May my soul want heaven's mercy, then! to you,
Next my Creator, I do owe this my being;
I have a soul is full of thanks; but name
Employment to assure you, and you make me
Twice happy.
Rol. I have nothing to say to you.
Bon. Then I have something to say to you.
Rol. How?
Bon. And you shall hear it, too, and give me thanks.
You have sow'd your charity in a fruitful ground,
Which shall return it tenfold; nay, one hundred:
What you have done for me you shall acknowledge
I will deserve to the height.
Rol. Thou art liberal in language.
Bon. I'll be active.
Off with this sullen face,
It scurvily becomes you; do you hear?
I studied for you, since you paid my debts;
I'll do you a courtesy, and save your life,
Which your attempt upon the princess has
Left desperate; a happy fancy, sir,
If heaven will please to prosper it, and you
Not be your own enemy to refuse it.
Rol. Ha, ha, ha! what mean'st?

Bon. Nay, you shall laugh,
And heartily, ere I have done with you:
The duke does love his daughter, sends her all
Rarities are presented to him.

Rol. His soul's not dearer to him—what of that?

Bon. Why, then, you shall be admitted into the castle of comfort, that's all; the conceit is in my brain; and would you could as probably get her consent, to untie her virgin zone, as I dispose your access to her! it shall not cost you much; if I fail, instead of saying of my prayers, I'll curse the Destinies, and die with you.

Rol. Do you hear? I have bestow'd three hundred crowns already to set your heels at liberty; if you do mock me, it shall cost me five hundred, but I'll have you clapp'd up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate, for a meal at night from the basket.[7]

Bon. You are in earnest, now?

Rol. Yes.

Bon. By all that you have threaten'd, so am I;
Have but the patience to walk and hear me.

[*They discourse aside.*

Rol. Can thy art procure this?

Bon. My art? Why, look you, I made this watch. I'll bestow it on you.

Rol. What to do? to reckon the hours I have to live?

Bon. It shall not cost me so much trouble as

[7] *for a meal at night from the basket*] i. e. the basket, into which, at this time, the broken meat, &c. from the Sheriff's table was thrown. See Massinger, vol. iv. p. 12. Shirley, like all our old dramatists, never scruples to introduce the customs and manners of his own country, wherever the scene of his play may be laid. A little further on, we have another allusion not less strange than this, when put into the mouth of a Mantuan.

that toy did, to make you master of your wishes, still if heaven prosper it: come, let's talk privately, you shall have the plot.
He that doth many good deeds, it may fall,
Among the rest, one may reward them all:
I long to be discoursing it, pray lead the way.

Rol. Provide again, you mock me not.—Come on, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Part of the Palace.

Enter DONDOLO *and* GRUTTI.

Dond. Rolliardo pay his debts? Sure, the fellow, that never saw much money in his life, now by the duke made master of so many sums, is grown mad with them.

Grut. Many other he hath discharg'd, they say.

Dond. He'll undo the exchequer, an he hold on; he shall be chronicled for it.

Grut. He has some cause to imagine himself short-liv'd, and that makes him so desperately charitable toward his end.—Signior Perenotto.

Enter PERENOTTO.

Per. Dondolo and Grutti, news, news for you.

Dond. What? we beseech you?

Per. You have lost the best mirth in Italy in your absence; your companion Morello—

Dond. Was carried to the duke in a petticoat, in which he attempted a passage to the sequestered ladies—what's the issue?

Per. Mirth in abundance.

Grut. How came he off?

Per. Nay, 'tis on still; the duke, to make himself sport, would call a council, before whom the poor signior must be arraign'd; not to hold you in circumstance, the business was merrily discuss'd, and the pitiful projector was judged--

Dond. How, how?

Per. To wear the petticoat for a month; if he appear without it during the term, he incurs his perpetual exile from court.

Dond. Grut. Ha, ha, ha!

Per. You may imagine with what variety of lamentable faces the courtier heard his unexpected sentence, some would have pleaded for him but for laughter, which continued so long and so high, that he had time to collect his scattered senses, and instead of swooning, which was expected, he grew fortified, and most humbly besought the duke, since his sentence had past so definitive, he would be so merciful, to admit him that course of a moon to be his jester, that since he could not shake off the fool's coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to keep it on.

Grut. Very good—

Per. 'Twas easily granted, but ever since, to the astonishment of the hearers, he is grown so jocund and airy, nay, as if he had been born with a song in his head, he talks everlasting ballad; no man laughs at him, but he lashes him in rhyme worse than a satyr; the duke has privileged his mirth, made him fool-free, and now he plays the tyrant.—He's here already.

Enter MORELLO, *in his former disguise.*

Mor. O yes, O yes, O yes!

If there be any one in city or in town can shew me a wise man, I'll please him for his pain.

Per. Disgrace has made him witty.

Dond. What will you say to him, will shew you a wise man?

Mor. Marry, if he go far, he is not so wise as he should be.—Dondolo, Grutti! old acquaintance, how is't? how is't?

Grut. The *case is alter'd* with you.

Mor. It does appear so, but nothing can make me proud, I'll know my fellows.

Per. How do you mean, Morello?

Mor. Your lordship may make one at foot-ball, 'tis all the sport now-a-days. [*Sings.*

What other is the world than a ball,
Which we run after with whoop and with hollow?
He that doth catch it is sure of a fall,
His heels tripp'd up by him that doth follow.

Dond. Do not women play too?

Grut. They are too light, quickly down.

Mor. [sings.]—*O yes, they are the best gamesters of all,*
For though they often lie on the ground,
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,
But under her coats the ball will [*be*] *found—*
With a fading.[1]

But we be three of old, without exception to your lordship, only with this difference, I am the wisest fool, for you play the fool in your old clothes, and I have a new coat on.

Per. Does it not become him?

Dond. Rarely well.—Do you ever mean to resign it?

[1] *With a* fading.] The burden of a licentious Irish song; there was also a popular dance adapted to the same tune. In the next line, there is an allusion to the old sign of two fools, with the subscription of *We three*, &c.

Grut. 'Twere pity but he should have a patent for it, to him and his posterity.

Mor. Hark you, gentlemen, do you hear the news?

Dond News! what news?

Mor. Do you not hear on't yet? why, 'tis in a ballad already.

Grut. And thou canst sing it?

Mor. 'Twas well guest; an I can but hit on the tune. [*Sings.*

There was an invisible fox, by chance,
Did meet with two visible geese,
He let them a fine invisible dance,
For a hundred crowns apiece.
Invisible, all but his hand, he would go,
But when it came to be tried,
Not only his hand, which was left, he did shew,
But a fair pair of heels beside.
Invisible since their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either,
Their wit and their crowns may return again,
Invisible altogether. [Exit.

Grut. An he continue thus but a moon, he'll make the court mad.

Per. Oh, 'twill be excellent; since it is not safe for a wise man to speak truth, 'twere pity fools should lose their privilege.—The duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, *and Courtiers.*

Fulv. My lord.

Duke. What is't?

Fulv. Here's an importunate suitor calls himself
An artist, humbly craves admittance with
A present which he'd tender to your acceptance,
And if my judgment err not, a most pleasing one.

Duke. Let us see him, and his present;

It will reward my daughter's patience,
Love, and obedience.—All the rarities
Ten Kingdoms yield, shall not be thought too weighty,
That she may shift each solitary hour
With a fresh object.

Enter BONAMICO, *with servants drawing in a large cage filled with various birds.*

Dond. Bonamico!

Grut. 'Tis he!

Duke. By my love to goodness,
It is a master-piece; 'twill feed the eye
With plenty of delight.

Bon. I am as jocund since I am admitted, I talk as glib, methinks, as he that farms the monuments.[2] [*Aside.*

Duke. Is't not, sirs

Per. My lord, I have not seen so much delight
In any piece these seven years.

Duke. Where is the master of this work?

Bon. My lord, I am the constable, that put all these in the cage, and you may call it a point of injustice, for they never kept late hours; though they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer amongst them;[3] and yet were they suffer'd, they'd fly high, for some of them are very lofty-minded.

Duke. A pleasant fellow too.

Bon. Oh, my lord, we are all born in our degrees to make one another merry; the birds make me merry, I make my wife merry, the fool makes

[2] *as he that farms the* monuments.] i. e. the privilege of shewing the monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster abbey to the public. Still thinking on England.

[3] *though they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer among them;*] The poet satirically alludes to the fashionable bravoes and bullies of his time, who all affected to decorate themselves with plumes of feathers.

your courtiers merry, and the courtiers make your grace merry.

Duke. And whom do I make merry?

Bon. The whole commonwealth, if you govern handsomely.

Duke. There's salt in his mirth:—
I'll have this fellow wait in the court.

Bon. I shall be kick'd out by the pages.

Duke. Why so?

Bon. Because I cannot flatter.

Duke. A conceited thing![4]
We lack the humorist Rolliardo here.

Dond. We saw him in the court erewhile, my lord.

Duke. This humour would have been a gadfly to him,
And stung him to the quick.

Bon. Not altogether so, duke. [*Aside.*

Grut. Fellow, what bird is that?

Bon. Fellow?—Cry mercy, I'd forgot you; fellow, I'll tell thee; do you not know him, 'tis an Arabian woodcock, the same that carried a bunch of grapes in January last to Bethlem Gabor.[5]

Dond. And what call you this?

Bon. This was the duke of Venice his own bulfinch,
And taken by the Turks.

Duke. By the Turks, say'st thou? He droops indeed.

Bon. Since his captivity the wretch endur'd
Much misery by the infidel; it had nothing
But bread and water for three months.

Fulv. A shrewd calamity.

[4] *A* conceited *thing,*] Not vain, but full of wit; this sense of the word is common to all our old writers.

[5] *Bethlem Gabor.*] Europe was at this time full of the feats of this Hungarian partisan, who was in arms against the emperor. But Bonamico is playing on the ignorance of Grutti.

Duke. I do affect this fellow's prate.
Per. What's this?
Bon. This is the blackbird, which was hatch'd that day
Gondomar died,[6] and, which was ominous,
About that time Spinola's thrush forsook him.
Per. Was this he?—
Bon. Yes.
Duke. And what was this?
Bon. This was the pigeon was so shrewdly handled
For carrying letters at the siege of Bergen.
Per. Alas, pretty bird—
Bon. This a wagtail of the city, which a silk man
So dearly lov'd, he call'd it wife; but could not
(Though in much jealousy he had cag'd her up)
Keep her from flying out.—This was a rail,
Bred up by a zealous brother in Amsterdam,
Which being sent unto an English lady,
Was ta'en at sea by Dunkirks.[7]—Name but Rome,
And straight she gapes, as she would eat the pope,
A bird to be made much on! She, and the horse
That snorts at Spain, by an instinct of nature,
Should have shewn tricks together: I could run over—
But your gracious pardon.
Duke. How, our pardon?
Bon. I'm now another man, and know my distance.

[6] Gondomar died in 1625, a few years before this play was produced. There is much pleasantry in the satirical touches of Bonamico, which all refer to circumstances familiar to the times; but into which it would be tedious now to enter.

[7] *Dunkirks*, (not Dunkirkers, as Dodsley needlessly prints it, to the injury of the metre,) are privateers from this port, which were then, and long afterwards, the disgrace and the terror of England.

Duke. This man is good at all.
Bon. My buffoon face is off; I did but shew
The impudent condition of a mountebank,
That sets off base toys with miraculous lies:
Thus far I'll boast: they are the only choice
Italy and other parts of Europe yield.
For the work, if it prove so fortunate
To receive grace from your divine acceptance,
The workmanship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender—
Duke. No, that were to quench
The fire in all deservers.—Fulvio.
Fulv. My lord.
Duke. Pay the cost double; I'll send it to my daughter.
Bon. It takes, as art could wish it. [*Aside.*
Duke. I know it is a present, the sweet soul
Will raise much joy in.—Signior Perenotto—
Per. My lord. [*Walks aside with the duke.*
Bon. There are two birds I have not named.
Dond. What are they?
Bon. A pair of gulls, which you may share between you.
Per. It shall, my lord.
Duke. If Florence now keep touch,[8] we shortly shall,
Conclude all fear with a glad nuptial. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Castle.—Eugenia's *Apartments.*

Enter EUGENIA, FIDELIA, MARDONA, DONELLA, CASSIANA, *and* CATHERINA.

Donel. You like this story best then?

[8] *keep touch.*] i. e. adhere to the proposal of marriage.

Eug. That of Jupiter and Danaë comes near our own.

Donel. Be it so; we are all perfect in the plot, I think.

Eug. You shall dispose the rest.

Donel. You will not be ambitious then, and quarrel about the parts, like your spruce actor, that will not play out of the best clothes, and the fine young prince, who, if he fight, 'tis six to four he kills all and gets the lady.

Fid. We are constant, you shall appoint them.

Donel. Then, madam, without ceremony, you shall play Danaë, that is shut up in the brazen tower.

Eug. Well, I'm contented, 'twill suit with my present fortune.

Donel. I need not to instruct you in the character: [*to Mardona.*]—you shall be the king Acrisius, her father, a jealous, harsh, crabbed man, who in fear of the oracle, commands her to be thus enclos'd.

Mard. So.—I'll fit you for a vinegar king.

Donel. No matter for properties.[9]—We'll imagine, madam, you have a beard.

Fid. What shall I play?

Donel. You must be ladies whom the king leaves to keep her company; entertain what humour you please.

Cas. Cath. This is our own parts indeed.

Donel. You will play it the more naturally; and let me alone to play the Thunderer, I'll wanton Jove it:—now whet your inventions and about it; imagine our scene express'd, and the New Prison, the title, advanc'd in form.[1]

[9] *properties.*] i. e. dresses, &c. suitable to the characters represented.

[1] *the New Prison*, the title advanced in form.] This confirms what was said in Massinger respecting the extreme poverty of

Eug. *The New Prison!* why?

Done!. O 'tis an excellent name, where spectators throng together, as our's do, methinks, in the arras, already: the music have their part. Dispose yourselves for your entrances, while I speak the prologue to our mix'd audience of silk and crewel gentlemen in the hangings.—Hem! [*Music.*

Cath. Let it be a confident prologue, howsoever.

Donel. [coming forward.]—*You are welcome to*
New Prison! we have still
Our ancient keeper, and we fear he will
Speak in his old key too, but do not look for
Choice diet, for, alas! we play the cook for
All you are like to feed on; let your palate
Expect at most, then, but a root or salad
Pick'd from the prison garden; we know you are
Judicious hangings, and well seen, nor dare
We lift you up (too bold) lest we incense
Your green and spreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in rhyme.
Hang still, you learned critics of the time.
Now Danaë and the ladies.

Eug. [coming forward.]—*Was ever father to*
his child
So unkind? it makes me wild,
When, to beguile a tedious hour,
From the top of this high tower,
I see every other creature
Enjoy a liberty by nature.
Can the silver-running fountains,
And the cloud-aspiring mountains,
Every grove, and flowery field,
But a new affliction yield?

Donel. This is excellent, she has played the part before.

the stage at this time in every kind of scenic representation. See vol. i. p. ciii.

Cas. [coming forward.]—*Waste not yourself in woeful plaint,*
Sorrow will not help restraint.
Think, madam, all is but a dream,
That we are in—Now I am out—*beam, cream.*
Help me, Catherina, I can make no sense rhyme to't.

Donel. Cream is as good a rhyme as your mouth can wish. Ha, ha, ha!

Cas. Does not the arras laugh at me? it shakes, methinks.

Cath. It cannot choose, there's one behind does tickle it.

Eug. *A dream! alas, 'tis no relief*
For us to flatter so much grief.
Fancy wants power to delight,
Or if we could think it might,
Such a dream so sad would make us,
That it could not choose but wake us.

Donel. My lady has help'd her pretty well out of her dream.

Cath. [coming forward.]—*The sun with glittering golden rays*
May appear one of these days.
You know always after winter,
Comes the spring and pleasant summer.

Donel. *Winter* and *summer*, ha, ha, ha!

Cath. *Winter* and *summer?* By my faith, that's well, there's but half a year between; there be some call themselves poets, make their rhymes straddle so wide, a twelvemonth will hardly reconcile them; and I hope, a lady may straddle a little by poetical license.

Cas. *Madam, your father, king Acrisius.*

Mard. Must I enter already?—Hem.

Eug. *This is his hour to visit us.*

Mard. [coming forward.] — *How fares our daughter?*

Cas. What voice is that?

Donel. The king speaks through a trunk.[2]

Mard. *How is't, heroic birth? what dulness, cold*
As Saturn's, dwells on thy forehead? be bold
To give thy grief a tongue; instruct, child,
My paternal nature lest I grow wild
As the rude north: – thought of thee makes my hairs
Silver, my blood is curdled with my cares.

Donel. Most high and mighty nonsense! Sure the king has swallow'd pills, and his stomach, not able to digest them, does vomit them up again.

Mard. *Is thy organ dumb?*
Or am I grown cheap in majesty? trivial fool!
Shall I reap crabbed thistles in neglect for rich love?

Cas. Crabbed language, I am sure.

Donel. Sure my lady does not understand him.

Eug. *If my brow so sad appear,*
My fortune's livery I wear.

Mard. *Weep no more, thy eyes pave the ground with pearl.*
My power is raz'd, my crown thy tribute, girl.
Here is nothing to want.

Eug. *Nothing to want, indeed; to be*
A prisoner speaks all misery.

Mard. *Curse not thy soft stars, but take thy fair bliss*
With comfort, free from loud noise and fear is
Thy gaudy station; when I have unscrew'd
Mystic oracles, which not understood,
Do perplex with involved sense, I shall then
Enlarge thy person, Danaë; till when
If aught else do clog thy thoughts, with unkind
Thoughts, unload the dark burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy grief aloud, my amorous darling,
And I will—

Cas. Let him choose his rhyme, I beseech you, madam.

[2] *through a* trunk.] i. e. a tube. See Jonson, vol. iii. p. 354

Mard. *Uh, uh!—cold phlegm obstructs my language—burling, carling.*

Donel. Ha, ha! 'tis time to make an end,
He was almost choak'd with his own phrase.

Mard An you get me to play an old man again— [*Exit*

Donel. We'll have a young one for thee, twenty-one and a coat, is a double game.[3]—My turn comes next.

Eug. *He's gone, and leaveth us behind*
To tell our passions to the wind.
Ha? what o' the sudden doth surprise
My active motion? On my eyes
What dark and heavy cloud doth light,
To persuade me it is night,
It is some charm, I cannot keep
These windows open, I must sleep.

Cas. This was well passionated.—Now comes Jupiter
To take my lady napping; we'll sleep too,
Let the wanton have her swing: would she were a man for her sake!

Donel. [coming forward.]—*Let the music of the spheres,*
Captivate these mortal ears;
While Jove descends into this tower,
In a golden streaming shower,
To disguise him from the eye
Of Juno, who is apt to pry
Into my pleasures. I to-day
Have bid Ganymed go play,
And thus stole from heaven to be
Welcome on earth to Danaë.
And see where the princely maid,
On her easy couch is laid,

[3] twenty-one *and a coat is a double game.*] i. e. it receives (besides the stakes) a forfeit from each of the parts. The allusion is to the old and favourite game of *One-and-thirty.*

Fairer than the Queen of Loves,
Drawn about with milky doves.
To thee let Paphian altars smoke,
Priests thy better name invoke.
When Hymen lights his holy fires,
Thou that canst infuse desires
In the gods,—from thy lip
Let Jove heavenly nectar sip.
And translate, by kissing thee
Into thy breast his deity:
But I rob myself of treasure,
This is but the gate of pleasure.
To dwell here, it were a sin,
When Elysium is within.
Leave off then these flattering kisses,
To rifle other greater blisses. [Bell rings within.

Eug. The bell—news from my father.

Cas. Then your play is interrupted, Jove.—Madam, I'll see. [*Exit.*

Donel. Beshrew the bell-man! an you had not wak'd as you did, madam, I should have forgot myself, and play'd Jupiter indeed with you; my imaginations were strong upon me, and you lay so sweetly.—How now?

Re-enter CASSIANA.

Cas. A present, madam, from the duke: one of the finest pieces of pageantry that e'er you saw: 'tis a cage with variety of birds in it: it moves on wheels:—your assistance, ladies, to bring it in.

[*Exeunt ladies.*

Eug. A cage?—If from Florence it shall to the fire,
Or whencesoe'er, it cannot be intended
But as a mockery of my restraint.
I'm very sad o' the sudden. Ha! 'tis so;

Re-enter Ladies *drawing in the cage.*

Break it to pieces.

Donel. 'Twere pity, madam, to destroy so much art.

Eug. Yet spare the workmanship; in the perusal
There's something pleads for mercy:—I feel within
Some alteration, I know not what.
Let me entreat your absence for some minutes;
I am in earnest; pray do, without reply.
Your eyes shall feed with plenteous satisfaction
On this gay object, when I call you.

Ladies. We obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Eug. Yet can't I say I am alone, that have
So many partners in captivity.—
Sweet fellow prisoners, 'twas a cruel art,
The first invention to restrain the wing,
To keep the inhabitants of the air close captive,
That were created to sky freedom? surely
The merciless creditor took his first light,
And prisons their first models, from such bird-loops;
I know you nightingale is not long-liv'd;
See how that turtle mourns, wanting her mate!
And doth the duke my father think I can
Take comfort either in restraint, or in
The sight of these, that every moment do
Present it to me? [why] were these tendered me?
They shall no more be prisoners to please me,
Nor shall the woods be robb'd of so much music.

[*She opens the cage, and* Rolliardo *comes from the central pillar.*

Rol. I take you at your word, fair princess.
I am the truest prisoner; tremble not,
Fear flies the noble mind, for injury
Dares not come near.

Eug. Sir, what are you?
Rol. The humblest of your servants.
Eug. You are not mine,
For in this bold attempt you have undone me.
Rol. You see I keep at distance.
Eug. You are too near,
I will discover you, though I fall myself
By your presumption. [*Going.*
Rol. Hold; be counsell'd rather
But to calm silence for a pair of minutes,
And none shall perish; you shall save him too
That would for your sake lose himself for ever.
Eug. For my sake? What relation has my birth,
Or any passion I call mine, to you?
Rol. Nor doom me unto scorn. I am a gentleman,
And when my inimitable resolution
In those attempts, whose very sounds breed earthquakes
In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill,
With wonder and amaze; you will at least
Think I fall too low, if I love beneath you.
Eug. Ha? this is a strange accident.
Rol. Was it less
Than death, dear princess, to adventure hither?
Eug. It will be death however.
Rol. You are deceiv'd, lady.
Eug. How I'm perplex'd.
Rol. It had been death [to fail;]
Your sight gives me a lease of longer life,
My head stands fast.
Eug. He speaks all mystery.
I shall not get him off, I fear, without some stain.
[*Aside.*
Rol. The truth is, princess, if you now discover me,
(Though I made nice at first to put your fright by)
You cannot harm me much, I have done my task.

Do you fear me still? why is there such a space
Betwixt us, lady?—Can you keep that man
At so unkind a distance, that, for your sake,
Has in his undertaking swallow'd danger,
Robb'd death of all his fears.

Eug. For my sake?

Rol. Your's.—
Fair princess, dare you so far trust me yet,
To let me kiss your hand?

Eug. Audacious sir,
I shall grow loud, if you forget your distance,
Nor that you may hold long——
I'm studying how I should be rid of him
Without their knowledge: yet that's dangerous too,
And might shew guilt in me, for he will boast on't.
[*Aside.*

Rol. Such was the duke your gracious father's care,
He would put confidence in none about him,
But saw me brought himself.

Eug. This is a fine paradox.

Rol. Which must be to high purpose: come, be wise,
And keep me while you have me; tis but reaping
This fruitless harvest from my cheek and chin,
And you can form the rest, you are young and beautiful,
Lose not the blessing of your youth, sweet princess,
Fair opportunity waits upon your pleasure,
You want but the first knowledge of your joy.
Your blood is ripe; come, I am confident
Your will is but control'd by upstart fears,
Like advanc'd beggars, that will check their princes.
My safest way is your's now, to conceal me;
It may be thought I have enjoy'd you else.
Ill censure soon takes fire; nay, perhaps
To be reveng'd of your stern cruelty,
I'll swear myself I have possess'd you freely.

Play your game wisely then, your honour lies
Full at my mercy; come. 'tis in your love
To lead me to a secret couch.
Eug Bold villain,
For these uncivil, most unhallow'd words,
I'll die but I'll undo thee. [*Going.*
Rol. Stay, and let me circle in mine arms
All happiness at once, I have not soul
Enough to apprehend my joy, it spreads
Too mighty for me: know, excellent Eugenia,
I am the prince of Florence, that owe heaven
More for thy virtues, than his own creation.
I was born with guilt enough to cancel
My first purity; but so chaste a love
As thine, will so refine my second being,
When holy marriage frames us in one piece,
Angels will envy me.
Eug. Ha! the prince of Florence?
Rol. I have made no travel for so rich a blessing;
Turn me to pilgrimage, divinest beauty,
And when I have put a girdle 'bout the world,
This purchase will reward me.
Eug. Purchase?—I am not bought
And sold, I hope?
Rol. Give it what name you will,
You are mine, Eugenia.
Eug. Your's, prince? I do not
Know by what title you pretend this claim;
I never yet remember that I saw you;
And if I had any interest in myself,
Produce your witness, when I gave it you.
I have possession yet; ere I deliver it,
You must shew stronger evidence.
Rol. Are we not
Contracted?
Eug. Contracted?
When? where?—Good prince, I pity your abuse.
Rol. 'Tis firm between our fathers.

Eug. Mine cannot give away my heart.
Rol. Cannot?
Eug Shall not.
[It is not,] prince, your travel and your trouble,
With this conceit to boot, were it your own
Invention, with all your birds about you,
That can take me.
Rol. Is it my person, madam,
You hold unworthy? For my birth and fortune
Cannot deserve your scorn.
Eug. It takes not from
The greatness of your state, or blood, my lord,
To say I cannot love you, since affection
Flows uncompell'd, and rests in the clear object;
Nor do I rob your person of just value,
If to me other seem as fair, and comely,
Form may apparel, and become what we
Affect, not cause true love; you have enough
To promise you a happier choice; attempt
A nobler fate, and leave me to myself
And humble destiny, for know, Florentine,
I have but one faith, one love, and though my father
Lock up my person, 'tis beyond his will
To make me false to him I gave my faith to;
And you are not noble now, if you proceed.
Be then what you were born, and do not tempt
A woman to commit a sacrilege:
For when I give my heart to any other
Than my Philenzo, I commit that sin.
Rol. If you'll not pardon, I'll deliver up
Philenzo to be punish'd for this trial.—
See, lady. [*Pulls off his false beard and hair.*
Eug. My dear, banish'd Philenzo!
Rol. O, let not such a glorious building stoop,
It is my duty.
Eug. I will make it mine.
Rol. I have a double duty, for I owe

Your constancy as much respect and reverence,
As your most princely person.

Eug What, for our safety?

Rol Oh, with what willingness could I be lost
In this distracted wilderness of joy.
To morrow, madam, I go to my arraignment.

Eug. How?

Rol. Spend no fear upon it,
Your story shall be pleasing:—I have much
To tell you—for your ladies—

Eug. They are mine; what should our innocence
Fear in their knowledge? I desire to hear
The circumstance of this wonder.

Rol. It attends:
The story past, we must some counsel find;
The puzzle of our fate is still behind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Part of the Palace.

Enter DONDOLO, MORELLO, *and* GRUTTI.

Dond We are sorry we gave thee distaste: come, let's be friends; you did apprehend too nicely.

Mor. Nicely? it might have been your own case.

Grut. Come, you were unkind to rub us before the duke so.

Mor. Be wise hereafter, and make the fool your friend, 'tis many an honest man's case at court. It is safer to displease the duke than his jester; every sentence the one speaks, flatterers make an oracle, but let the impudent fool bark never so absurdly,

other men have the wit to make a jest on't; 'tis policy in state, to maintain a fool at court, to teach great men discretion.[1]

Dond. Grut. Great men! we are none.

Mor. No, but you may be, by the length of your wit and shortness of your memory; for if you have but wit enough to do mischief, and oblivion enough to forget good turns, you may come to great places in time; keep a fool of your own, and then you are made—

Dond. Made! what?

Mor Cuckolds, if my lady take a liking to the innocent. O, your fool is an excellent fellow upon all occasions.

SONG.

Among all sorts of people
The matter if we look well to,
The fool is the best, he from the rest
Will carry away the bell too.
All places he is free of,
And fools it without blushing
At masks and plays, is not the bays
Thrust out, to let the plush in?
Your fool is fine, he's merry,
And of all men doth fear least,
At every word he jests with my lord,
And tickles my lady in earnest:
The fool doth pass the guard now,
He'll kiss his hand, and leg it,
When wise men prate, and forfeit their state,
Who but the fine fool will beg it.
He without fear can walk in
The streets that are so stony;
Your gallant sneaks, your merchant breaks,
He's a fool that does owe no money.

[1] Here is an evident allusion to the licentiousness of Archy the king's jester. There is a strong vein of political satire runs through the whole of this play.

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Rol. The duke, where is the duke?

Mor. He's forthcoming; there's no more money in the exchequer.

Rol. I come to give up my accounts, and reckon with him; somebody tell him so.

Mor. An you do not reckon well with him, he'll be even with you. I'll do your message. [*Exit.*

Rol Do, and say I sent a fool on my errand, prithee.—Cry mercy, such an office would have become either of you, gentlemen.

Dand. His tongue moves circular in abuses.

Grut. The duke.

Enter Duke, FULVIO, PERENOTTO, *and Attendants*

Duke. How now? what day is't?

Rol. 'Tis holiday.

Duke. How?

Rol Therefore we are preparing a morris to make your grace merry; they have chosen me for the hobby-horse, and if I do not deceive their expectation, they will laugh at me extremely before I die.

Duke. Do you come like one prepar'd for death?

Rol. Not so well, I hope, as I may be hereafter, unless you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapp'd into the chronicles with some of your predecessors, for cutting off heads when you do not like their complexion; 'tis but laying one block upon another, and I am quickly sent of a headless errand.

Duke. *Unjust!* do you remember what sums you owe for? do not jest away your life.

Rol. I crave no longer day for it, an I prove not myself free from my engagements.

Duke. How?

Rol. For although I had not the art to go invisible, as these wise courtiers, nor could counterfeit another sex so becomingly as t'other gaudy signior, to introduce me to the ladies, yet, with your princely license, I may say, 'tis done.

Duke. Done! what is done?

Per. He's mad, sir.

Rol. I come not to petition for a mercy,
But to cry up my merit, for a deed
Shall drown all story; and posterity,
When it shall find in her large chronicle
My glorious undertaking, shall admire it
More than a Sybil's leaf, and lose itself
In wonder of the action; poets shall
With this make proud their muses, and apparel it
In ravishing numbers, which the soft-hair'd virgins,
Forgetting all their legends, and love tales,
Of Venus, Cupid, and the 'scapes of Jove,
Shall make their only song, and in full quire
Chaunt it at Hymen's feast.

Duke. What means this boasting?

Fulv. Rolliardo.

Rol. You think I am a lost man, and your gay things
That echo to your passions, and see through
Your eyes all that's presented, do already
Tickle their very souls, with expectation
To see me beg most miserably for life:
But you are all deceiv'd.—Here I pronounce
The great work done that cancels all my debts;
I have had access unto the fair Eugenia,
Your princely daughter; stay'd, discours'd, with her;
More, she has entertain'd me for her servant.

Per. Sir, do you believe him?

Duke. Thou hast profan'd a name will strike thee dead.

Rol. It cannot be; for if you mean your daughter,
'Tis that is my preserver, blest Eugenia,
To whose memory my heart does dedicate
Itself an altar, in whose very mention
My lips are hallow'd, and the place a temple
Whence the divine sound came; it is a voice
Which should our holy churchmen use, it might,
Without addition of more exorcism,
Disenchant houses, tie up nightly spirits
Which fright the solitary groves. Eugenia
When I have nam'd, I needs must love my breath
The better after it.

Duke. Thou hast undone
Thyself in the repetition, and in this
Wherein thou cunningly wouldst beg our pity,
Thou hast destroy'd it, and not left a thought
To plead against our anger; where, before,*
Thy life should have been gently invited forth,
Now with a horrid circumstance death shall
Make thy soul tremble, and forsaking all
The noble parts, it shall retire into
Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
To inform thy eyes, lest they let in a horror
They would not look on.

Rol. I am still the same; and let me be so bold
To plead your royal word; 'twas my security;
Nor shall you take mine, to induce your faith
To what is done: I have more pregnant evidence;
Your highness knows that character.

[*Presents a paper.*

Duke. Ha! 'tis not so, I'll not believe my eyes.
Come hither, Fulvio, Perenotto, read,
But not too loud; does she not write to me,
It is unjust you let Rolliardo die,
Unless Eugenia bear him company?
Give me the paper.

* where, *before,*] i. e. whereas.

Per. 'Tis counterfeit, my lord; cut off my head
If this be not a jig of his invention.[3]
Duke. My soul is in a sweat. I feel my blood
Heave in my veins;—he looks as he had seen her.
More, my prophetic thoughts do whisper to me—
Fulv. Believe it not, sir.
Duke. I will not.—Perenotto—
[*Takes him aside.*
Dond. I know not what to think.
Grut. The duke's perplex'd; observe.
Rol. Will either of you speak for me, gentlemen, if the justice of my cause should fail me? I'll pay you for't; I know courtiers that live upon countenance must sell their tongues; what is the price of your's, pray?
Grut. Humble yourself, you coxcomb.
Duke. Away; [*exit Per.*]—and let him not stir,
I charge you.
This does intrench too much upon her person.
Have my endeavours to preserve Eugenia,
Of whom I thought so many men unworthy,
Ruin'd themselves? Human invention
Could not instruct me to dispose her where
She could be more defenced from all men's eyes;
An anchorite lives not prison'd in a wall
With more security. 'Tis not possible.
Why am I troubled thus? My fear abuses me;
In such a cause I would check [at] an oracle.
And shall his dexterous forgery unsettle
My confidence? I will not shew a guilt
Of so much weakness in me.—Fulvio—
And gentlemen, we'll speak to you anon.
Rol. I have spoke too much already, it seems.
Sure he has sent for her: I dare repose

[3] *a* jig *of his invention,*] i. e. an idle trick; a farce, a piece of mummery, to create mirth. For *countenance*, in Rolliardo's next speech, see Jonson, vol. ii. p. 111.

My life on her, to whose trust I gave my heart.
She is a thousand witnesses in her self. [*Aside.*
Fulv. It will be mirth, sir.
Rol. I like not this consulting; they break off pleasantly.
Now, in the name of Mercury, what crotchet?
Duke. I see it is in vain
To interrupt our fate; what is decreed
Above, becomes not mortals to dispute.
Sit there,—nay, be not modest, you were born to't,
And therefore take your place; nay, nay, be cover'd,
Imagine that a crown, and these your subjects,
As, when I die, you know 'twill come to that,
In right of my sole daughter—so! does he not
Look like a prince indeed? appears he not
A pretty lump of majesty?
Dond. He's studying some speech, I'll lay my life—
Duke Against his coronation, to thank all
His loving subjects, that as low as earth
Thus offer him their duties.
[*They draw their swords.*

Re-enter PERENOTTO, *with* EUGENIA.

Eug. Hold, I beseech you;
Let not my duty suffer misconstruction
If, while my knee doth beg your blessing, here
I throw my arms, and circle, next to heaven,
What must be dearest to me. [*Embraces Rol.*
Duke. Ha!
Eug. My joy of life.
Duke. Destroy me not.
Eug. Alas!
I would preserve all; am so far from killing,
That I would die myself, rather than see
One drop of blood forc'd from his crimson fountain,
Or but one tear rack'd from your eye; oh, hear me,
And after let your anger strike two dead,
So you would let us dwell both in one grave;

And did you know how near we were in life
You would not think it fitting that in death
Our ashes were divided; you have heard
When the poor turtle's ravish'd from her mate,
The orphan dove doth groan away her life
In widow's solitude; let me call him husband,
And tell yourself the rest.

Duke. Kill not thy father with one word, Eugenia.—
Thy *husband?*

Eug. I do beseech you, hear me.

Duke Beg thou may'st be forgotten; 'tis [a] sin
'Bove my forgiveness: this a match for thee?
What man can bring me a certificate
He had a father, or was christen'd? He?
We all are in a dream; awake me, thunder!

Rol. Temper your passion, sir.

Duke. Some tortures, to enforce confession from him,
How he procur'd access.

Rol. They shall not need; you sent me, sir yourself.

Duke. We?

Rol. The cage was my conveyance.

Per. That was presented lately with the birds
You gave command.

Duke. Be dumb, I dare not hear you.

Dond. This was a BIRD IN A CAGE indeed.

Duke. Search for the traitor Bonamico presently,
[*Exit Grutti.*
He has betray'd me; they shall suffer both,
Before the noise be spread to our dishonour.

Eug. Yet will you hear me?

Duke. I hear too much; thou hast forgot thy birth,
Thy fortunes, and thy father; were my cares
So wonder'd at abroad, censur'd at home,
Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee,

For whom they were begotten: thou hast plough'd
Upon my face, canst thou undo a wrinkle?
Or change but the complexion of one hair?
Yet thou hast gray'd a thousand: taken from me,
Not added to my comforts, more than what,
Like an indulgent parent, I have flattered
Myself into.

Re-enter GRUTTI *with* BONAMICO

Grut. Here is the other traitor, sir.
Duke. Away with them to death.
Eug. Let me go too.
Duke. It needs not, thou art dead already, girl,
And in thy shame, I and the dukedom suffer;
Thou may'st remember, (false to thy own vow,)
Philenzo, whom I banish'd, for thy sake.—
The title of my subject, and thy love
To him, pull'd our displeasure on him; since,
(We, studying to add more height to thee,)
Thou hast made thyself less, and, for aught we know,
Clasp'd with this son of earth, [4] to cool the fever
Of hot sin in thy veins, ungrateful to
Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.
Rol. 'Tis happiness enough that you have mentioned him,
And whether to your mercy, or your justice,
See that Philenzo kneel. [*Discovers himself.*
Omnes. Lord Philenzo!
Fulv. My noble cousin, so near me, and conceal'd!
Eug. Your daughter's knees join with his bended heart
To beg your pardon. [*Kneels.*

[4] son of earth.] A latinism, *terræ filius*, one of mean birth.

Duke. Philenzo!—
Were not you banish'd, sir?
Phil. It was your sentence.
Duke. On pain of death not to return?—Blest fate,
Thou hast reliev'd me.—Hadst thou died before
By our command, it would have been thought tyranny,
Though none durst tell us so; now we have argument
Of justice, and our every breath is law,
To speak thee dead at once. We shall not need
To study a divorce, thy second exile
Shall be eternal—Death.
Phil. You do me honour.
Duke. [*to Bonamico.*]—Be it your punishment, as you preferr'd him
By art to her, now by another art
For ever to divide them; be his executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition; see't advanc'd.
Phil. Ere I go, dread sir,
I have an humble suit; it is not life
I ask, for that I give up willingly,
And call it mercy in you to immortalize
The affection I shall owe Eugenia.
Your other banishment is only death,
You new create me now; it was my aim,
And my attempt you thought so bold, I made
To serve this end, that since I could not live,
I might die, for her: pray reprieve my breath
But till I take my leave; one minute does it,
It shall be a very short and silent farewell.

Enter Ambassador.

Duke. 'Tis granted.
Fulv. My lord ambassador

Duke. Not the least whisper of Philenzo, as you value our regard. [*aside to Fulvio.*]—O my good lord, welcome.

Amb. Letters to your grace.

Duke. They are grateful as my comfort.—Perenotto, let them withdraw; her vein[5] will be discovered.—Fulvio, follow and part them; give order for his execution; off with his head instantly.—[*reads.*]—I can read no more for joy.—Perenotto, use your best oratory on my daughter to forget that traitor, and prepare to marry Florence; 'tis concluded to be solemnized by proxy.

[*Exit Perenotto, leading off Eugenia and Rolliardo; Bonamico and Fulvio following.*

Dond. I'll see the execution. [*Exit.*

Duke. Now to the rest. [*Reads.*

Your last letters were acceptable; and our son before had intention to finish the marriage in his person, but lately receiving intelligence, that one Philenzo, of noble birth, now in exile, though without your consent, had long since interest in your daughter's affection, we thought meet rather to advise for his repeal, than proceed to our dishonour; where the hearts meet, there only marriages are sacred, and princes should be exemplary in all justice: although we disclaim in this design, on our parts, we will continue all other princely correspondence.

I am justly punish'd, and have run myself
Into a labyrinth, from whence no art
Can bring me off with safety.—My lord, you may
Please to retire yourself.—A thousand wheels
Do move preposterous in my brain. What cure?
I lose myself.—Run with a haste thou would'st
Preserve my life, and stay the execution:
I will not have a drop of blood fall from

[5] *her* vein] i. e. her humour, the current of her affection.

Philenzo for my dukedom.—Fly, I say;
Thou should'st be there already.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter DONDOLO.

How now? has Philenzo still a head on?
Dond. Yes, my lord.
Duke. Follow him, and with that nimbleness thou would'st
Leap from thy chamber when the roof's a-fire,
Proclaim aloud our pardon to Philenzo,
And bring him back to us. [*Exit Grutti.*
Dond. 'Tis too late, sir, Philenzo's dead already;
He sav'd the executioner that trouble.
The voice is, he is poison'd.

Re-enter FULVIO.

Duke. Poison'd? how?—
Where is Philenzo?
This fool reports him poison'd; what['s the] circumstance?
Fulv He had no sooner parted from Eugenia,
But suddenly he fainted; at which fall
Of his own spirit, he seem'd griev'd with shame
To shew so little courage near his death,
Which he call'd martyrdom; and presently,
Whether supplied by other, or prepar'd
By himself, we know not, he had a vial
Of water, sovereign, as was pretended,
To enliven his dull heart; he drank it up,
And soon shew'd cheerful in his eyes: we led
Him smiling forward, but before we could
Approach the place of death, he sunk again,
But irrecoverably, for in vain we applied
Our help, by which we did conclude he had
Drunk poison.

Duke. All this talk is such, and through
My ear I take it in, with as much danger;
I feel it active in my brain already.
Call our physicians, I will hang them all,
Unless they can recover him; it shall be
Death to save any man hereafter, if
They suffer him to perish.

Re-enter PERENOTTO *and* EUGENIA, *followed by the ladies.*

Fulv. Sir, your daughter:
It seems the accident has arriv'd at her.
Duke. Arriv'd at her? Fame will soon spread it, Fulvio,
About the world, and we shall be their mockery.—
He's dead, they tell me, girl; poison'd, they say, too.
Eug. Oh my Philenzo.

Re-enter GRUTTI *and* BONAMICO, *followed by officers bringing in* PHILENZO'S *body, which is laid upon a carpet.*

Duke. Eugenia, 'shalt not marry Florence now,
Nor any other, since Philenzo's dead;
But thou wilt not believe me,—had he liv'd,
He had been thine; that minute took him hence,
Wherein I first resolv'd to have given thee to him.
Eug. Oh, do not mock me, sir, to add to my
Affliction, you ne'er would give me to him.
Duke. May heaven forgive me never then; but what
Avails too late compunction?—Noble gentleman,
Thou shalt have princely funeral, and carry
On thy cold marble the inscription of
Our son in death, and my Eugenia's husband.
Fulv. Madam, this sorrow for his loss is real.
We met the Florentine ambassador,
Who told me the expectation of that prince

Was now dissolv'd, and messengers were sent
To stay the execution.
Duke. Who now
Shall marry my Eugenia? I have undone
The hope of our posterity.
Eug. Not so, sir;
If yet you'll give me leave to make my choice,
I'll not despair to find a husband.
Duke Where?
Eug. Here, royal sir. Philenzo is not dead,
But made, by virtue of a drink, to seem so;
Thus to prevent his suffering, that I might,
Or other friend, by my confederacy,
By begging of his body fit for burial,
Preserve him from your anger.
Duke. Dost not mock me?
Eug. Let me beg your pardon,
Confident of your change to mercy, I have
Confess'd what terror could not force me to.

Enter MORELLO.

Grut. This is pretty, Dondolo.
Duke. Blessings fall doubly on thee!
Eug. He expects not
Such a full stream of happiness; heaven dispose him
To meet it quickly!
Per. Here are strange turnings; see! he stirs.
Phil. [*awaking.*] Where am I, now? no matter where I be,
'Tis heaven if my Eugenia meet me here;
She made some promise, sure, to such a purpose.
This music sounds divinely; ha! Eugenia!
'Tis so, let us dwell here for eternity;
If I be dead, I will not live again,
If living—ha! [*seeing the duke.*]—I'm lost, lost for ever.
Duke. Not found till now; take her, a gift from me,
And call me father.

Phil. I am not yet awake.

Eug Thou art, Philenzo, and all this is truth;
My father is converted.

Phil. [*rising.*]—'Tis a miracle.

Duke. You must believe it.
In sign how we are pleas'd, proclaim this day,
Through Mantua, a pardon to all offenders,
As amply as when we took our crown.

Mor. Then my petticoat is discharg'd.

Dond. Now, lady, you are free.

Grut. Make me happy to renew my suit.

Mor. And mine; shall we to barley-break? I was in hell last, 'tis little less to be in a petticoat, sometimes.

Phil. Madam, vouchsafe him kiss your hand,
We owe him much.

Duke. We'll take him to our service.

Bon. I am too much honour'd.[6]

Duke. And you into our bosom; this day shall
Be consecrate to triumph, and may time,
When 'tis decreed the world shall have an end,
By revolution of the year make this
The day that shall conclude all memories. [*Exeunt.*

[6] The quarto has Dondolo's name prefixed to this short speech; and is followed by Dodsley. It must assuredly be as it stands in the text, as he is evidently referred to by Philenzo

HYDE PARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Bonvile.
Fairfield, }
Rider, } *amorous servants to mistress* Carol.
Venture, }
Lacy, *suitor to mistress* Bonavent.
Trier, *suitor to* Julietta.
Bonavent, *a merchant, supposed to have been lost at sea.*
Jarvis, *servant to mistress* Bonavent.
Page to Bonvile.
Gentlemen.
Jockey.
Officers.
Runners.
Bagpipers.
Park-keepers, Servants, &c.

Mistress Carol.
Mistress Bonavent, *supposed a widow.*
Julietta, *sister to* Fairfield.
Waiting-woman.
Milkmaid, &c.

SCENE, London, *and* Hyde Park.

HYDE PARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter TRIER *and* LACY.

Tri. And how, and how?
Lacy. The cause depends—
Tri. No mistress?
Lacy. Yes, but no wife.
Tri. For now she is a widow.
Lacy But I resolve—
Tri. What does she say to thee?
Lacy. She says—I know not what she says,—but I
Must take another course; and yet she is—
Tri A creature of much sweetness, if all tongues
Be just in her report; and yet 'tis strange,
Having seven years expected, and so much
Remonstrance of her husband's loss at sea,
She should continue thus.
Lacy. What if she should
Renew the bond of her devotion
For seven years more?
Tri. You will have time enough
To pay in your affection.

Lacy. I would make
A voyage to Cassandra's temple first,
And marry a deform'd maid; yet I must
Confess, she gives me a fair respect.
Tri Has she
A hope her husband may be living yet?
Lacy I cannot tell; she may have a conceit
Some dolphin has preserv'd him in the storm,
Or that he may be tenant to some whale,
Within whose belly he may practise Lent,
And feed on fish till he be vomited
Upon some coast: or, having 'scap'd the seas,
And bills of exchange failing, he might purpose
To foot it o'er the Alps in his return,
And by mischance is fallen among the mice,
With whom, perhaps, he battens upon sleep,
Beneath the snow.
Tri. This were a vagary.
Lacy. I know not what to think; or, is she not
The worse for the coy lady that lives with her?
Tri. Her kinswoman?
Lacy. Such a malicious piece,
(I mean to love,) 'tis pity any place
But a cold nunnery should be troubled with her.
If all maids were but her disciples, we
Should have no generation, and the world,
For want of children, in few years undone by't:
Here's one can tell you more. Is not that Jarvis,
The widow's servant?

Enter VENTURE *and* JARVIS, *meeting.*

Vent. Whither in such haste, man?
Jar. I am commanded, sir, to fetch a gentleman.
Vent. To thy mistress? to give her a heat this morning?
Jar. I have spied him.—With your pardon—
[*Goes to Lacy.*

Tri. Good morrow, master Venture.
Vent. Frank Trier?
Tri. You
Look high and jocund, Venus has been propitious;
I dreamt last night thou wert a bridegroom.
Vent Such a thing may be; the wind blows now
From a more happy coast.
Lacy. I must leave you; I am sent for.
Tri. To thy mistress?
Lacy. Without more ceremony, gentlemen, my service.
Farewell. [*Exit.*
Vent. I'll tell thee, I have a mistress.
Tri. I believe it.
Vent. And yet I have her not.
Tri. But you have hope.
Vent. Or rather certainty.
Tri. Why, I hear she is
A very tyrant over men.
Vent. Worse, worse,
The needle of a dial never had
So many waverings; but she is touch'd,
And she points only this way now, true north;
I am her pole.
Tri. And she your *Ursa minor.*
Vent. I laugh to think how other of her rivals
Will look, when I enjoy her.
Tri. You are not yet contracted?
Vent. No, she chang'd
Some amorous tokens; do you see this diamond?
A toy she gave me.
Tri. 'Cause she saw you a spark.
Vent. Her flame of love is here; and in exchange
She took a chain of pearl.
Tri. You'll see it hang'd.
Vent. These to the wise are arguments of love,
And mutual promises.

Enter lord BONVILE *and Page.*

Tri. Your lordship's welcome to town:
I am blest to see your honour in good health.
Lord B Prithee visit my lodgings.
Tri. I shall presume to tender my humble service [*Exeunt lord B. and Page.*
Vent. What's he?
Tri. A sprig of the nobility,
That has a spirit equal to his fortunes;
A gentleman that loves clean napery.
Vent. I guess your meaning.
Tri. A lady of pleasure; 'tis no shame for men
Of his high birth to love a wench; his honour
May privilege more sins: next to a woman,
He loves a running horse.—
Setting aside these recreations,
He has a noble nature, valiant, bountiful.
Vent. I was of his humour till I fell in love,
I mean for wenching; you may guess a little,
By my legs; but I will now be very honest,
And when I am married—
Tri. Then you are confident
To carry away your mistress from them all?
Vent. From Jove himself, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her; 'tis impossible
She should put any trick upon me, I
Have won her very soul.
Tri. Her body must
Needs be your own then.
Vent. I have a brace of rivals,
Would they were here, that I might jeer them!
And see how opportunely one is come!

Enter RIDER.

I'll make you a little sport.
Tri. I have been melancholy,
You will express a favour in't.
Rid. Master Venture! the first man in my wish;
What gentleman is that?
Vent. A friend of mine.
Rid. I am his servant; look you, we are friends,
And't shall appear, however things succeed,
That I have lov'd you; and you cannot take
My counsel in ill part.
Vent. What is the business?
Rid. For my part, I have
Us'd no enchantment, philter, no devices
That are unlawful, to direct the stream
Of her affection; it flows naturally.
Vent. How's this?—Prithee observe.
[*Aside to Trier.*
Tri. I do, and shall laugh presently.
Rid. For your anger,
I wear a sword, though I have no desire
It should be guilty of defacing any
Part of your body; yet upon a just
And noble provocation, wherein
My mistress' love and honour is engaged,
I dare draw blood.
Tri. Ha, ha, ha!
Vent. *A mistress' love and honour!* this is pretty.
Rid. I know you cannot
But understand me; yet, I say I love you,
And with a generous breast, and in the confidence
You will take it kindly, I return to that
I promis'd you, good counsel; come, leave off
The prosecution.
Vent. Of what, I prithee?
Rid. There will be less affront than to expect

Till the last minute, and behold the victory
Another's; you may guess why I declare this.
I am studious to preserve an honest friendship;
For though it be my glory, to be adorn'd
With trophies of her vanquish'd love—

Vent. Whose love?

Tri. This sounds as if he jeer'd you.
[*Aside to Venture.*

Vent. Mushroom! [*Draws.*

Tri. What do you mean, gentlemen? friends, and fall out
About good counsel!

Vent. I'll put up again,
Now I think better on't.

Tri 'Tis done discreetly.
Cover the nakedness of your tool, I pray.

Vent. Why, look you, sir; if you bestow this counsel
Out of your love, I thank you; yet there is
No great necessity, why you should be at
The cost of so much breath; things well considered:
A lady's love is mortal, I know that,
And if a thousand men should love a woman,
The dice must carry her; but one of all
Can wear the garland.

Tri. Now you come to him.

Vent. For my own part, I loved the lady well,
But you must pardon me, if I demonstrate
There's no such thing as you pretend, and therefore,
In quittance of your loving, honest counsel,
I would not have you build an airy castle;
Her stars have pointed her another way,
This instrument will take her height.
[*Shews the diamond ring.*

Rid. Ha!

Vent. And you may guess what cause you have to triumph;

I would not tell you this, but that I love you,
And hope you will not run yourself into
The cure of Bedlam. He that wears this favour,
Hath sense to apprehend.

Rid. That diamond?

Vent. Observe it perfectly, there are no trophies
Of vanquish'd love, I take it, coming toward you;
It will be less affront, than to expect
Till the last minute, and behold the victory
Another's.

Rid. That ring I gave her.

Tri. Ha, ha, ha!

Vent. This was his gift to her; ha, ha, ha!
Have patience, spleen; ha, ha!

Tri. The scene is chang'd!

Rid. She will not use me thus; she did receive it
With all the circumstance of love.

Vent. I pity him; my eyes run o'er. Dost hear?—
I cannot choose but laugh, and yet I pity thee.
She has a jeering wit, and I shall love her
More heartily for this. What dost [thou] think?
Poor gentleman, how he has fool'd himself!

Rid. I'll to her again.

Vent. Nay, be not passionate!
I' faith, thou wert too confident, I knew
It could not hold; dost think I'd say so much, else?
I can tell thee more; but lose her memory.

Rid. Were it more rich
[*He shews a chain of pearl.*
Than that which Cleopatra gave to Antony,
With scorn I would return it.

Tri. She give you this chain?

Rid. She shall be hang'd in chains ere I will keep it.

Vent. Stay, stay; let my eye
Examine that——this chain?—

Rid. Who would trust woman after this?

Vent. The very same
She took of me, when I receiv'd this diamond!
Rid. Ha, ha! you do but jest; she will not fool
You o' this fashion; look a little better,
One may be like another.
Vent. 'Tis the same.
Rid. Ha, ha! I would it were, that we might laugh
At one another; by this hand I will
Forgive her: prithee tell me—ha, ha, ha!
Tri. You will *carry her*
From Jove himself, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her.
Rid. By this pearl,—O rogue,
How I do love her for't!—be not dejected;
A lady's love is mortal, one of all
Must wear the garland; do not fool yourself
Beyond the cure of Bedlam.
Tri. She has fitted you
With a pair of fools coats, [and] as handsomely
As any tailor, that had taken measure.
Vent. Give me thy hand.
Tri. Nay, lay your heads together
How to revenge it; and so, gentlemen,
I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Vent. She has abus'd us.
Rid. Let us take his counsel;
We can be but what we are.
Ven. A pair of credulous fools.
Rid. This other fellow, Fairfield, has prevail'd.
Vent. Which if he have—
Rid. What shall we do?
Vent. I think we were best let him alone.
Rid. Do you hear? We'll to her again; (you will
Be rul'd by me;) and tell her what we think of her.
Vent. She may come to herself, and be asham'd on't.

Rid. If she would affect one of us, for my part
I am indifferent.

Vent. So say I too, but to give us both the canvas![1]—
Let's walk, and think how to behave ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Bonavent's *House.*

Enter mistress Bonavent *and mistress* Carol.

Car. What do you mean to do with him?

Mrs. B. Thou art
Too much a tyrant; the seven years are past,
That did oblige me to expect my husband,
Engag'd to sea; and though within those limits
Frequent intelligence hath reported him
Lost, both to me, and his own life, I have
Been careful of my vow; and were there hope
Yet to embrace him, I would think another
Seven years no penance: but I should thus
Be held a cruel woman, in his certain
Loss, to despise the love of all mankind.
And therefore I resolve, upon so large
A trial of his constancy, at last
To give him the reward of his respects
To me, and—

Car. Marry him

Mrs. B. You have apprehended.

Car. No marvel if men rail upon you then,
And doubt whether a widow may be saved.
We maids are thought the worse on, for your easiness
How are poor women overseen! We must
Cast away ourselves upon a whining lover,
In charity: I hope my cousin's ghost

[1] See vol. i. p. 207.

Will meet [you] as you go to church, or if
You 'scape it then, upon the wedding night—
Mrs. B. Fie! fie!
Car. When you are both abed, and candles out.
Mrs. B. Nay, put not out the candles.
Car. May they burn blue then, at his second kiss,
And fright him from—well, I could say something;
But take your course—He's come already.

Enter LACY.

Put him off but another twelvemonth. [*Mrs. B. walks aside with Lacy.*]—So, so.
Oh love, into what foolish labyrinths
Dost thou lead us! I would all women were
But of my mind, we would have a new world
Quickly. I will go study poetry
On purpose to write verses in the praise
Of th' Amazonian ladies, in whom only
Appears true valour, (for the instruction
Of all posterity,) to beat their husbands.
Lacy. How you endear your servant!
Car. I will not
Be guilty of more stay.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Sweet lady!
Car. You're come in time, sir, to redeem me.
Fair. Why, lady?
Car. You will be as comfortable as strong waters,
There's a gentleman—
Fair. So uncivil to affront you?
Car. I had no patience to hear him longer;
Take his offence, before you question him.
Fair. And be most happy if, by any service,
You teach me to deserve your fair opinion.

Car. It is not civil to eavesdrop him, but
I'm sure he talks on't now.
Fair. Of what?
Car. Of love; is any thing more ridiculous?
You know I never cherish that condition:[2]
In you 'tis the most harsh, unpleasing discord;
But I hope you will be instructed better,
Knowing how much my fancy goes against it.
Talk not of that, and welcome.
Fair. You retain,
I see, your unkind temper; will no thought
Soften your heart? disdain agrees but ill
With so much beauty; if you would persuade
Me not to love you, strive to be less fair;
Undo that face, and so become a rebel
To heaven and nature.
Car. You do love my face then?
Fair. As heavenly prologue to your mind; I do not
Doat, like Pygmalion, on the colours.
Car. No, you cannot; his was a painted mistress.
Or, if it be the mind you so pretend
To affect, you encrease my wonder of your folly,
For I have told you that so often.
Fair. What?
Car. My mind, so opposite to all your courtship,
That I had rather hear the tedious tales
Of Hollingshed, than any thing that trenches
On love. If you come fraught with any o'
Cupid's devices, keep them for his whirligigs;
Or load the next edition of his messenger,
Or post, with a mad packet, I shall but laugh
At them, and pity you.
Fair. That pity—
Car. Do not mistake me, it shall be a very
Miserable pity, without love?

[2] *That condition.*] i. e. (in the old sense of the word) humour, disposition.

Were I a man, and had but half that handsomeness,
(For though I have not love, I hate detraction,)
Ere I would put my invention to the sweat
Of complement, to court my mistress' hand,
And call her smile blessing beyond a sun-beam,
Entreat to wait upon her, give her rings
With wanton, or most lamentable poesies,
I would turn thrasher.

Fair. This is a new doctrine,
From women.

Car. 'Twill concern your peace, to have
Some faith in it.

Fair. You would not be neglected?

Car. You neglect
Yourselves, the nobleness of your birth and nature,
By servile flattery of this jigging,
And that coy mistress; keep your privilege,
Your masculine property.

Fair. Is there so great
A happiness in nature?

Car. There is one [*Points to Lacy.*
Just of your mind; *can there be such happiness*
In nature? Fie upon't, if it were possible,
That ever I should be so mad to love,
To which, I thank my stars, I am not inclin'd,
I should not hold such servants worth my garters,
Though they would put me in security
To hang themselves, and ease me of their visits.

Fair. You are a strange gentlewoman; why, look you, lady:
I am not so enchanted with your virtues,
But I do know myself, and at what distance
To look upon such mistresses; I can
Be scurvily conditioned; you are—

Car. As thou dost hope for any good, rail now
But a little.

Fair. I could provoke you.

Car. To laugh, but not to lie down. Why, prithee do.

Fair. Go, you are a foolish creature, and not worth
My services.

Car. Aloud, that they may hear;
The more the merrier, I'll take't as kindly
As if thou hadst given me the Exchange. What, all this cloud
Without a shower?

Fair. You are most ingrateful.

Car. Good!
Abominable peevish, and a wench
That should be beaten, beaten black and blue,
And then, perhaps, she may have colour for't.
Come come, you cannot scold
With confidence, nor with grace; you should look big,
And swear you are no gamester; practise dice
And cards a little better, you will get
Many confusions and fine curses by't.

Fair. Is not she mad?

Car. To shew I have my reason,
I'll give you some good counsel, and be plain with you,
None that have eyes will follow the direction
Of a blind guide, and what do you think of Cupid?
Women are either fools, or very wise,
Take that from me; the foolish women are
Not worth your love, and if a woman know
How to be wise, she will not care for you.

Fair. Do you give all this counsel without a fee?
Come, be less wild. I know you cannot be
So hard of soul. [*Offers to take her hand.*

Car. Prithee let my body alone!

Fair. Why are you thus peremptory? Had
Your mother been so cruel to mankind,
This heresy to love, with you had been
Unborn.

Car. My mother was no maid.

Fair. How, lady?

Car. She was married long ere I was born, I take it,
Which I shall never be, that rule's infallible;
I would not have you fool'd in the expectation,
A favour all my suitors cannot boast of.
Go home, and say your prayers, I will not look
For thanks till seven year hence.
Fair. I know not what
To say; yes, I will home, and think a satire.—
Was ever man jeer'd thus for his good will!
[*Exit.*
Mrs. B. The license will be soon dispatch'd.
Lacy. Leave that
To my care, lady, and let him presume,
Whom you intend to bless with such a gift,
Seal on your lips the assurance of his heart.
[*Kisses her.*
I have more wings than Mercury; expect
Your servant in three minutes.
Car. Take more time.
You'll overheat yourself, and catch a surfeit.
Lacy. My nimble lady, I have business; we
Will have a dialogue another time. [*Exit.*
Car. You do intend to marry him, then?
Mrs. B. I have promised
To be his wife; and, for his more security,
This morning—
Car. How! this morning?
Mrs. B. What should one,
That has resolv'd, lose time? I do not love
Much ceremony; suits in love should not,
Like suits in law, be rack'd from term to term.
Car. You will join issue presently, without your council,
You may be o'erthrown; take heed, I have known wives
That have been o'erthrown in their own case, and after
Nonsuited too, that's twice to be undone.

But take your course; some widows have been mortified.

Mrs. B. And maids do now and then meet with their match.

Car. What is in your condition makes you weary?
You are sick of plenty and command; you have
Too, too much liberty, too many servants;
Your jewels are your own, and you would see
How they will shew upon your husband's wagtail.
You have a coach now, and a christian livery
To wait on you to church, and are not catechis'd
When you come home; you have a waiting-woman,
A monkey, squirrel, and a brace of islands,[3]
Which may be thought superfluous in your family,
When husbands come to rule. A pretty wardrobe,
A tailor of your own, a doctor too,
That knows your body, and can make you sick
I' the spring, or fall, or when you have a mind to't,
Without control; you have the benefit
Of talking loud and idle at your table,
May sing a wanton ditty, and not be chid,
Dance, and go late to bed, say your own prayers,
Or go to heaven by your chaplain.

Mrs. B. Very fine

Car. And will you lose all this, for
I, Cicely, take thee, John, to be my husband?
Keep him still to be your servant;
Imitate me; a hundred suitors cannot
Be half the trouble of one husband. I
Dispose my frowns and favours like a princess;
Deject, advance, undo, create again;
It keeps the subjects in obedience,
And teaches 'em to look at me with distance.

[3] *And a brace of* islands,] i. e. shock-dogs. They are noticed by all the dramatists of those days, and seem to have been the favourites of the ladies. *Island* is the old way of writing *Iceland*.

Enter VENTURE *and* RIDER.

Mrs. B. But you encourage some.
Car. 'Tis when I have nothing else to do, for sport,
As, for example—
Mrs. B. But I am not now in tune to hear 'em ; prithee
Let's withdraw. [*Exeunt.*
Vent. Nay, nay, lady, we must follow you.
[*Exeunt Vent. and Rid.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An outer Room in Bonavent's *House.*

Enter BONAVENT *in disguise, listening.*

Bona. Music and revels! they are very merry.

Enter a Servant.

By your favour, sir.
Ser. You are welcome.
Bona. Pray, is this a dancing school?
Ser. No dancing school.
Bona. And yet some voices sound like women.
Ser. Wilt please you
To taste a cup of wine? 'tis this day free
As at a coronation ; you seem
A gentleman.
Bona. Prithee, who dwells here?
Ser. The house this morning was a widow's, sir,
But now her husband's; without circumstance,
She is married.

Bona. Prithee, her name?

Ser. Her name was mistress Bonavent.

Bona. How long [is't,] since her husband died?

Ser. 'Tis two years since she had intelligence
He was cast away; at his departure, he
Engag'd her to a seven years expectation,
Which full expir'd, this morning she became
A bride.

Bona. What's the gentleman she has married?

Ser. A man of pretty fortune, that has been
Her servant many years.

Bona. How do you mean?
Wantonly? or does he serve for wages?

Ser. Neither, I mean a suitor.

Bona. Cry mercy; may I be acquainted with his name?

Ser. And his person too, if you have a mind to't;
Master Lacy; I'll bring you to him.

Bona. Master Lacy, may be 'tis he; would thou could'st help me to
A sight of this gentleman! I have business with
One of his name, and cannot meet with him.

Ser. Please you walk in.

Bona. I would not be [an] intruder
In such a day; if I might only see him.—

Ser. Follow me, and I'll do you that favour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter LACY, *mistress* BONAVENT, RIDER, CAROL, *and* VENTURE, *dancing; followed at a distance by* BONAVENT.

Vent. Who is that peeps?

Lacy. Peeps!—Who is that? [*bringing forward Bonavent*]—Faith, you shall dance.

Bona. Good sir, you must excuse me, I am a stranger.

Lacy. Your tongue does walk our language, and your feet
Shall do as we do: take away his cloke
And sword.—By this hand, you shall dance, Monsieur,
No *pardonnez moi.*

Car. Well said, master bridegroom,
The gentleman may perhaps want exercise.

Mrs. B. He will not take it well.

Vent The bridegroom's merry.

Lacy. Take me no takes;
Come, choose your firk,[4] for dance you shall.

Bona. I cannot;
You'll not compel me?

Lacy. I have sworn.

Bona. 'Tis an affront; as I am a gentleman,
I know not how to foot your chamber jigs.

Lacy. No remedy; here's a lady longs for one vagary.—
Fill a bowl of sack, and then to the Canaries.

Bona. You are circled with your friends, and do not well
To use this privilege to a gentleman's
Dishonour.

Lacy. You shall shake your heels.

Bona. I shall?.
Ladies, it is this gentleman's desire
That I should make you mirth; I cannot dance,
I tell you that afore.

Mrs. B. He seems to be a gentleman and a soldier.

Car. Good Mars be not so sullen; you'll do more
With Venus privately.

[4] Come, choose your *firk.*] Either your *dance*, or your *partner*, at the reader's choice.

Bona. Because this gentleman is engag'd, I'll try. [*A Dance.*

Will you excuse me yet?

Lacy. Play *excuse me;* yes, any thing you'll call for.

Car. This motion every morning will be wholesome

And beneficial to your body, sir.

Bona. So, so.

Car. Your pretty lump requires it.

Bona. Where's my sword, sir? I have been your hobby-horse.

Car. You danced something like one.

Bona. Jeer on, my whimsy lady.

Mrs. B. Pray impute it

No trespass studied to affront you, sir,

But to the merry passion of a bridegroom.

Lacy. Prithee stay: we'll to Hyde Park together.

Bona. There you [may] meet with morris-dancers: for

You, lady, I wish you more joy, so farewell. [*Exit.*

Lacy. Come, let's have t'other whirl, lustily, boys! [*They dance in.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Fairfield's *House.*

Enter FAIRFIELD, JULIETTA, *and Waiting-woman.*

Jul. You are resolv'd then?

Fair. I have no other cure left,

And if I do it not quickly, my affection

May be too far spent, and all physic will

Be cast away.

Jul. You will shew a manly fortitude.

Fair. When saw you master Trier?
Jul. Not since yesterday.
Fair. Are not his visits frequent?
Jul. He does see me sometimes.
Fair. Come, I know thou lov'st him, and he will
Deserve it; he's a pretty gentleman.
Jul. It was your character, that first commended
Him to my thoughts.
Fair. If he be slow to answer it,
He loses me again; his mind, more than
His fortune, gain'd me to his praise: but I
Trifle my precious time.
Farewell! all my good wishes stay with thee.
[*Exit*

Enter TRIER.

Jul. And mine attend you!—Master Trier!
Tri. I come to kiss your hand.
Jul. And take your leave?
Tri. Only to kiss't again!
Jul. You begin to be a stranger; in two mornings
Not one visit, where you profess affection!
Tri. I should be surfeited with happiness
If I should dwell here.
Jul. Surfeits in the spring
Are dangerous, and yet I never heard,
A lover would absent him from his mistress
Through fear to be more happy; but I allow
That for a complement, and dispute not with you
A reason of your actions. You are now welcome,
And though you should be guilty of neglect,
My love would overcome any suspicion.
Tri. You are all goodness.—

Enter a Servant, and whispers Trier.

With me? prithee admit him. [*Exit Ser.*

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my lord saw you enter, and desires
To speak with you.
Tri. His lordship shall command; where is he?
Page. Below, sir.
Tri. Say, I instantly wait on him.—[*Exit Page.*
Shall I presume upon your favour, lady?
Jul. In what?
Tri. That I may entreat him hither? you will honour me
To bid him welcome; he is a gentleman
To whom I owe all services, and in
Himself is worthy of your entertainment.
Jul. If he be your's, command me.

Enter lord Bonvile, *and* Page.

Tri. My lord, excuse—
Lord B. Nay, I prevent your trouble.—Lady, I am
Your humble servant.—Pardon my intrusion,
I have no business, only I saw you enter.
Tri. Your lordship honours me.
Lord B. What gentlewoman's this?
Tri. Why— [*Whispers him.*
Lord B. A lady of pleasure! I like her eye, it has
A pretty twirl with't; will she bid one welcome?
Tri. Be confident, my lord.—Sweet lady, pray
Assure his lordship he is welcome.
Jul. I want words.
Lord B. Oh, sweet lady, your lip in silence
Speaks the best language.
Jul. Your lordship's welcome to this humble roof.
Lord B. I am confirm'd. [*Aside.*
Tri. If you knew, lady, what
Perfection of honour dwells in him,

You would be studious, with all ceremony
To entertain him! besides, to me
His lordship's goodness hath so flow'd, you cannot
Study, what will oblige [me] more than in
His welcome.

Lord B. Come, you complement.

Jul. Though I want both ability and language,
My wishes shall be zealous to express me
Your humble servant.

Lord B. Come, that *humble* was
But complement in you, too.

Jul. I would not
Be guilty of dissembling with your lordship;
I know words [that] have more proportion
With my distance to your [noble] birth and fortune,
Than humble servant.

Lord B. I do not love these distances.

Tri. You would have her be more humble.—
This will try her,
If she resist his siege, she is a brave one,
I know he'll put her to't. He that doth love
Wisely, will see the trial of his mistress,
And what I want in impudence myself,
Another may supply for my advantage;
I'll frame excuse. [*Aside.*

Lord B. Frank, thou art melancholy.

Tri. My lord, I now reflected on a business
Concerns me equal with my fortune, and
It is the more unhappy that I must
So rudely take my leave.

Lord B. What! not so soon?

Tri. Your honour's pardon.

Jul. Are you, sir, in earnest?

Tri. Love will instruct you to interpret fairly;
They are affairs that cannot be dispensed with.—
I leave this noble gentleman.

Jul. He's a stranger;

You will not use me well, and shew no care
Of me, nor of my honour; I pray stay.
Tri. Thou hast virtue to secure all; I am confident,
Temptations will shake thy innocence
No more than waves that climb a rock, which soon
Betray their weakness,—and discover thee
More clear and more impregnable.
Jul. How is this?
Tri. Farewell.
I will not sin against your honour's clemency,
To doubt your pardon.
Lord B. Well, an there be no remedy, I shall see you
Anon in the Park; the match holds.—[*Exit Trier.*] I am not willing
To leave you alone, lady.
Jul. I have a servant.
Lord B. You have many; in their number pray write me,
I shall be very dutiful.
Jul. Oh, my lord.
Lord B. And when I have done a fault, I shall be instructed,
But with a smile, to mend it.
Jul. Done what fault?
Lord B. Faith, none at all, if you but think so.
Jul. I think your lordship would not willingly
Offend a woman.
Lord B. I would never hurt 'em,
It has been my study still to please those women,
That fell within my conversation.
I am very tender-hearted to a lady,
I can deny them nothing.
Jul. The whole sex
Is bound to you.
Lord B. If they well consider'd things,

And what a stickler I am in their cause,
The common cause, but most especially
How zealous I am in a virgin's honour,
As all true knights should be, no woman could
Deny me hospitality, and let down,
When I desire access, the rude portcullice:
I have a natural sympathy with fair ones,
As they do, I do; there's no handsome woman
Complains, that she has lost her maidenhead,
But I wish mine had been lost with it.

Jul. Your lordship's merry.

Lord B. 'Tis because you look pleasant.—
A very handsome lodging; is there any
Accommodations that way.

Jul. There's a garden,
Wilt please your lordship taste the air on't.

Lord B. I meant other conveniency; but if
You please, I'll wait upon you thither.

[*Exeunt lord B. and Jul.*

Page. You and I had better stay, and in their absence
Exercise one another.

Wait. How mean you, page?

Page. I'll teach you a way that we may follow 'em,
And not remove from hence.

Wait. How, prithee?

Page. Shall I beg your lip?

Wait. I cannot spare it.

Page. I'll give you both mine.

Wait. What means the child?

Page. Because I have no upper lip, do you scorn me?
I have kiss'd ladies before now, and have
Been sent for to their chambers.

Wait. You sent for!

Page. Yes, and been trusted with their closets too!

We are such pretty things, we can play at
All hid under a fardingale; how long
Have you been a waiting creature?
Wait. Not a month yet.
Page. Nay then, I cannot blame your ignorance;
You have perhaps your maidenhead.
Wait. I hope so.
Page. Oh, lamentable! away with it, for shame.
Chaffer it with the coachman, for the credit
Of your profession; do not keep it long,
'Tis fineable in court.
Wait. Good master page,
How long have you been skill'd in those affairs?
Page. E'er since I was in breeches; and you'll find
Your honesty so troublesome.
Wait. How so?
Page. When you have truck'd away your maidenhead,
You have excuse lawful to put off gamesters,
For you may swear, and give 'em satisfaction,
You have not what they look'd for; beside the benefit
Of being impudent as occasion serves,
A thing much in request with waiting creatures:
We pages can instruct you in that quality,
So you be tractable.
Wait. The boy is wild.
Page. An you will lead me a chase, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Bonavent's *House.*

Enter Carol, Rider, *and* Venture.

Car. Why, did you ever think I could affect,
Of all men living, such a thing as you are?
What hope, or what encouragement did I give you?
Because I took your diamond, must you presently
Bound like a ston'd-horse?
Rid. She's a very colt!
Car. 'Cause you can put your hat off like a dancer,
And make a better leg than you were born to,
For, to say truth, your calf is well amended,
Must this so overtake me, that I must
Straight fall in love with you? one step to church,
Another into the sheets? more to a bargain;
You are wide a bow, and something overshot.
Vent. Then this is all that I must trust to, you
Will never have me?
Car. In my right mind, I think so.
Why, prithee tell me, what I should do with thee?
Vent. Can you find nothing to do with me?
Car. To find my monkey spiders, were an office,
Perhaps, you would not execute?
Vent. You are a gipsy,
And none of the twelve Sybils in a tavern,
Have such a tann'd complexion; there be dogs
And horses in the world.
Car. They'll keep you company.
Vent. Tell me of spiders!
I'll wring your monkey's neck off.
Car. And then puzzle
Your brain to make an elegy, which shall be sung

To the tune of the *Devil and the Baker;* good!
You have a pretty ambling wit in summer;
Do you let[it] out, or keep['t] for your own riding?
Who holds your stirrup, while you jump
Into a jest, to the endangering
Of your ingenious quodlibets?

Rid. Come, thou hast said enough.

Car. To him; you would have some?

Rid. Some testimony of your love, if it please you.

Car. Indeed I have heard you are a precious gentleman,
And in your younger [days] could play at trap well.

Rid. Fare you well, gentlewoman! by this light a devil;
I'll follow my old game of horse-racing.

Vent. I could tear her ruff! I would thou wert
A whore, then I'd be reveng'd, and bring the 'prentices
To arraign thee on Shrovetuesday; a pox upon you!

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Car. A third man, a third man! two fair gamesters!

Rid. For shame! let's go.

Car. Will you stay, gentlemen? you have no more wit [*Exeunt Vent. and Rid.*
To vent! keep your heads warm in any case,
There may be dregs in the bottom o' the brain pan,
Which may turn to somewhat in seven years; and set
You up again.—Now, sir.

Fair. Lady, I am come to you.

Car. It does appear so.

Fair. To take my leave.

Car. 'Tis granted, sir; good bye.

Fair. But you must stay and hear a little more

I promise not to trouble you with courtship,
I am as weary as you can be displeased with't.
Car. On these conditions, I would have the patience
To hear the brazen head speak.
Fair. Whether, or how I purpose to dispose
Myself hereafter, as I know you have
No purpose to enquire, I have no great
Ambition to discourse; but how I have
Studied your fair opinion, I remit
To time, and come now only to request
That you would grant, in lieu of my true service,
One boon at parting.
Car. *Fort bon!* proceed.
Fair. But you must swear to perform truly what
I shall desire; and that you may not think
I come with any cunning to deceive you,
You shall except whate'er you would deny me;
And after all, I'll make request.
Car. How's this?
Fair. But it concerns my life, or what can else
Be nearer to me, that you swear.
Car. To what?
Fair. When you have made exceptions, and thought
What things in all the world you will exempt
From my petition, I'll be confident
To tell you my desire
Car. This is fair play.
Fair. I would not for an empire, by a trick
Oblige you to perform what should displease you.
Car. 'Tis a very strange request; are you in earnest?
Ere you begin, shall I except? 'tis odds
But I may include, what you have a mind to, then
Where's your petition?
Fair. I will run that hazard.

Car. You will? why, look you; for a little mirth's sake,
And since you come so honestly, because
You shall not say, I am compos'd of marble,
I do consent.
Fair. Swear.
Car. I am not come to that;
I'll first set bounds to your request, and when
I have left nothing for you worth my grant,
I'll take a zealous oath to grant you any thing.
Fair. You have me at your mercy.
Car. First, you shall not
Desire that I should love you.
Fair. That's first; proceed.
Car. No more but *proceed?* Do you know what I say?
Fair. Your first exception forbids to ask
That you should love me.
Car. And you are contented?
Fair. I must be so.
Car. What, in the name of wonder, will he ask me? [*Aside.*
You shall not desire me to marry you.
Fair. That's the second.
Car. You shall neither directly, nor indirectly, wish me to lie with you.
Have I not clipt the wings of your conceit?
Fair. That's the third.
Car. *That's the third!* is there any thing a young man would
Desire of his mistress, when he must neither love, marry, nor lie with her?
Fair. My suit is still untouch'd.
Car. Suit! if you have another 'tis out of fashion,
You cannot beg my state, yet I would willingly
Give part of that, to be rid of thee.
Fair. Not one jewel.

Car. You would not have me spoil my face, drink poison,
Or kill any body?
Fair. Goodness forbid, that I should wish your danger!
Car. Then you would not have me ride through the city naked,
As once a princess of England did through Coventry?
Fair. All my desires are modest.
Car. You shall not beg my parrot, nor entreat me
To fast, or wear a hairy smock.
Fair. None of these.
Car. I will not be confin'd to make me ready
At ten, and pray till dinner; I will play
At gleek as often as I please, and see
Plays when I have a mind to't, and the races,
Though men should run Adamites before me.
Fair. None of these trench on what I have to ask.
Car. Why, then I swear——stay,
You shall not ask me before company
How old I am, a question most untoothsome.
I know not what to say more; I'll not be
Bound from Spring-garden, and the 'Sparagus.
I will not have my tongue tied up, when I've
A mind to jeer my suitors, among which
Your worship shall not doubt to be remember'd,
For I must have my humour, I am sick else;
I will not be compell'd to hear your sonnets,
A thing before I thought to advise you of;
Your words of hard concoction, [your] rude poetry,
Have much impaired my health, try sense another while
And calculate some prose according to
The elevation of our pole at London,
As says the learned almanack—but, come on,
And speak your mind, I have done; I know not what

More to except; if it be none of these,
And, as you say, feasible on my part,
I swear.
Fair. By what?
Car. For once, a kiss, it may be a parting blow.
By that I will perform what you desire. [*Kisses him.*
Fair. In few words thus receive it: by that oath
I bind you never to desire my company
Hereafter; for no reason to affect me;
This, I am sure, was none of your exceptions.
Car. What has the man said?
Fair. 'Tis clear, I am confident,
To your understanding.
Car. You have made me swear
That I must never love you, nor desire
Your company.
Fair. I know you will not violate
What you have sworn, so all good thoughts possess you. [*Exit.*
Car. Was all this circumstance for this? I never
Found any inclination to trouble him
With too much love; why should he bind me from it,
And make me swear? an oath that, for the present,
I had no affection to him, had been reasonable;
But for the time to come, never to love,
For any cause or reason, that may move me
Hereafter, very strange! I know not what to think on't,
Although I never meant, to think well of him,
Yet to be limited, and be prescrib'd,
I must not do it,—'twas a poor trick in him;
But I'll go practise something to forget it. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Hyde Park.

Enter lord BONVILE *and* JULIETTA.

Lord B. Lady, you are welcome to the spring; the Park
Looks fresher to salute you: how the birds
On every tree sing, with more cheerfulness
At your access, as if they prophesied
Nature would die, and resign her providence
To you, fit only to succeed her!
Jul. You express
A master of all complement; I have
Nothing but plain humility, my lord,
To answer you.
Lord B. But I'll speak our own English,
Hang these affected strains, which we sometimes
Practise, to please the curiosity
Of talking ladies; by this lip thou'rt welcome,
[*Kisses her.*
I'll swear a hundred oaths upon that book,
An't please you.

Enter TRIER, *behind.*

Tri. They are at it.
Jul. You shall not need, my lord, I'm not incredulous,
I do believe your honour, and dare trust
For more than this.
Lord B. I will not break my credit
With any lady that dares trust me.

Jul. She had a cruel heart, that would not venture
Upon the engagement of your honour.
Lord B. What?
What durst thou venture now, and be plain with me?
Jul. There's nothing in the verge of my command,
That should not serve your lordship.
Lord B. Speak, speak truth,
And flatter not, on what security?
Jul. On that which you propounded, sir, your honour:
It is above all other obligation,
And he that's truly noble, will not stain it.
Lord B. Upon my honour will you lend me then
But a night's lodging?
Jul. How, sir?
Lord B. She is angry;
I shall obtain, I know the trick on't; had
She yielded at the first, it had been fatal. [*Aside.*
Jul. It seems your lordship speaks to one you know not.
Lord B. But I desire to know you better, lady.
Jul. Better I should desire, my lord.
Lord B. Better or worse, if you dare venture one,
I'll hazard t'other.
Jul. 'Tis your lordship's mirth.
Lord B. You're in the right, 'tis the best mirth of all.
Jul. I'll not believe, my lord, you mean so wantonly
As you profess.
Lord B. Refuse me, if I do not.
Not mean? I hope you have more charity
Than to suspect, I'll not perform as much,
And more than I have said; I knew my fault,

I am too modest when I undertake,
But when I am to act, let me alone.

Tri. You shall be alone no longer.—
[*Comes forward.*
My good lord.

Lord B. Frank Trier!

Tri. Which side holds your honour

Lord B. I am o' thy side, Frank.

Tri. I think so,
For all the Park's against me; but six to four
Is odds enough.

Jul. Is it so much against you?

Tri. Lady, I think 'tis two to one.

Lord B. We were on even terms till you came hither.—
I find her yielding.—And when do they run?

Tri. They say presently.

Lord B. Will you venture any thing, lady?

Tri. Perhaps she reserves herself for the horse-race.

Jul. There I may venture somewhat with his lordship.

Lord B. That was a witty one. [*Aside.*

Tri. You will be doing.

Lord B. You are for the footmen.

Tri. I run with the company.

Enter RIDER *and* VENTURE.

Vent. I'll go your half.

Rid. No, thank you, Jack; would I had ten pieces more on't!

Lord B. Which side?

Rid. On the Irishman.

Lord B. Done; I'll maintain the English.

As many more with you;
I love to cherish our own countrymen.
Vent. 'Tis done, my lord.
Tri. I'll rook for once; my lord,
I'll hold you twenty more.
Lord B. Done with you, too.
Jul. Your lordship is very confident.
Lord B. I'll lay with you, too.
Tri. Lie with her, he means. [*Aside.*
Lord B. Come; you shall venture something.
What gold against a kiss? but if you lose,
You shall pay it formally down upon my lip.
Tri. Though she should win, it would be held extortion
To take your money.
Jul. Rather want of modesty,
A greater sin, if you observe the circumstance.
I see his lordship has a disposition
To be merry, but proclaim not this free lay
To every one; some women in the world
Would hold you all day.
Lord B. But not all night, sweet lady.
Vent. Will you not see them, my lord?
Lord B. Frank Trier, you'll wait upon this gentlewoman;
I must among the gamesters, I shall quickly
Return to kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Tri. How do you like this gallant?
Jul. He's one it becomes not me to censure.
Tri. Do you not find him coming? a wild gentleman;
You may in time convert him.
Jul. You made me acquainted with him to that purpose,
It was your confidence; I'll do what I can,
Because he is your noble friend, and one
In whom was hid so much perfection
Of honour, for at first 'twas most invisible,

But it begins to appear, and I do perceive
A glimmering, it may break out a flame,
I shall know all his thoughts at our next conference;
He has a secret to impart, he says,
Only to me.
Tri. And will you hear it?
Jul. Yes, sir;
If it be honourable, there is no harm in't,
If otherwise, you do not doubt my innocence.
Tri. But do not tempt a danger.
Jul. From his lordship?
Tri. I do not say from him.
Jul. From mine own frailty?
Tri. I dare not conclude that, but from the matter
Of his discourse, on which there may depend
A circumstance, that may not prove so happy.
Jul. Now I must tell you, sir, I see your heart
Is not so just as I deserve; you have
Engag'd me to his conversation,
Provok'd by jealous thoughts, and now your fear
Betrays your want of goodness, for he never
Was right at home, that dare suspect his mistress.
Can love degenerate in noble breasts?
Collect the arguments, that could invite you
To this unworthy trial, bring them to
My forehead, where you shall inscribe their names
For virgins to blush at me, if I do not
Fairly acquit myself.
Tri. Nay, be not passionate.
Jul. I am not, sir, so guilty to be angry;
But you shall give me leave, unless you will
Declare, you dare not trust me any further,
Not to break off so rudely with his lordship.
I will hear what he means to say to me,
And if my counsel may prevail with you,
You shall not interrupt us; have but patience,
I'll keep the story for you, and assure

My ends have no base mixture, nor my love
To you could bribe me to the least dishonour,
Much less a stranger; since I have gone so far
By your commission, I will proceed
A little further, at my peril, sir.
Tri. I know thou art proof against a thousand engines.
Pursue what ways you please. [*They walk aside.*

Enter LACY, *mistress* BONAVENT, *mistress* CAROL, *and Servant.*

Jul. This morning married?—
Tri. That ['s] your brother's mistress.
Jul. She that jeers
All within gun-shot?
Tri. In the way of suitors,
She is reported such a tyrant.
Jul. My brother.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Frank Trier.
Jul. Brother, do you know that gentlewoman?
Fair. 'Tis she; then you and I must seem more familiar,
And you—[*to Lacy.*]—shall not be angry.
Lacy. What gentlewoman's that?
Tri. She does not know thee.
Car. [*seeing Fair. and Jul.*]—Was this his reason? [*aside.*]—Pray, if you love me, let's
Walk by that gentleman.
Lacy. Master Fairfield.
Car. Is that well-truss'd gentleman one of them that run?
Mrs. B. Your sweetheart.
Car. Ha, ha! I'd laugh at that.
If you allow a bushel of salt to acquaintance,

Pray vouchsafe two words to a bargain, while you live.
I scarce remember him.—Keep in, great heart. [*Aside.*

Enter BONAVENT.

Lacy. Oh sir, you are very well met here.
Bona. We are met indeed, sir; thank you for your music.
Lacy. It is not so much worth.
Bona. I made you merry, master bridegroom.
Lacy. I could not choose but laugh.
Bona. Be there any races here?
Lacy. Yes, sir, horse and foot.
Bona. You'll give me leave to take my course, then.
Car. This is the captain that did dance.
Bona. Not so nimbly as your wit; pray let me ask you a question, [*Takes Car. aside.*
I hear that gentlewoman's married.
Car. Married! without question, sir.
Bona. Do you think he has been aforehand?
Car. How do you mean?
Bona. In English, has he play'd the forward gamester,
And turn'd up trump?
Car. Before the cards be shuffled?—
I lay my life you mean a coat card.
Deal again, you gave one too many
In the last trick, yet I'll tell you what I think.
Bona. What?
Car. I think she and you might have shewn more wit.
Bona. Why she and I?
Car. She to have kept herself a widow, and you
Not to have asked me such a foolish question;
But if she had been half so wise, as in

My conscience she is honest, you had miss'd
That excellent occasion, to shew
Your notable skill in dancing; but it pleas'd
The learned Destinies to put things together,
And so we separate. [*They come forward.*

Bona. Fare you well, mistress.

Car. [*to Rider.*]—Come hither; go to that gentleman, master Fairfield—
[*Whispers him.*

Mrs. B. Prithee, sweetheart, who runs?

Lacy. An Irish and an English footman.

Mrs. B. Will they run this way?

Lacy. Just before you; I must have a bet. [*Exit.*

Mrs. B. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me.

Car. Do it discreetly; [*Exit Rider.*] I must speak to him,
To ease my heart, I shall burst else, [*Aside.*
We'll expect 'em here.—Cousin, do they run naked?

Mrs. B. That were a most immodest sight.

Car. Here have been such fellows, cousin.

Mrs. B. It would fright the women.

Car. Some are of opinion it brings us hither.
[*Noise within.*
Hark, what a confusion of tongues there is!
Let you and I venture a pair of gloves
Upon their feet; I'll take the Irish.

Mrs. B. 'Tis done; but you shall pay, if you lose.

Car. Here's my hand, you shall have the gloves, if you win.

[A cry within.] *A Teague! a Teague! Make way, for shame!*

Mrs. B. I think they are started.

The two Runners cross the stage, followed by lord BONVILE, VENTURE, *and others.*

Lord B. I hold any man forty pieces, yet.

Vent. A hundred pounds to ten! a hundred pieces to ten! will no man take me?

Bona. I hold you, sir.

Vent. Well, you shall see.—

[Within.]—*A Teague! a Teague! hey!*

Tri. Ha! well run Irish!

[*Exeunt all but Carol and Mrs. B.*

Mrs. B. He may be in a bog anon.

Car. Can they tell what they do in this noise?
Pray heaven it do not break into the tombs
At Westminster, and wake the dead.

Re-enter FAIRFIELD *and* JULIETTA.

Fair. She's yonder still, she thinks thee a new mistress.

Jul. I observe her.

Re-enter TRIER.

Fair. How go things, Frank?
Prithee observe that creature.

Tri. She leers this way.

Fair. I have done such a strange cure upon her!
She has sent for me, and I will entreat thee, Frank,
To be a witness of my triumph; 'tis
Now in my power to punish all her jeers;
But I'll go to her: thou shalt keep at distance,
Only to hear how miraculously
I have brought things about.

Tri. The cry returns. [*Exeunt Fair. and Tri.*

[Within.]—*Make way there! a Teague! a Teague! a Teague!*

The two Runners recross the stage, followed by lord BONVILE, VENTURE, BONAVENT, *&c.*

Vent. Forty, fifty, a hundred pieces to ten!

Bona. I hold you.

Vent. Well, you shall see, you shall see.

Bona. This gentleman does nothing but talk; he makes good no bet.

Ven. Talk? you prate; I'll make good what I please, sir.

Bona. Make the best you can of that.

[*They switch, and then draw.*

Mrs. B. For heaven's sake, let's remove.

Car. What! for a naked weapon?

[*Exeunt Mrs. B. and Carol.*

Lord B. Fight, gentlemen,
You are fine fellows, 'tis a noble cause.—

[*Exeunt Venture and Bonavent.*

Come, lady, I'll discharge your fears.
A cup of sack, and Anthony at the Rose,
Will reconcile their furies.

[*Exeunt Bonvile and Julietta.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Park.

Enter FAIRFIELD *and* TRIER.

Fair. I make a doubt whether I should go to her,
Upon a single summons.

Tri. By any means.

Fair. What women are forbidden
They're mad to execute; she's here, be you
In the reach of her voice, and see how I will humble her.

Enter CAROL *and* RIDER.

Car. But keep at some fit distance.

Rid. You honour me, and shall
Command me any service. [*Exit.*

Car. He has gone a strange way to work with me. [*Aside.*

Fair. Well advised; observe and laugh, without a noise. [*Trier drops behind.*

Car. I am ashamed to think what I must say now. [*Aside.*

Fair. By your leave, lady! I take it you sent for me?

Car. You will not be so impudent? I send for you!
By whom, or when?

Fair. Your servant[5]—

Car. Was a villain, if he mention'd
I had any such desire; he told me, indeed,
You courted him to entreat me, that I would
Be pleas'd to give you another audience,
And that you swore, I know not what confound you,
You would not trouble me above six words.

Fair. You are prettily dispos'd.

Car. With much ado, you see, I have consented.
What is it you would say?

Fair. Nay, what is't you would say?

Car. [Have] you no prompter, to insinuate
The first word of your studied oration?—
He's out on's part.—Come, come, I will imagine it,
Was it not something to this purpose—*Lady,*
Or *mistress,* or what you will, *although*
I must confess, you may with justice laugh at
My most ridiculous suit, and you will say
I am a fool—

Fair. You may say any thing.

Car. *To come again, whom you have so tormented;*
For ne'er was simple camomile so trod on,
Yet still I grow in love; but since there is

[5] *Your* servant.] i. e. your lover; he means Rider.

No hope to thaw your heart, I now am desperate;
Oh give me, lend me but the silken tie
About your leg, which some do call a garter,
To hang myself, and I am satisfied.
Am not I a witch?
Fair. I think thou art past it.
Which of the Furies art thou made already?
I shall depart the world, ne'er fear it, lady,
Without a necklace. Did not you send for me?
Tri. I shall laugh aloud sure.[6]
Car. What madness has possess'd you? have I not sworn,
You know by what, never to think well of you,
Of all men living, not to desire your company?
And will you still intrude? Shall I be haunted
For ever? no place give me privilege?
Oh man, what art thou come to?
Fair. Oh woman!
How far thy tongue and heart do live asunder!
Come, I have found you out; off with this veil,
It hides not your complexion; I do tell thee,
I see thy heart, and every thought within it;
A little peevishness, to save your credit,
Had not been much amiss, but this over-
Over-doing the business,—it appears
Ridiculous, like my suit, as you inferred;
But I forgive thee, and forget thy tricks
And trillabubs, and will swear to love thee heartily;
Wenches must have their ways.
Car. Pardon me, sir, if I have seem'd too light;
It was not rudeness from my heart, but a
Disguise to save my honour, if I found
You still incredulous.
Fair. I love thee better
For thy vagaries.
Car. In vain, I see, I should dissemble with you,

[6] *I shall laugh aloud* sure.] The old copy reads *sir:* but Trier speaks apart from Fairfield and his mistress.

I must confess you have caught me; had you still
Pursued the common path, I had fled from you;
You found the constitution of women
In me, whose will, not reason, is their law;
Most apt to do, what most they are forbidden,
Impatient of curbs in their desires.
Fair. Thou say'st right.
Car. Oh love, I am thy captive;—
But I am forsworn, am I not, sir?
Fair. Ne'er think of that.
Car. Ne'er think on't!
Fair. 'Twas a vain oath, and well may be dispens'd with.
Car. Oh, sir, be more religious; I never
Did violate an oath in all my life;
Though I have been wild, I had a care of that.
An oath's a holy obligation,
And never dreaming of this chance, I took it,
With true intention to perform your wishes.
Fair. 'Twas but a kiss, I'll give it thee again.
Car. But 'tis enroll'd in that High Court already.
I must confess, I could look on you now
With other eyes, for my rebellious heart
Is soft and capable of love's impression;
Which may prove dangerous, if I cherish it,
Having forsworn your love.
Fair. Now I am fitted!
I have made twigs to jerk myself. [*aside.*]—Well thought on!
You shall absolve yourself; your oath does not
Oblige you to perform what you excepted,
And among them, if you remember, you
Said you must have your humour, you'd be sick else;
Now, if your humour be to break your oath,
Your obligation's void.
Car. You have reliev'd me!
But do not triumph in your conquest, sir,
Be modest in your victory.

Fair. Will not you
Fly off again, now you're at large?
Car. If you
Suspect it, call some witness of my vows,
I will contract myself.
Fair. And I am provided.—
Frank Trier, appear, and shew thy physnomy.—
He is a friend of mine, and you may trust him.
[*Trier comes forward.*
Car. What sum of money is it you would borrow?
Tri. I borrow?
Car. This gentleman, your friend, has fully
Possess'd me with your wants; nay, do not blush,
Debt is no sin: though my own monies, sir,
Are all abroad, yet, upon good security,
Which he answers you can put in, I will speak
To a friend of mine.
Fair. What security?
Car. Yourselves, and two sufficient aldermen,
For men are mortal, and may break.
Fair. What mean you?
Car. You shall have fifty pounds for forty weeks,
To do you a pleasure.
Fair. You'll not use me thus?
Tri. Fare you well;
You have miraculously brought things about. [*Exit.*
Car. You work by stratagem and ambuscado.
Do you not think yourself a proper gentleman,
Whom by your want of hair some hold a wit too?
You know my heart, and every thought within it!
How I am caught! do I not melt like honey
I' the dog-days? Why do you look so staring?
Fair. Do not you love me for all this?
Car. Would I had art enough to draw your picture,
It would shew rarely at the Exchange; you have
A medley in your face of many nations:

Your nose is Roman, which your next debauchment
At tavern, with the help of pot or candlestick,
May turn to Indian, flat; your lip is Austrian,
And you do well to bite it; for your chin,
It does incline to the Bavarian poke,
But seven years may disguise it with a beard,
And make it—more ill favoured; you have eyes,
Especially when you goggle thus, not much
Unlike a Jew's, and yet some men might take 'em
For Turk's, by the two half moons that rise about 'em.—
I am an infidel to use him thus. [*Aside.*

Fair. Till now, I never was myself; farewell
For ever, woman, not worth love or anger.

Car. Do you hear? one word.—I'd fain speak kindly to him. [*Aside.*
Why dost not rail at me?

Fair. No, I will laugh at thee, and at myself,
To have been so much a fool; you are a fine may-game.

Car. I shall fool too much. [*aside.*]—But one word more;
By all the faith and love of womankind,
Believe me now—it will not out. [*Aside.*

Far. Farewell;
When next I doat upon thee, be a monster.

Car. Hark, sir, the nightingale; there is better luck
Coming towards us.

Fair. When you are out of breath,
You will give over; and for better luck,
I do believe the bird, for I can leave thee,
And not be in love with my own torment.

Car. How, sir?

Fair. I have said; stay you and practise with the bird,
'Twas Philomel, they say; an thou wert one,
I should new ravish thee. [*Exit.*

Car. I must to the coach and weep, my heart will break else;
I'm glad he does not see me. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Park.

Enter lord BONVILE, *and* JULIETTA.

Jul. Whither will you walk, my lord? you may engage
Yourself too far, and lose your sport.
Lord B. I would
Go farther for a little sport; you mean
The horse-race; they're not come into the Park yet,
I might do something else, and return time
Enough to win five hundred pieces.
Jul. Your lordship had no fortune in the last match;
I wish'd your confidence a happier success.
Lord B. We must lose sometimes.—Hark, the nightingale!
Jul. You win, my lord, I dare engage myself.
Lord B. You make the omen fortunate; this bird
Doth prophesy good luck.
Jul. 'Tis the first time I heard it.
Lord B. And I, this spring; let's walk a little further.
Jul. I am not weary, but—
Lord B You may trust your person, lady.
Jul. I were too much wicked to suspect your honour,
And in this place.

Lord B. This place! the place were good enough,
If you were bad enough, and as prepar'd
As I. There have been stories, that some have
Struck many deer within the Park.
Jul. Foul play.
If I did think your honour had a thought
To venture at unlawful game, I should
Have brought less confidence.

Enter TRIER, *at a distance.*

Lord B. Ha Trier?
What, does he follow us?
Jul. To shew I dare
Be bold upon your virtue, take no notice,
I'll waft him back again; my lord, walk forward.
[*Waves her hand, and exit with lord B.*
Tri. Thus far alone? yet why do I suspect?
Hang jealousy, 'tis naught, it breeds too many
Worms in our brains; and yet she might have
suffer'd me—

Enter LACY *and mistress* BONAVENT.

Master Lacy, and his bride!
Mrs. B. I was wont to have one always in my chamber.
Lacy. Thou shalt have a whole quire of nightingales.
Mrs. B. I heard it yesterday warble so prettily!
Lacy. They say 'tis lucky, when it is the first
Bird that salutes our ear.
Mrs. B. Do you believe it?
Tri. I am of his mind, and love a happy augury.
Lacy. Observe the first note always—
[Within.]—*Cuckoo!*
Lacy. Is this the nightingale?
Mrs. B. Why do you look so?

Lacy. Are not we married?
I would not have been a bachelor to have heard it.
Mrs. B. To them they say 'tis fatal.
Tri. And to married men
Cuckoo is no delightful note; I shall
Be superstitious.
Mrs. B. Let's walk a little further.
Lacy. I wait upon thee. [*Cuckoo again.*] Hark, still, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt Mrs. B. and Lacy.*
Tri. I am not much in love with the broad ditty.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Frank Trier, I have been seeking thee
About the Park.
Tri. What to do?
Fair. To be merry for half an hour; I find
A scurvy melancholy creep upon me,
I'll try what sack will do; I have sent my footman
To the Maurice[1] for a bottle, we shall meet him.
I'll tell thee t'other story of my lady.
Tri. I'll wait on you.
Fair. But that she is my sister,
I'd have thee forswear women; but let's walk.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter BONAVENT.

Bona. This way they march'd; I hope they will not leap
The pale; I do not know the disposition

[1] *To the* Maurice] To the lodge, with the sign of Grave Maurice's head.

Of my capering gentleman, and therefore 'twill not
Be indiscretion to observe him ; things
Must be a little better reconciled.—
The nightingale !— this can presage no hurt,
But I shall lose my pigeons ;—they are in view,
Fair and far off. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Same.

Enter VENTURE, *and* RIDER.

Vent. He must be a Pegasus that beats me.
Rid. Yet your confidence may deceive you ; you will ride
Against a jockey, that has horsemanship.
Vent. A jockey! a jackanapes on horseback rather ;
A monkey or a masty dog would shew
A giant to him ; an I were Alexander,
I would lay the world upon my mare ; she shall
Run with the devil for a hundred pieces,
Make the match who will.
Rid Not I, you shall excuse me,
Nor would I win his money.
Vent. Whose?
Rid. The devil's ;
My gold has burnt this twelve months in my pocket;
A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighs,
And make such tinder of my linings, that
My breeches never after would hold money ;
But let this pass ; where's Lacy and his bride?
Vent. They are walk'd to hear the nightingale.
Rid. The nightingale! I have not heard one this year.
Vent. Listen, and we shall hear one presently.

[Within.]—*Cuckoo!*
Vent. The bird speaks to you.
Rid. No, 'tis to you.
Vent. Now do I suspect
I shall lose the race.
Rid. Despair for a cuckoo!
Vent. A cuckoo will not flatter,
His word will go before a gentleman's,
In the city; 'tis an understanding bird,
And seldom fails; a cuckoo! I'll hedge in
My money presently.
Rid. For shame, be confident.
Vent. Will you go half?
Rid. I'll go it all, or any thing.
Vent. Hang cuckoos then.[2]

Enter lord BONVILE, JULIETTA, LACY, *and mistress* BONAVENT.

Lord B. How now, gentlemen?
Vent. Your honour's servants.
Rid. Ladies, I kiss your hands.
Lord B. You are the man will run away with all
The gold anon.
Vent. Your jockey must fly else.
Rid. I'll hold your honour thirty pieces more.
Lord B. 'Tis done.
Jul. Do you ride yourself?
Vent. I shall have the reins in my own hand, lady.
Mrs. B. Master Rider, saw you not my cousin?

Enter CAROL.

Cry mercy, she is here.—I thought you'd follow'd us.
Lord B. Your kinswoman?—
I shall be honoured to be your servant, lady.
Car. Alas, my lord, you'll lose by't!
Lord B. What?

[2] Vent. *Hang cuckoos then.*] In the quarto copy the stage direction seems to have crept into the text, after the above line.

Car. Honour, by[3] being my servant; here's a brace
Of gentlemen will tell you as much.
Vent. But will
Say nothing, for our credits.
Mrs. B. You look as you had wept.
Car. I weep! For what?
Come toward the lodge, and drink a syllabub.
Mrs. B. A match!
Lacy. And as we walk, Jack Venture, thou shalt sing
The song thou mad'st o' the horses.
Vent. You shall pardon me.
Rid. What, among friends? my lord, if you'd speak to him.
Lord B. A song by all means,
Prithee let me entreat it; what's the subject?
Lacy. Of all the running horses.
Vent. Horses and mares, put them together.
Lord B. Let's have it; come, I hear you can sing rarely.
Rid. An excellent voice.
Lacy. A ravishing tone.
Vent. 'Tis a very ballad, my lord, and a coarse tune.
Lord B. The better; why, does any tune become
A gentleman so well as a ballad? hang
Curiosity in music; leave those crotchets
To men that get their living with a song.—
Come, come, begin. [*Vent. sings.*

SONG.

Come, Muses all, that dwell nigh the fountain,
Made by the winged horse's heel,
Which firk'd with his rider over each mountain;
Let me your galloping raptures feel.

[3] *Honour*, by *being*, &c.] The old copy reads, Honour *me*, being my servant. The speakers in this scene are miserably blundered; I have endeavoured to set them right.

I do not sing of fleas, or frogs,
Nor of the well-mouth'd hunting dogs.
Let me be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breath'd Jilian Thrust.

2.

Young Constable and Kill Deer's famous,
The Cat, the Mouse, and Neddy Gray;
With nimble Peggybrig, you cannot shame us
With Spaniard nor with Spinola.
Hill-climbing White Rose praise doth not lack,
Handsome Dunbar, and Yellow Jack;
But if I be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.

3.

Sure-spurr'd Sloven, true-running Robin,
Of Young Shaver I do not say less,
Strawberry Soam, and let Spider pop in,
Fine Brackly, and brave Lurching Bess.
Victorious too was Herring Shotten,
And Spit-in's-arse is not forgotten;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breathed Jilian Thrust.

4.

Lusty George, and, gentlemen, hark yet,
To winning Mackarel, fine-mouth'd Freak,
Bay Tarrall, that won the cup at Newmarket,
Thundering Tempest, Black Dragon eke.
Precious Sweet Lips, I do not lose,
Nor Toby with his golden shoes;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breath'd Jilian Thrust.

Lord B. Excellent! how think you, lady?
Jul. I like it very well.

Car. I never thought you were a poet, sir.
Vent. No, no, I do but dabble.
Car. You can sing rarely too; how were these parts
Unobserv'd, invisible?
Vent. You may see, lady.
Jul. Good sir, your pardon.
Vent. Do you love singing? hum; *la, la.* [*Sings.*
Car. Who would have thought these qualities were in you?
Vent. Now or never.
Car. Why, I was cozen'd.
Vent. You are not the first I have cozen'd; shall I wash
Your faces with the drops of Helicon?
I have fancies in my head.
Car. Like Jupiter, you want a Vulcan but
To cleave your skull, and out peeps bright Minerva.
Jul. When you return I'll tell you more, my lord.
Vent. Give me a subject.
Mrs. B. Prithee coz, do.
Car. Let it be—How much you dare suffer for me.
Vent. Enough—hum, *fa, la, la.*

Enter Page.

Page. Master Venture, you are expected.
Lord B. Are they come?
Page. This half hour, my lord.
Lord B. I must see the mare: you will excuse this rudeness.—
Sirrah, stay you, and wait upon these ladies.
[*Exit lord B.*
Vent. 'Tis time to make me ready.—
Ladies, I take this leave in prose,
You shall see me next in other feet. [*Exit.*
Rid. I wish your syllabub were nectar, lady.

Mrs. B. We thank you, sir, and here it comes already.

Enter Milkmaid *with a bowl.*

Jul. So, so; is it good milk?
Mrs. B. Of a red cow?
Car. You talk as you inclin'd to a consumption;
Is the wine good?
Milk. It comes from his Excellence' head.[a]
Car. My service to you, lady, and to him
Your thoughts prefer.
Mrs. B. A health!
Car. No deep one; 'tis lawful for gentlewomen
To wish well to their friends.
Jul. You have obliged me—the wishes of all happiness
To him your heart hath chosen!
Mrs. B. Duty now
Requires I should be willing to receive it:
As many joys to you both, when you are married!
Car. Married?
Jul. You have not vow'd to die a virgin,
I know an humble servant of your's, lady.
Car. Mine!
Jul. Would be sorry you should be a nun.
Car. Do you think he loves me, then?
Jul. I do not think
He can dissemble where he does profess
Affection; I know his heart by mine:
Fairfield is my brother!
Car. Your brother? then the danger's not so great;
But let us change our argument. With your pardon,
Come hither, pretty one; how old are you?

[a] *Excellence' head*] Grave Maurice's, p. 509.

Page. I am young, lady;
I hope you do not take me for a dwarf.
Mrs. B. How young, I pray then?
Page. Four summers since my life was question'd,
And then a jury of years did pass upon me.
Car. He is upon the matter, then, fifteen.
Page. A game at Noddy.
Car. You can play your cards already, it seems:
Come, drink of this syllabub.
Page. I shall spoil your game, ladies;
For if there be sack in it, it may make
You flush a three.
Jul. The boy would seem witty.
Page. I hope, ladies, you will pardon me; my lord commanded me to wait upon you, and I can do you no better service than to make you laugh.

Enter FAIRFIELD *and* TRIER.

Fair. They're here, bless you!
Mrs. B. Master Fairfield, you are welcome.
Fair. I presume so, but howsoever it skills[3] not.
Tri. I do not come to borrow money.
Car. And yet all they that do so are no fools;
Money or lands make not a man the wiser,
I know handsome gentlemen have pawn'd their clothes.
Tri. I'll pawn my skin too, with a woman.
Car. Wipe your mouth; here's to you, sir!
Tri. I'll pledge you, quicksilver. Where is your lord?
Page. He has left Virgo, sir, to go to Libra,
To see the horsemen weighed.
Tri. Lady, my service!
Jul. Brother, you interpose too far; my lord

[3] *it skills not.*] It matters not. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 239.

Has us'd me honourably, and I must tell you,
Some body has made a fault.
Mrs. B. Master Fairfield!
Fair. I kiss your hand.
Tri. My lord and you have walk'd.
Jul. Yes, sir.
Fair. My sister shall excuse; here's to thee and thy cream bowl.
Milk. I thank your worship.
Fair. There is more honesty in thy petticoat,
Than twenty satin ones.
Mrs. B. Do you know that?
Fair. I know by her pail; an she were otherwise,
T' would turn her milk.—Come hither, let me kiss thee. [*Kisses the Milkmaid.*
Now I am confirm'd, he that shall marry thee
Shall take thee a virgin at my peril.
Mrs. B. Have you such skill in maidenheads?
Fair. I'll know't by a kiss,
Better than any doctor by her urine.—
Be merry with thy cow, farewell! — Come, Frank:
That wit and good clothes should infect a woman!
Jul. I'll tell you more hereafter; pray let's hear
Who wins.
Tri. Your servant, ladies.
[*Exeunt Fair. and Trier.*

Enter Jockey *and* Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* What dost think, Jockey?
2 *Gent.* The crack o' the field['s] against you.
Jock. Let 'em crack nuts.
1 *Gent.* What weight?
2 *Gent.* I think he has the heels.
3 *Gent.* Get but the start.
Jock. However, if I get within his quarters
Let me alone.

3 Gent. *Montez à cheval.*[4] [*Exeunt.*

[*Confused noise of betting within, after that a shout.*

Car. They are started!

Re-enter lord BONVILE, RIDER, TRIER, *and* FAIRFIELD.

Rid. Twenty pounds to fifteen!

Lord B. 'Tis done wi' ye!

Fair. Forty pounds to thirty!

Lord B. Done! done! I'll take all odds.

Tri. My lord, I hold as much.

Lord B. Not so.

Tri. Forty pounds to twenty.

Lord B. Done, done!

Re-enter LACY.

Lacy. You have lost all, my lord, an it were a million.

Lord B. In your imagination; who can help it?

Lacy. Venture had the start, and keeps it.

Lord B. Gentlemen, you have a fine time to triumph,
'Tis not your odds that makes you win.
[*Within.*] Venture! Venture!

[*Exeunt all but the ladies.*

Jul. Shall we venture nothing o' the horses?
What odds against my lord!

Car. Silk stockings.

Jul. To a pair of perfum'd gloves? I take it.

Car. Done!

Mrs. B. And I as much.

Jul. Done, with you both!

Car. I'll have 'em Spanish scent.

Jul. The stockings shall be scarlet; if you choose
Your scent, I'll choose my colour.

[4] *Montez à cheval.*] Old copy, *Mounts Chevall.*

Car. 'Tis done; if Venture
Knew but my lay, it would half break his neck now.
[*A shout within, and crying* a Jockey!
Jul. Ha! is the wind in that coast? hark! the noise
Is *Jockey* now.
Car. 'Tis but a pair of gloves.
[*Within.*] A jockey!
Jul. Still it holds.—

Re-enter lord BONVILE.

How have you sped, my lord?
Lord B. Won, won! I knew by instinct
The mare would put some trick upon him.
Mrs. B. Then we have lost; but, good my lord, the circumstance.
Lord B. Great John-at-all-adventure, and grave Jockey,
Mounted their several mares.—I shall not tell
The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha!—
But this in brief—Jockey was left behind,
The pity and the scorn of all; the odds
Play'd 'bout my ears like cannon, but less dangerous.
I took all still, the acclamations were
For Venture, whose disdainful mare threw dirt
In my old Jockey's face, all hopes forsaking us,
Two hundred pieces desperate, and two thousand
Oaths sent after them, upon the sudden,
When we expected no such trick, we saw
My rider, that was domineering ripe,
Vault o'er his mare into a tender slough,
Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,
For saving of his neck; his beast recovered,
And he by this time somewhat mortified,
Besides mortarified,[5] hath left the triumph
To his Olympic adversary, who shall

[5] *Besides* mortarified,] So I venture to read by conjecture. The old copy has, *mortified.*

Ride hither in full pomp on his Bucephalus,
With his victorious bagpipe.
Car. I would fain see
How Venture looks.
Lord B. He's here; ha, ha!

Enter VENTURE, *covered with mud, and* RIDER.

Vent. I told you as much before;
You would not believe the cuckoo.
Car. Why, how now, sir?
Vent. An I had broke my neck in a clean way,
'Twould ne'er have griev'd me.—Lady, I am your's;
Thus Cæsar fell.
Lord B. Not in a slough, dear Jack.
Vent. You shall hear further from me.
Rid. Come to Knightsbridge.
Vent. That cuckoo was a witch, I'll take my death on't. [*Exit.*
Lord B. Here comes the conqueror.

Enter a Bagpiper, and Jockey *in triumph, followed by* BONAVENT, TRIER, *and* FAIRFIELD.

Lo, from the conquest of Jerusalem
Returns Vespasian!—Ha, ha! mer—mercy, Jockey.
Jock. I told you, if I came within his quarters.
Omnes. A jockey, a jockey!
[*Exeunt all but Lacy, his Bride, and mistress Carol.*

Re-enter BONAVENT *and Bagpiper.*

Bona. This shall be but your earnest; [*gives him money.*]—follow me
At pretty distance, and when I say Draw,
Play me a galliard.—By your favour, sir,
Shall I speak a cool word with you?
Lacy. With all my heart.

Bona. You do owe me a dance, if you remember,
And I will have it now; no dispute.—Draw!
[*Bagpiper plays. Lacy draws his sword.*
That will not serve your turn; come, shake your heels,
You hear a tune; I will not change my tool
For a case of rapiers; keep off, at your perils,
I have sworn.
Mrs. B. For heaven's sake some to part 'em.
Lacy. Dost hear?
Bona. And you may hear the bagpipe is not dumb:
Will you to this gear? or do you mean to try
[*Draws his sword.*
How this will scower you? Come, come, I will have it.
Lacy. Hold! I will.
[*He dances, meantime enter lord* BONVILE *and* TRIER.
Bona. So; now we are on equal terms, and if
You like it not, I'll use my t' other instrument.
Lacy. Thou art a brave fellow; come your ways.
Lord B. Hold!
You shall not fight, I'll understand your quarrel.
Lacy. Good my lord,
Let's have one pass.
Mrs. B. Your weapons shall run through me;
And I must tell you, sir, [you] have been injurious—
Bona. Good lady, why? in doing myself right?
Mrs. B. In wronging me.
Bona. I am not sensible of that.
Mrs. B. Could any shame be fastened upon him,
Wherein I have no share?
Bona. I was provok'd
By him, if you remember, and was not
Born so unequal to him, I should suffer
His poor affront.
Mrs. B. This was a day of peace,

The day wherein the holy priest hath tied
Our hearts together; Hymen's tapers yet
Are burning, and it cannot be a sin
Less than a sacrilege, to extinguish them
With blood, and in contempt of heaven's proceeding,
Thus to conspire our separation.
No Christian would profane the marriage day:
And when all other wish us joys, could you
Intrude yourself to poison all our mirth,
Blast, in the very bud[ding,] all our happiness
Our hopes had laid up for us?

Bona. I was a stranger.

Mrs. B. That makes you more uncivil; we were merry,
Which could not offend you.

Bona. I had no thought
To violate your mirth.

Mrs. B. What came you for?
With whom had you acquaintance? or what favour
Gave you access, at so unfit a time,
To interrupt our calm and free delights?
You cannot plead any abuse, where you
Were never known, that should incite you to
Revenge it there: I take it you were never
His rival.

Bona. 'Tis confess'd.

Mrs. B. What malice then
Prevail'd above your reason to pursue us
With this injustice?

Bona. Lady, give me leave.
I were a villain to be guilty of
The baseness you accuse me: your servant
Shall quit me from intrusion, and my soul
Is my best witness, that I brought no malice
But unstain'd thoughts into your roof; but when
I was made the common laughter, I had been
Less than a man, to think of no return,

And had he been the only of my blood,
I would not be so much the shame of soldier,
To have been tam'd, and suffer'd; and you are
Too hasty in your judgment; I could say more,
But 'tis dishonour to expostulate
These causes with a woman: I had reason
To call him to account, you know not all
My provocation; things are not with me
As with another man.

Mrs. B. How is that? the matter
May spread too far; some former quarrel,—'tis
My best to reconcile 'em. [*aside.*]—Sir, I may
Be ignorant; if any thing have pass'd
Before this morning, I pray pardon me;
But as you are a gentleman, let me
Prevail, your differences may here conclude;
'Las, I am part of him now, and between
A widow and his wife, if I be thus
Divorced—

Bona. I'll be his servant.

Mrs. B. Sir, you shew
A noble disposition.—Good my lord,
Compose their differences. — Prithee meet his friendship.

Bona. I have satisfaction, and desire his love.

Lacy. Thou hast done but like a gentleman; thy hand,
I'll love thee while I live.

Lord B. Why so! all friends.

Bona. I meet it with a heart; and for disturbing
Your mirth to day—

Lacy. No, no disturbance.

Bona. Then give me but the favour
To shew I wish no sorrow to the bride:
I have a small oblation, which she must
Accept, or I shall doubt we are not friends;
'Tis all I have to offer at your wedding.

[*Gives Mrs. B. a paper.*

Mrs. B. Ha!

Bona. There's my hand
To justify it at fit time.—Peruse it,
My lord, I shall be studious
How to deserve your favour.

Lord B. I am your's.

Lacy. My lord, let me obtain you'll honour me
To night.

[*Mrs. B. walks aside with the paper, and reads.*
I was taken by a Turkish pirate, and detain'd many years a prisoner in an island, where I had died his captive, had not a worthy merchant thence redeemed and furnished me.—

Mrs. B. Blessed delivery!

Enter a Servant and delivers a letter to Carol.

Car. To me! from Venture? he is very mindful;
[*Reads.*
Good, I shall make use of this.

Mrs. B. [*reading.*]—*Till then conceal me.*

Car. Excellent stuff,
But I must have another name subscrib'd.

Lord B. Will you walk, ladies?
[*Gives money to the Keepers.*

Car. Your servants wait upon you.

Keepers. We humbly thank your honour.

2 *Keep.* A brave spark.

1 *Keep.* Spark! he's the very Bonfire of nobility.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Bonavent's *House.*

Enter Lacy, *mistress* Bonavent, *lord* Bonvile, Julietta, *mistress* Carol, *and* Trier.

Lacy. My lord, you honour us.
Mrs. B. And what we want
In honourable entertainment, we beseech
Our duties may supply in your construction.
Lord B. What needs this ceremony?
Lacy. Thou art welcome too, Frank Trier.
Tri. I give you thanks, and wish you still more joy, sir.
Mrs. B. We'll shew your lordship a poor gallery.
Lacy. But where's my new acquaintance?
Mrs. B. His nag outstripp'd the coaches,
He'll be your guest anon, fear not!
[*Exeunt all but Car. and Jul.*
Car. While they
Complement with my lord, let you and I
Change a few words.
Jul. As many as you please.
Car. Then to the purpose. Touching your brother, lady,
'Twere tedious to repeat he has been pleas'd
To think well of me; and to trouble you
With the discourse how I have answered it,
'Twere vain; but thus—howe'er he seem to carry it
While you were present, I do find him desperate.
Jul. How!
Car. Nay, I speak no conjecture;
I have more intelligence than you imagine.
You are his sister,

And nature binds you to affect his safety.
By some convenient messenger send for him;
But, as you love his life, do not delay it:
Alas, I shall be sorry any gentleman
Should, for my sake, take any desperate course.
Jul. But are you serious?
Car. Perhaps good counsel
Applied while his despair is green, may cure him,
If not—
Jul. You make me wonder.
Car. I know the inconsiderate will blame
Me for his death; I shall be rail'd upon,
And have a thousand cruelties thrown on me;
But would you have me promise love, and flatter him?
I would do much to save his life: I could
Shew you a paper that would make you bleed
To see his resolution, and what
Strange and unimitable ways he has
Vow'd to pursue; I tremble to think on 'em.
There's not a punishment in fiction,
(And poets write enough of hell, if you
Have read their story,) but he'll try the worst.
Were it not that I fear him every minute,
And that all haste were requisite to save him,
You should peruse his letter.
Jul. Letter! Since
We saw him?
Car. Since; I must confess, I wonder'd,
But you in this shall see I have no malice.
I pray send for him; as I am a gentlewoman,
I have pure intention to preserve his life;
And 'cause I see the truth of his affliction,
Which may be your's, or mine, or any body's,
Whose passions are neglected, I will try
My best skill to reduce[1] him. Here's master Trier.

[1] *My best skill to* reduce *him.*] i. e. to bring him back to his former state, to recover him. See p. 106.

Re-enter TRIER.

He now depends upon your charity;
Send for him, by the love you bear a brother.
Tri. Will you not chide my want of manners, gentlewomen,
To interrupt your dialogue?
Jul. We have done, sir.
Car. I shall be still your servant.
Jul. Here's a riddle!
But I will do't.—
Shall I presume upon you for a favour?

Re-enter lord BONVILE.

Tri. You shall impose on me a greater trouble.
My lord!
Jul. Your ear. [*Whispers Trier.*
Lord B. We miss you above, lady.
Jul. My lord, I wait upon you; I beseech
Your pardon but a minute.—Will you do this?
It is an office he may thank you for,
Beside my acknowledgment.
Tri. Yes, I'll go,—
And yet I do not like to be sent off,
This is the second time. [*Aside, and exit.*
Jul. Now I am for your lordship. What's your pleasure?
Lord B. I would be your echo, lady, and return
Your last word—*pleasure.*
Jul. May you never want it!
Lord B. This will not serve my turn.
Jul. What, my lord?
Lord B. This is the charity of some rich men,
That, passing by some monument that stoops
With age, whose ruins plead for a repair,
Pity the fall of such a goodly pile,

But will not spare from their superfluous wealth,
To be the benefactor.
Jul. I acknowledge
That empty wishes are their shame, that have
Ability to do a noble work,
And fly the action.
Lord B. Come, you may apply it,
I would not have you a gentlewoman of your word
Alone, they're deeds that crown all; what you wish me,
Is in your own ability to give;
You understand me: will you at length consent
To multiply? we'll 'point a place and time,
And all the world shall envy us.
Jul. My lord!
Lord B. Lord me no lords; shall we join lips upon't?
Why do you look as you still wondered at me?
Do I not make a reasonable motion?
Is't only in myself? shall not you share
I' the delight? or do I appear a monster
'Bove all mankind, you shun my embraces thus?
There be some ladies in the world have drawn
Cuts for me; I have been talk'd on and commended,
Howe'er you please to value me.
Jul. Did they
See you thus perfectly?
Lord B. Not always; 'twas
Sometimes a little darker, when they prais'd me.
I have the same activity.
Jul. You are
Something—I would not name, my lord.
Lord B. And yet you do; you call me lord, that's something,
And you consider all men are not born to't.

[a] *shall we* join *lips upon't?*] The old copy reads, "Shall we *enjoy* lips."

Jul. 'Twere better not to have been born to honours,
Than forfeit them so poorly; he is truly
Noble, and [then] best justifies his blood,
When he can number the descents of virtue.
Lord B. You'll not degrade me?
Jul. 'Tis not in my power,
Or will, my lord, and yet you press me strangely.
As you are a person, separate and distinct,
By your high blood, above me and my fortunes,
Thus low I bend; you have no noble title
Which I not bow to, they are characters
Which we should read at distance, and there is
Not one that shall with more devotion
And honour of your birth, express her service:
It is my duty, where the king has seal'd
His favours, I should shew humility,
My best obedience, to his act.
Lord B. So should
All handsome women, that will be good subjects.
Jul. But if to all those honourable names,
That mark'd you for the people's reverence,
In such a vicious age, you dare rise up
Example too of goodness, they which teach
Their knees a complement, will give their heart;
And I among the number of the humblest,
Most proud to serve your lordship, and would refuse
No office or command, that should engage me
To any noble trial; this addition
Of virtue is above all shine of state,
And will draw more admirers: but I must
Be bold to tell you, sir, unless you prove
A friend to virtue, were your honour centupled,
Could you pile titles till you reach the clouds,
Were every petty manor you possess
A kingdom, and the blood of many princes
United in your veins, with these had you

A person that had more attraction
Than poesy can furnish, love withal,
Yet I, I in such infinite distance, am
As much above you in my innocence.
Lord B. This becomes not.
Jul. 'Tis the first liberty
I ever took to speak myself; I have
Been bold in the comparison, but find not
Wherein I have wrong'd virtue, pleading for it.
Lord B. How long will you continue thus?
Jul. I wish
To have my last hour witness of these thoughts;
And I will hope, before that time, to hear
Your lordship of another mind.
Lord B. I know not,
'Tis time enough to think o' that hereafter:
I'll be a convertite within these two days,
Upon condition you and I may have
One bout to night; nobody hears.
Jul. Alas!
You plunge too far, and are within this minute,
Further from heaven than ever.
Lord B. I may live to
Requite the courtesy.
Jul. Live, my lord, to be
Your country's honour and support, and think not
Of these poor dreams.
Lord B. I find not
Desire to sleep;—an I were abed with you—
Jul. 'Tis not improbable, my lord, but you
May live to be an old man, and fill up
A seat among the grave nobility;
When your cold blood shall starve your wanton thoughts,
And your slow pulse beat like your body's knell,
When time hath snow'd upon your hair, oh then
Will it be any comfort to remember
The sins of your wild youth? how many wives,

Or virgins you have dishonour'd? in their number,
Would any memory of me (should I
Be sinful to consent,) not fetch a tear
From you, perhaps a sigh, to break your heart?
Will you not wish then you had never mix'd
With atheists, and those men whose wits are vented
In oaths and blasphemy, (now the pride of gentlemen,)
That strike at heaven, and make a game of thunder?
Lord B If this be true, what a wretched thing should I
Appear now, if I were any thing but a lord?
I do not like myself.— [*Aside.*
Give me thy hand; since there's no remedy,
Be honest!—there's no harm in this, I hope.
I will not tell thee all my mind at once;
If I do turn Carthusian, and renounce
Flesh upon this, the devil is like to have
The worst on't. But I am expected. [*Exit.*
Jul. My lord, I'll follow you.—

Enter FAIRFIELD *and* TRIER.

Brother, welcome!—
Sir, we are both obliged to you.
A friend of your's desires some private conference.
Fair. With me?
Jul. He does not look so desperate.— [*Aside.*
How do you, brother?
Fair. Well:—dost not see me?—
Jul. I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*
Fair. What's the meaning?
Tri. Nay, I know not;
She is full of mysteries of late.

Re-enter JULIETTA *with* CAROL.

She's here again; there is some trick in it.

Jul. Brother, I sent for you, and I think 'twas time;
Pray hearken to this gentlewoman, she will
Give you good counsel.—You and I withdraw, sir.

Tri. Whither you please. [*Exeunt Jul. and Tri.*

Car. You are a strange gentleman;
Alas! what do you mean? is it because
I have dealt justly with you, without flattery
Told you my heart, you'll take these wicked courses?
But I am loath to chide, yet I must tell you,
You are to blame; alas! you know affection
Is not to be compell'd; I have been as kind
To you as other men, nay, I still thought
A little better of you, and will you
Give such example to the rest?
Because, forsooth, I do not love you, will you
Be desperate?

Fair. Will I be desperate?

Car. 'Twere a fine credit for you, but perhaps
You'll go to hell to be reveng'd on me,
And teach the other gentlemen to follow you,
That men may say, 'twas long of me, and rail at
My unkindness; is this all your christianity?
Or could you not prosecute your impious purpose,
But you must send me word on't, and perplex
My conscience with your devilish devices?
Is this a letter to be sent a mistress?

Fair. I send a letter? [*Gives him the letter.*

Car. You were best deny your hand.

Fair. My name subscrib'd! who has done this?— [*Reads.*

Rivers of hell, I come; Charon, thy oar
Is needless, I will swim unto the shore,

And beg of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
That all the damned torments may be mine;
With Tantalus I'll stand up to the chin
In waves; upon Ixion's wheel I'll spin
The sister's thread; quail Cerberus with my groar,
And take no physic for the rolling stone:
I'll drown myself a hundred times a day—
Car. There be short days in hell.
Fair. *And burn myself as often, if you say*
The word.—
Car. Alas! not I.
Fair. *And if I ever chance to come*
Within the confines of Elysium,
The amazed ghosts shall be aghast to see,
How I will hang myself on every tree,
Your's, till his neck be broke, FAIRFIELD.
Here's a strange resolution!
Car. Is it not?
Whither is fled your piety? but, sir,
I have no meaning to exasperate
Thoughts that oppose your safety, and to shew
I have compassion, and delight in no
Man's ruin, I will frame myself to love you.
Fair. Will you? why, thank you.
Car. Here's my hand, I will;
Be comforted; I have a stronger faith.
Fair. I see then you have charity for a need.
Car. I'll lose my humour to preserve a life.
You might have met with some hard-hearted mistress,
That would have suffer'd you to hang or drown
Yourself.
Fair. I might indeed.
Car. And carried news
To the distressed ghosts; but I am merciful:
But do not you mistake me, for I do not
This out of any extraordinary
Former good will, only to save your life.

There be so many beams convenient,
And you may slip out of the world before
We are aware; beside, you dwell too near
The river; if you should be melancholy,
After some tides, you would come in, and be
More talk'd off than the pilchards; but I have done.
You shall not go to hell for me: I now
Am very serious, and if you please
To think well of me, instantly we'll marry;
I'll see how I can love you afterward.
Shall we to the priest?

Fair. By your good favour, no;
I am in no such tune.

Car. You do suspect
I jeer still: by my troth, I am in earnest.

Fair. To save my life, you are content to marry me?

Car. Yes.

Fair. To save thy life, I'll not be troubled with thee.

Car. How?

Fair. No, madam jeer-all, I am now resolv'd:
Talk, and talk out thy heart, I will not lose
Myself a scruple; have you no more letters?
They're pretty mirth; would I knew who subscrib'd
My name! I am so far from hanging of myself,
That I will live yet to be thy tormenter.
Virtue, I thank thee for't! and for the more
Security, I'll never doat again;
Nor marry, nor endure the imagination
Of your frail sex: this very night I will
Be fitted for you all; I'll geld myself,
'Tis something less than hanging; and when I
Have carv'd away all my concupiscence,
Observe but how I'll triumph; nay, I'll do it,
An there were no more men in the world. [*Going.*

Car. Sir, sir! as you love goodness,—

I'll tell you all; first hear me, and then execute;
You will not be so foolish; I do love you.

Fair. I hope so, that I may revenge thy peevishness.

Car. My heart is full, and modesty forbids
I should use many words; I see my folly,
You may be just, and use me with like cruelty,
But if you do, I can instruct myself,
And be as miserable in deed as I
Made you in supposition: my thoughts
Point on no sensuality; remit
What's past, and I will meet your best affection.
I know you love me still; do not refuse me.
If I go once more back, you ne'er recover me.

Fair. I am as ticklish.

Car. Then let's clap it up wisely,
While we are both i' the humour; I do find
A grudging, and your last words stick in my stomach.
Say, is't a match? speak quickly, or for ever
Hereafter hold your peace.

Fair. Done!

Car. Why, done!

Fair. Seal and deliver.

Car. My hand and heart; this shall suffice till morning.

Fair. Each other's now by conquest, come let's to 'em.
If you should fail now!—

Car. Hold me not worth the hanging. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter JULIETTA, *lord* BONVILE, *and* TRIER.

Lord B. I knew not
She was thy mistress, which encouraged
All my discourses.
Tri. My lord, you have richly satisfied me, and
Now I dare write myself the happiest lover
In all the world. Know, lady, I have tried you.
Jul. You have, it seems!
Tri. And I have found thee right
And perfect gold, nor will I change thee for
A crown imperial.
Jul. And I have tried you,
And found you dross; nor do I love my heart
So ill, to change it with you.
Tri. How's this?
Jul. Unworthily you have suspected me,
And cherish'd that bad humour, for which know
You never must have hope to gain my love.
He that shall doubt my virtue, out of fancy,
Merits my just suspicion and disdain.
Lord B. Oh fie, Frank! practise jealousy so soon!
Distrust the truth of her thou lov'st! suspect
Thy own heart sooner.—What I have said I have
Thy pardon for; thou wert a wife for him
Whose thoughts were ne'er corrupted.
Tri. 'Twas but a trial, and may plead for pardon.
Jul. I pray deny me not that liberty:
I will have proof, too, of the man I choose
My husband; [and,] believe me, if men be

At such a loss of goodness, I will value
Myself, and think no honour equal to
Remain a virgin.

Tri. I have made a trespass,
Which if I cannot expiate, yet let me
Dwell in your charity.

Jul. You shall not doubt that.—

Enter FAIRFIELD, *mistress* CAROL, LACY, *and mistress* BONAVENT.

Pray, my lord, know him for your servant.

Fair. I am much honour'd.

Lord B. You cannot but deserve more
By the title of her brother.

Lacy. Another couple!

Mrs. B. Master Fairfield and my cousin are contracted.

Car. 'Tis time, I think; sister I'll shortly call you.

Jul. I ever wish'd it.

Fair. Frank Trier is melancholy.—How hast thou sped?

Tri. No, no, I am very merry.

Jul. Our banns, sir, are forbidden.

Fair. On what terms?

Lacy. My lord, you meet but a coarse entertainment.
How chance the music speaks not? Shall we dance?

Enter VENTURE *and* RIDER.

Vent. *Rivers of hell, I come!*
Rid.—*Charon, thy oar*
Is needless.—Save you, gallants!

Vent. *I will swim unto thy shore.* Art not thou Hero?

Car. But you are not Leander, if you be
Not drown'd in the Hellespont.
Vent. I told thee I would *drown myself a hundred times a day.*
Car. Your letter did.
Vent. Ah ha!
Car. It was a devilish good one.
Vent. Then I am come
To tickle the *confines of Elysium.*—
My lord,—I invite you to my wedding, and all this good company.
Lord B. I am glad your shoulder is recovered;
When is the day?
Vent. Do thou set the time.
Car. After to-morrow, name it.
This gentleman and I
Shall be married in the morning, and you know
We must have a time to dine, and dance to bed.
Vent. Married?
Fair. Yes, you may be a guest, sir, and be welcome.
Vent. I am bobb'd again!
I'll bob for no more eels; let her take her course.
Lacy. Oh for some willow garlands!
[*Recorders within.*

Enter Page, *followed by* BONAVENT *in another disguise, with willow garlands in his hand.*

Lord B. This is my boy; how now, sirrah?
Page. My lord, I am employ'd in a device.

Room for the melancholy wight,
Some do call him willow knight,
Who this pains hath undertaken,
To find out lovers are forsaken,
Whose heads, because but little witted,
Shall with garlands straight be fitted.

Speak, who are tost on Cupid's billows,
And receive the crown of willows,
This way, that way, round about,
[Bona. goes round the company with the garlands.
Keep your heads from breaking out.

Lacy. This is excellent! Nay, nay, gentlemen,
You must obey the ceremony.
Vent. He took measure of my head.
Rid. And mine.
Tri. It must be my fate too.
[*Bona. puts a garland on Trier's head.*
Vent. Now we be three.
Bona. And if you please to try, I do not think
But this would fit you excellently.
Lacy. Mine!
What does he mean?
Mrs. B. I prithee, master Lacy, try for once;
Nay, he has some conceit.
Lacy. For thy sake, I'll do any thing; what now?
[*Bona. puts a garland on Lacy's head.*
Bona. You are now a mess of willow—gentlemen.—
And now, my lord, [*throws off his disguise.*]—I'll presume to bid you welcome.
[*Mrs. B. takes Lord B. aside.*
Fair. Is not this the gentleman you made dance?
Lacy. My new acquaintance! where's thy beard?
Bona. I left it at the barber's; it grew rank,
And he has reap'd it.
Lacy. Here, take thy toy again.
[*Takes off the garland.*
Bona. It shall not need.
Lord B. You tell me wonders, lady; is this gentleman
Your husband?
Lacy. Car. How! her husband, my lord?

Bona. Yes, indeed, lady; if you please you may
Call me your kinsman: seven year and misfortune,
I confess, had much disguis'd me, but I was,
And by degrees may prove again, her husband.
Mrs. B. After a tedious absence, suppos'd death,
Arriv'd to make me happy.
Vent. This is rare!
Bona. My lord, and gentlemen,
You are no less welcome than before.—Master Lacy,
Droop not.
Lord B. This turn was above all expectation,
And full of wonder; I congratulate
Your mutual happiness.
Vent. All of a brotherhood!
Lacy. Master Bonavent! on my conscience it is he!
Did fortune owe me this?
Car. A thousand welcomes.
Mrs. B. Equal joys to thee and master Fairfield.
Lord B. Nay then, you but obey the ceremony.
Lacy. I was not ripe for such a blessing; take her,
And with an honest heart I wish you joys.
Welcome to life again! I see a providence
In this, and I obey it.
Vent. In such good company 'twould never grieve
A man to wear the willow.
Bona. You have but chang'd
Your host, whose heart proclaims a general welcome.
Mrs. B. He was discovered to me in the Park,
Though I conceal'd it.
Bona. Every circumstance
Of my absence, after supper we'll discourse of.
I will not doubt your lordship means to honour us.
Lord B. I'll be your guest, and drink a jovial health

To your new marriage, and the joys of your
Expected bride; hereafter you may do
As much for me.—Fair lady, will you write
Me in your thoughts? if I desire to be
A servant to your virtue, will you not
Frown on me then?

Jul. Never in noble ways;
No virgin shall more honour you.

Lord B By thy cure
I am now myself, yet dare call nothing mine,
Till I be perfect blest in being thine. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. II.

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